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FEBRUARY 1986 • $3.75

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

THE LAST CLOSET
INSIDE THE FORBIDDEN WORLD OF S&M

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
JOHN BERTRAND
ROCKS THE BOAT

BLISTERING SADDLES
QUEENSLAND'S MARATHON ENDURANCE RIDE

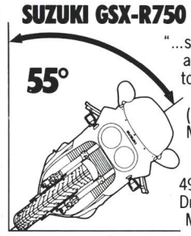
MOSCOW'S SECRET LIFE
A RADICAL ACCOUNT BY RONALD REAGAN'S SON

CRAIG McDERMOTT
OZ CRICKET'S NEW SPEED DEMON UNLEASHED

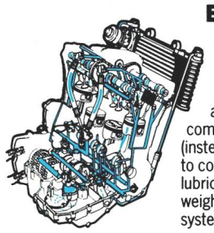
RALLYING
A LICENCE TO THRILL

THE SUZUKI SENSATION: MAN & MACHINE WORKING AS A SINGLE MOVING PART...

SUZUKI GSX-R750 HYPER SPORTS



"...smashes all previous limits... a new benchmark in power to weight ratio and outright performance."
(Noel Christenson)
Max. hp: 73.5 kW (100PS) at 11,000 r.p.m. (DIN). Max. torque: 66.5 N-m (6.8kg-m, 49.2lbs-ft.) at 10,000 r.p.m.
Dry Mass: 176kg (388.0lbs)
Max. bank angle: 55°

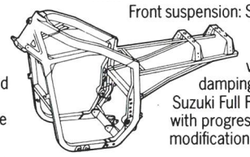


ENGINE

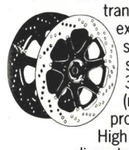
4 cylinder, 4 stroke DOHC. 4 valves per cylinder, with TSCC specially modified to achieve maximum combustion efficiency. Oil (instead of air or water) is used to cool the engine as well as lubricate it. This eliminates the weight of a separate cooling system.

CHASSIS/SUSPENSION

Frame: ultra-strong cast aluminium alloy multi-rib box section. Weighs only 8.1kg.
Front suspension: Suzuki Positive Damping Fork System, with valves to harden damping. Rear suspension: Suzuki Full Floater System with progressive damping modifications.



GEARS/BRAKES/TYRES/WHEELS



Gears: 6 speed close ratio transmission. Brakes: Suzuki exclusive Decapiston brake system. Twin 300mm spiral slotted discs (front). Single 300mm spiral slotted disc (rear). Tyres: Ultra low profile racing type. Wheels: High rigidity, low weight diecast aluminium.

RIDER

Suzuki leads in engineering road-going safety into machines capable of race performance. Lightness, manoeuvrability, a smooth power band and superb braking system, make the GSX-R750 a forgiving machine for all riders.

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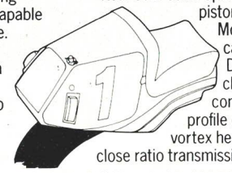

Rear seat cowl. Special cylinder-head, pistons, valves and springs. Modified flat valve carburettors. Dry-sump clutch and clutch cover. Polished connecting rods. Racing profile camshaft. 4 into 1 vortex header/muffler. 6 speed close ratio transmission. Sprocket options.

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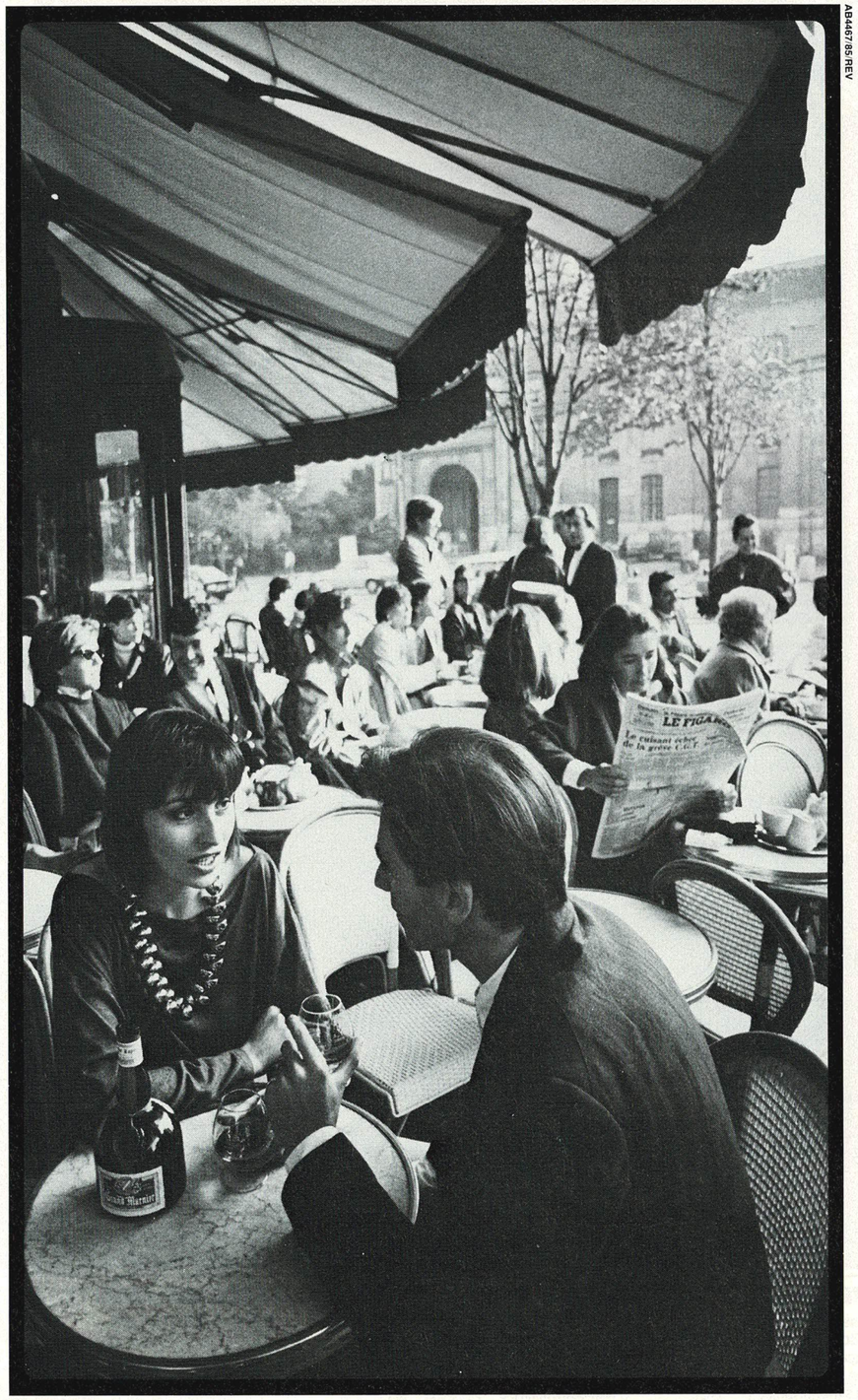

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IF PARIS WAS A DRINK, IT WOULD BE GRAND MARNIER.

PLAYBILL

Okay, we know February is the hottest month of the year. The time for the harshest sun, the highest humidity and the biggest blowies. You feel wiped out, right? Well, we figured you need something to tempt you out of your post-New Year torpor. Something sexy and stimulating, humorous and hard-hitting. So here it is. A dynamic issue of Australian PLAYBOY guaranteed to grab your attention all month long.

Our February interview subject is John Bertrand, the history-making helmsman who skippered *Australia II* to her triumphant win in the 1983 America's Cup series. In a very frank and forthright interview session with Australian PLAYBOY's **A.D. Aird,** Bertrand speaks out on the joys of winning, the problems of one-upmanship and our chances of holding on to the cup in 1987.

Another great Australian sportsman, Craig McDermott, is on the receiving end of some hard and fast deliveries from **Tony Durkin** in this month's 20 Questions. Our latest speed demon lashes out on such subjects as cricket camaraderie, the batsmen he most fears and the bowlers he most admires. However, you need more than a sporting chance to come out on top in the Winton To Longreach Endurance Ride. You need determination, guts and the constitution of a bush kangaroo. Senior contributing editor **Paul Mann** went along for the ride on this annual Queensland event, and his *Blistering Saddles* reveals that a tough arse comes in handy, too. **Chris Payne** supplied the dramatic artwork.

If you've ever wondered what S&M or B&D are really all about, then look no further than *The Last Closet,* a rivetting read by **Tony Love** and **D. Keith Mano.** Love prowled the haunts of Australian S&M aficionados to uncover some startling facts about the innermost secrets of dominatrices and their slaves. We guarantee you'll never look at leather in the same light again! The artwork from **Brad Holland** is sure to capture your attention, too.

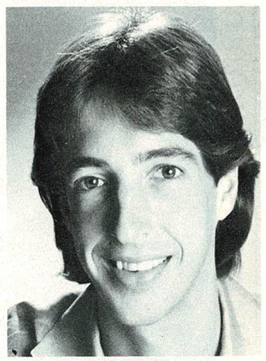
Midnight In Moscow is not a travel tale. It's not even a piece of fiction, although you can be forgiven for thinking that it must be. Yes, that byline is a real one. **Ronald Reagan Jnr,** son of the US president, flies to the USSR to file an exclusive PLAYBOY report. He confronts the dreaded Reds, roams the streets of Moscow and Leningrad, and comes up with some radical observations. Artist **Blair Drawson** penned the illustration.

Remember the bloke in the top bunk? The kid who embarrassed the hell out of you the first time you brought home a girl and who always insisted it was his turn to get the last piece of chocolate cake? Oh, brother, we bet you do. We sent writer **Deborah Ross** along to interview some famous Aussie brothers and probe their feelings on sibling rivalry.

Sick to death of pheasant terrines in aspic with crystallised violets and single snow peas on the side? Reckon it's time that good ol' grease made a comeback? Well, so does **Dan Jenkins,** and we've got a feeling you're going to love his *A Salute To Greasy Tucker* with tasty artwork supplied by **Sandra Hendler.**

Added to all that we have some mind-blowing fiction set in Queensland's deep north by writer **Robert Reid,** a rough 'n' ready rallying story by motoring editor **Rob Luck,** and our usual assembly of great up-front columns. And the women? Ah, yes, the women! There's Playmate Of The Month Jakki Govan from Adelaide, a nightclubber who's a real whizz at takin' care of business, and lovely Gail Lewis, a freelance writer with a rather novel approach to life. And that's just for starters!

If all of that doesn't jolt you out of a fizzer of a February, then we'll give up now. Betcha we see you in March.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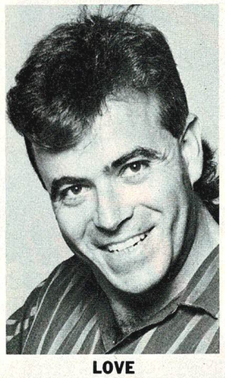
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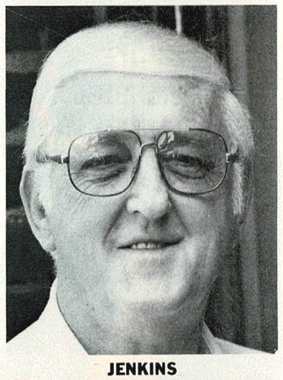
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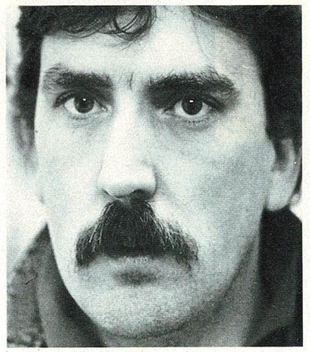
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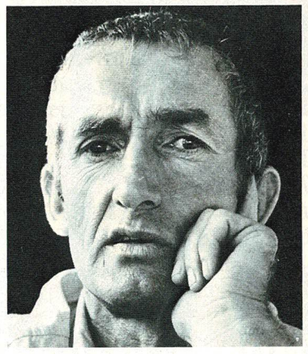
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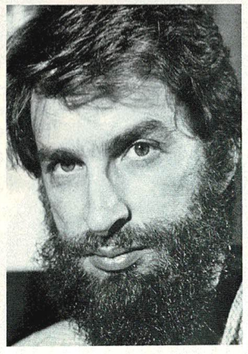
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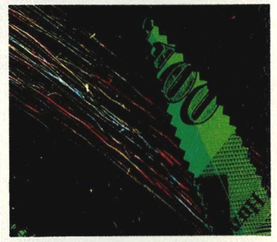

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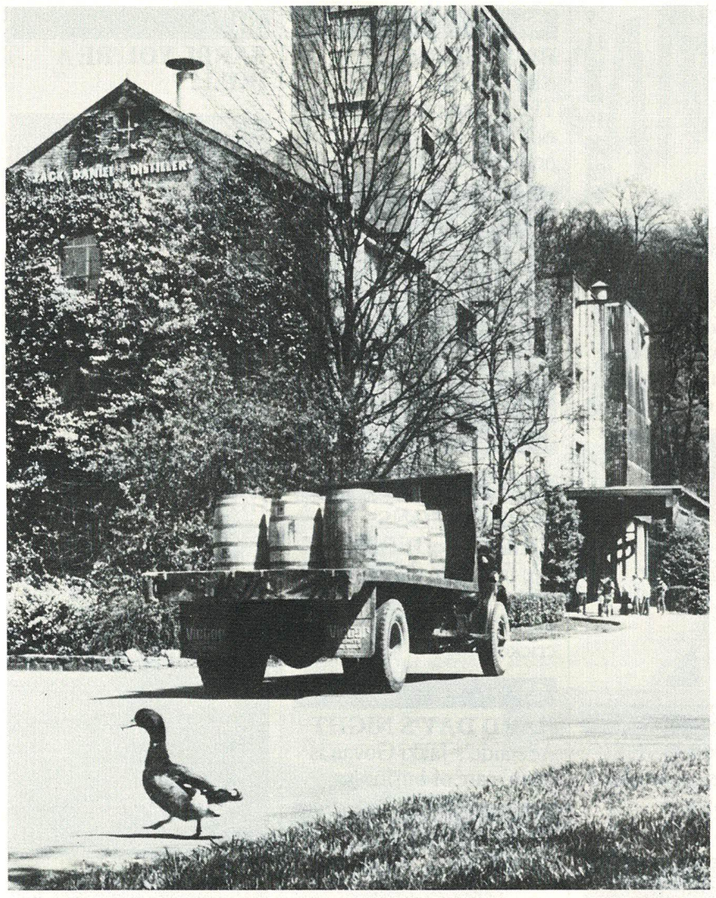

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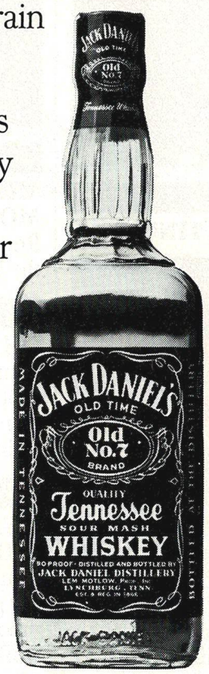

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4157/85 JWT644.P286K1

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

FULL OF YOU-KNOW-WHAT

I venture to suggest that Fidel Castro, the subject of your September Playboy Interview, is full of bullshit. While portraying himself as a leader well-loved and respected by the Cuban people, as well as extolling the virtues of communism in general, he still fails to explain why many thousands of Cubans have fled across the water to Florida in recent years. They risk their lives in small, unseaworthy craft in order to escape from their supposed idyllic existence under Castro's system.

Last year I worked on a cruise ship in the Caribbean. Once, on our way back to Florida from the islands, we apparently sailed a bit too close to the coastline of Cuba. Suddenly a Cuban aircraft appeared out of nowhere and began firing warning shots across our bow, forcing us to alter course.

Castro's mob must be pretty paranoid if a cruise liner full of geriatric American tourists makes them nervous!

Nigel Poole,
Lindeman Island, Qld.

CARNAL ROMP

Lucky Rennie Ellis! His account of his adventures in Rio during Carnival in your December '85 issue was really sizzling and his experience with the girl dancer and the street band makes for some of the most erotic reading I've come across in a long time. What with the collection of photographs of all those beautiful people having a whale of a time with no holds barred, it sure made my mouth water for the chance to be in among it all.

However the shots of Rennie himself brought me up with a bit of a start. Talk about the archetypal ocker tourist! I bet if there was a full-length one we'd have seen he was wearing Stubbies and thongs as well. Come on, Rennie, being let loose among all those gorgeous Brazilian girls, you might have shown the flag with a kangaroo-skin jockstrap and a pair of R.M. Williams boots, topped off with a corked bush hat. It's a wonder you didn't get your camera stolen!

John McNair,
Bega, NSW.

STING IN HIS TAIL

Thank you for the Sting interview in your December 1985 issue. Police was always one of my favorite bands, and it seems clear that Sting will survive as one of the big solo artists of the next few years. If only he wasn't so up himself! Time after time he gives himself full credit for his great songs, with just a few words of praise for Stewart Copeland and barely a mention of Andy Summers.

I don't deny his genius, and *Russians* is one of the cleverest anti-war songs I've ever heard, but clearly Sting is already smugly aware of all that. In the end my fondest memories will be of him doing Eddie Cochrane imitations in his early British film *Radio On.*

Bob Collins,
Launceston, Tas.

APPLAUSE FOR ALI

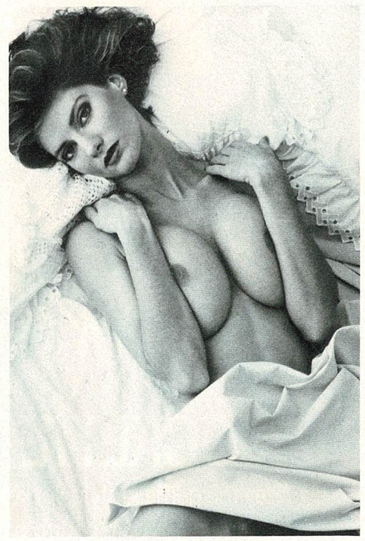
Thanks, Australian PLAYBOY, for the great pictures of Miss December, Ali Lynwood. The centrefold shot was one of your best ever and now has pride of place on my office noticeboard. She's right next to Miss September, Shannon Long, who is also a real stunner. Where do you *find* these women? I note they both come from NSW. Maybe it's time I moved states!

Roger Marshall,
Port Pirie, SA.

I know a lot of readers write in and *plead* with you to run an extra shot of various women on the Dear Playboy page. Well, I'm not going to plead. I am merely *insisting* on a reprise of Ali Lynwood from the December issue. (Please!)

Eric Waite,
Katoomba, NSW.

Okay, we can be talked into almost anything. Abracadabra, here's Ali — Ed.



TAXING SUBJECT

Tax debate even in Australian PLAYBOY? The June issue contained lots of delights to take our minds off such problems so why spoil it with an article glorifying the king of tax dodgers? I refer, of course, to your feature *If I Were The Tax Man* by Peter Clyne. Although he has some interesting ideas, I still regard him as someone who exploits legal loopholes which help the greedy. I'm sure most hard-working PAYE taxpayers would agree.

I wonder how many Australian PLAYBOY readers like the idea of even tougher tax laws being even more harshly applied in order to eliminate the dodges.

Hands up those of you who want to carry an ID card!

Colin Pask,
Hawker, ACT.

HOUSE HUSBANDS

Just loved Asa Baber's Men column in your November issue about the way our sex (or should I say gender) is being swept willy nilly into doing all those jobs around the house which had always been classed as "women's work" before the female of the species rebelled and demanded equal rights in the workforce.

I actually laughed out loud at the charmingly self-deflating way he described how a tough guy can take to running a home like a duck to water. . . and in fact enjoy it far more than a woman was ever able to when she was literally compelled to do it by sheer force of circumstances.

Baber has a brilliantly funny style, which should help to enlighten the rest of us about "who the real men are".

John Sinclair,
Lyons, ACT.

THE PREMIER STATE

Having lived in New South Wales all my life, I disagree with your choice of Queensland as the best state in Australia, in your *State Of The Nation* article in the December issue of Australian PLAYBOY.

I'm sure that Queensland is a great place, but there is no way I'll ever be convinced to leave the fun and atmosphere of NSW. However I must admit that I may be tempted to pay a short visit to the ACT to take advantage of the over-supply of women!

M. Richardson,
Matraville, NSW.

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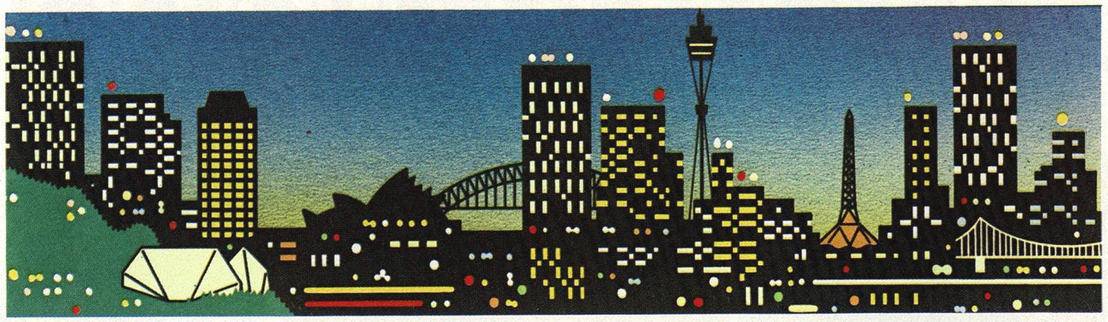
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



POOH LA LA!

We've all heard the old line about there being few things drier than a pommie's bathmat. Well, it seems the English aren't the only bath dodgers. Apparently the French don't bathe as often as they should, at least that's the word according to a study conducted by the French perfume industry.

Inhabitants of *la belle France* annually use only 4.2 bars of soap per person, 2.9 tubes of toothpaste, 2.8 bottles of shampoo and .9 containers of deodorant. Those totals are significantly less than for other European residents.

And, instead of wondering why they don't bathe more often, perhaps it's best to find out under what circumstances they do wet the bathmat. The study lists three reasons, in this order: a medical examination, *l'amour,* and applying for a job.

TOO DEPRESSING

A sad note from a society calling itself Depressives Associated arrived at a Midlands, England, library: "Dear Sir, I am returning your library register form. (i) Depressives Associated no longer exists; (ii) Most of the members have committed (a) suicide (b) themselves to psychiatric units."

JUST LIKE THE MOVIES

One recent newspaper report which has come to our attention tells of a Mr Henry Ramirez who was awoken from his suburban slumber by the furious squeal of brakes and the sounds of a car crash. He sleepily stumbled downstairs and, just as he'd suspected, his teenage son had neglected to switch off the TV and the late-night movie was showing.

He turned off the set and went back to bed. It wasn't until next morning that he noticed a four-wheel drive jeep parked in the middle of his dining room.

DO WE HAVE LIFT-OFF?

For the lighter-than-airheads department: seven former disciples of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi have filed suits in the US totalling more than $60,000. They are charging the guru with causing them physical and mental harm by failing to teach them to fly.

The Maharishi, one-time guru of The Beatles, had apparently promised to teach the ability to "manipulate the physical world and laws of nature". But, according to the law suit, "Flying, in fact, constituted hopping with the legs folded in the lotus position."

Failure at lift-off apparently caused "severe and continuing pain". And, oh boy, were their arms tired!

HIGH LIFE

A villager in southern Sumatra, Indonesia, has spent the past 20 months on top of a 20 metre coconut tree to keep out of reach of his creditors. Ignoring the orders of local officials and pleas from his wife to put his feet back on the ground, he said, "I won't come down until I get divine inspiration."

Meanwhile, he spends his time singing, and giving personal advice and lottery predictions to his fans and supporters who send up food and drinks in return.

FLYING HIGH

The following notice was posted recently by the Warden of Manchester University on the institution's noticeboard: "In regard to the rule about guests, will residents please refrain from throwing used or unused condoms out of the windows. The birds are choking on them!"

UP IN SMOKE

A Florida newspaper reports that a prisoner who set fire to himself in a suicide attempt is now suing the maker of his inmate's uniform for damages. The man, who was arrested for stealing a woman's underwear and then burning the garments, claims the company had an obligation to provide clothing that was flame-retardant.

Perhaps it should make clothing that is retard-proof, too.

BARGAIN HUNTERS

We know Australian PLAYBOY's a ripper of a mag but we hadn't realised there were people willing to pay $12.50 each for current issues. Well, there's at least one person we know of who's forked out that much for the next 12 issues.

At The Pink Ball held recently at The Regent in Melbourne to aid the Anti-Cancer Council, an all-sorts auction took place and a wealthy businessman from the southern capital put in a top bid of $150 for a 12-month subscription.

Other items under the auctioneer's hammer included a team jersey and ball signed by all the members of 1985 VFL premiers Essendon. That went for $850. Poor old Collingwood, the team that other VFL supporters love to hate, also donated a jersey and ball to the charity auction but this offering failed to raise more than $200.

NO YOLK

It's official. Kentucky Fried Chicken aims to be the first fast-food restaurant in outer space. This company is sponsoring a seven to 10-day mission to fly 32 farm-fresh chicken eggs aboard NASA's space shuttle. The goal of the experiment is to see if the period of weightlessness has any effect when the eggs hatch back on earth. Because the embryo stage is the most crucial in any reproductive process, the test will help determine if women can bear children in space.

Now that's what we call putting the egg before the chicken.

TOYOTA BRINGS TWIN CAM TECHNOLOGY TO YOUR KIND OF DRIVING.

Celica twin cam wins Safari Rally 2nd straight year.

Shown with optional rear spoiler and sunroof.

World champion race and rally cars have long embodied the exotic engineering of twin cam technology. But now Toyota, capitalizing on more than 20 years of race-bred, high performance experience, puts twin cam performance into the hands of on-the-road drivers.

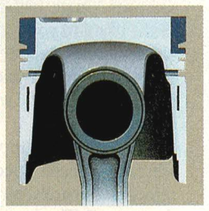
The Toyota engine in the new Celica, for example, is a twin cam masterpiece with multi-valve design. Twin cams provide ideal valve location for efficient combustion and operate valves with minimum time lag for fast response at all speeds. Two intake and exhaust valves per cylinder provide more power. Plus, air flow velocity is computer-regulated accordingly to engine speed.

It means Toyota, and only Toyota, has perfected twin cam, multi-valve engines to achieve constant torque and high economy at all engine speeds.

And Toyota doesn't limit advanced technology to passenger cars. In commercial vehicles, Toyota offers engines that feature electronic fuel injection, and such innovative engineering as fibre reinforced pistons that significantly reduce wear and maintenance.

Clearly, Toyota is making an exciting change in your everyday driving.

Oh what a feeling!



TWIN CAM

All SR engines are designed by Toyota for top performance and fuel efficiency on unleaded petrol.

TOYOTA

BOOZE

Summer's the time to give your liver a rest. It can be done without offending your taste buds.

The dreadful thing about summer celebrations is that they've got to end some time. It's the male version of the Cinderella At Midnight syndrome. There's no pumpkin coach, of course, just an appalling hangover. And Cinderella's coachmen, turned back into mice, are roaring round and round your stomach.

Bloody February is bad enough in Australia anyway, even if you *are* feeling well. Basically it is the hottest and nastiest month of summer: all pulsating sun and blowflies. One yearns for a dim, air-conditioned boozer and a gallon or so of cold alcohol.

Unfortunately, after the wretched excesses of the holiday season plus the heat outside, that is about the worst thing you can do to yourself. What one is *supposed* to do is get off the stuff for a bit and allow one's liver some time to recuperate. And that is where most drinkers run into problems. If you are an average male drinker you like bitter thirst-quenchers. That's what beer is all about. And after beer the soft stuff is sickeningly sweet.

On a hot day, half-a-dozen tinnies barely touch the sides and can be tossed off in what seems to be a matter of seconds. Try the same trick with half-a-dozen cans of Fanta or the like and you'll find yourself doing the old heave-ho at about can number three. In the totally soft division, either soda water with bitters or tonic water are about the best choices.

You could, I suppose, drink Clayton's, which has been specifically designed for reforming drunks, but everyone *knows* that, don't they? The jeering and general uproar in a pub that greets an order for Clayton's ensures that I, for one, will never, ever, touch the stuff.

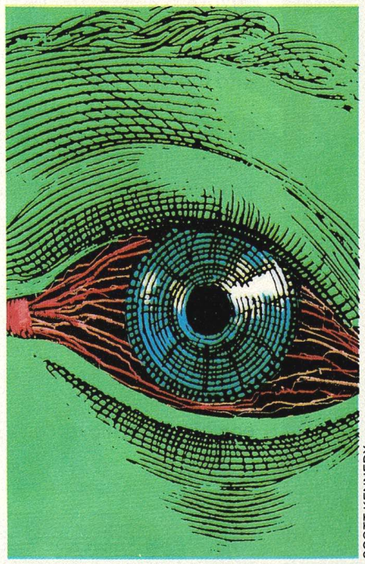
But for beer drinkers there is hope (not to mention taste) without the demon alcohol. . . or almost.

For everyone's benefit (including my own, I might add), I recently sampled a whole range of low-alcohol, light near-beers and "brewed soft drinks", which varied in alcoholic content from 0.9 percent to just over two percent.

The most curious was a thing known as Northern Light, brewed at Mildura, with an alcoholic content of one percent. I don't quite know how to describe the taste in rational terms except to say that it was like having the smell of ether translated to one's tongue. If you didn't know what real beer tasted like, it would turn you off the amber fluid for life. It would be a deadly weapon in the hands of the Salvationists and the Teetotal Women's Guild.

Head and shoulders above the rest was Swan Special Light lager. Apart from a slight metallic tinge, at 0.9 percent alcohol per volume, it is the closest thing to real beer that I've come across. And what's more, they sell it in booze shops, which hardly makes you feel like a creep at all. Because, you see, all the other alcohol substitutes are sold in a sort of dypsomaniacs' corner of the supermarket right next to the vegetarian nut cutlets, the diabetic jams and the salt-free biscuits. The supermarket people should just put up a sign stating "Freaks And Drunkards This Way". It's bloody embarrassing, I can tell you. You might as well be a flasher as you reach for the non-alcoholic wine. Mothers snatch at their children and hurry away, and old men with monstrous beer bellies curl their lips in disdain at this degenerate behavior.

But in the beer division, stick with Swan and you'll be okay. Not only will you be okay, but unless there's something seriously wrong with your entire metabolism, you can't possibly get drunk on the stuff. You'd drown first.



SCOTT KENNEDY

Now to non-alcoholic wines. The best thing to do is to forget them. Every one I tried was distinctly odd. Most of them were the sort of thing that you'd serve to your maiden aunt from Adelaide who was a member of the Band of Hope and who was subject to fits of daring giggles on her birthday. I had one from Adelaide like that once, but I managed to get her on to sparkling burgundy one Christmas and she's never looked back.

The only *wine* I found vaguely tolerable was Chateau Yaldara's white Grapella at 0.3 percent alcohol per volume. It was more or less like a cask moselle but for some odd bloody reason was slightly fizzy. However, after pouring the first glass I got rid of the rest of the gas in the time-honored schoolboy tradition by giving the bottle a brisk shake and squirting it around like a soda syphon. After that it was okay.

To be frank, if you have the willpower, the best thing to do, if you are a wine freak and simply cannot do without it, is to roll back into the '70s and cut an ordinary flagon or cask wine half and half with soda.

So there are your alternatives in the grog division. You can also help your liver to recover its equilibrium by going on a crash course of Vitamin B complex capsules. Two a day for a fortnight should set you up nicely. And don't waste your money on fancy brands. Plain old chain chemist No Name brand lines are as good as any and cost a quarter of the price of the fancily packed products.

I might also add that during this period of abstemiousness you shouldn't touch fortified wines, such as port or spirits. If you must have a gin and tonic, for instance, add the gin with an eye dropper.

Now one turns to food. I know that a lot of people don't regard a salad as a meal, but if you're going to be good you are going to have to regard it as such. Give up meat pies and hamburgers for a month, and stick to barbecued fish and grilled chicken.

The best way to charcoal grill a fish, by the way, is to use the good old Aussie hinged bush grill. That way it can be easily turned (it is a dreadful business attempting to lift it with the usual barbecue implements).

And as for chicken, get hold of a whole fresh roasting bird, split it into halves, brush it with a mixture of melted butter and oil and put under a hot grill, skin side down at first. Once turned, keep on basting it with more butter and oil and turn the grill heat down a little to stop the skin catching.

I might conclude by saying this isn't a diet; eat as much bread and potatoes and green vegetables as you like and stuff yourselves with oysters, prawns, crab and lobster. Swan Special Light and a bag of prawns make a splendid supper with some bread and butter.

If you stick to that regime for a month, your eyeballs will have ceased to look like an inner-city roadmap and you will be co-ordinated enough to hurl the boss out of the window, which is more than you could do on a diet of fat steak and hot claret.

— RICHARD BECKETT

A Casio watch is perfect for summer.

In summer, a watch that isn't water resistant simply isn't practical.

What with the surfing, the swimming, the scuba diving, the sailing, the water skiing, the snorkelling, and, of course, the late afternoon thunderstorm.

All Casio watersport watches are water resistant. You can take a Casio G Shock watch, for example, to a depth of 200 metres without it missing a beat.

The G Shock is also shock resistant, accurate to within 15 seconds a month, and runs on a battery with a 7 year life.

Like all Casio watches, it is available at every Angus & Coote store.

In fact, Angus & Coote is the best place to buy any kind of watch. We have just about every make and model in stock, and any we don't have, we can get.

We'll replace the battery for free when it first runs out, and we'll fix the watch for you if anything goes wrong.

So, even if it rains every weekend from now until April, at least you'll always know what time it is.

Angus & Coote

The last words in Jewellers since 1895

MONEY

If you play your credit cards right, you can actually come out in front.

Want to know how to earn 18 to 21 percent without risk? It's easy. Simply pay off your Bankcard balance when it comes due each month. Rather than keep your money in a savings account earning 10 or 11 percent interest (which amounts to only five or six percent after tax and even less after inflation is taken into account), knock off your Bankcard debt and you can save 1.5 to 1.75 percent interest *every month.*

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not one of those people who believe that credit cards are evil and that all payments should be made in cash.

Credit cards can be very handy and even profitable. You just have to know how they all work.

There are actually four types of cards currently available in Australia: credit cards, debit cards, combination credit and debit cards and plain old charge cards.

Let's start with an explanation of the last category first.

Charge cards are designed primarily for businessmen. They can be used to pay for retail purchases, airline tickets, hotels, restaurants and for just about anything else. Each month's statement contains the charges made during the previous 30 days or so and payments cannot be extended indefinitely.

Except in special circumstances, you must pay your entire bill as soon as you receive it. The most well-known charge cards in Australia are American Express and Diners Club. Both cards levy a yearly fee but neither sets limits on the amount you can charge.

As you can imagine, they are understandably choosy about who they give their cards to. You can't get one unless you can provide substantial evidence that you are capable of paying their bills.

Credit cards, such as Bankcard, MasterCard and some (but not all) Visa cards are similar to charge cards: they, too, can be substituted for cash. But unlike charge cards, credit card statements need not be paid in full upon receipt. Instead, you are only required to remit five percent of the monthly statement. The remainder is carried over to the next month. This privilege costs you between 16.8 and 21 percent interest on the unpaid balance. Credit card holders are typically not charged a yearly fee (all that interest is apparently enough) and there is always a limit on the amount that can be charged.

Unlike American Express and Diners Club which are privately owned companies, credit cards are issued in all Australian states mainly by banks.

Debit cards look like credit and charge cards (some even share the same name — Visa, for instance), but they are actually quite different. You can use them in many of the same places you use credit and charge cards but each time you do, the amount you charge is *immediately* deducted from your bank account.

If there is no money in your account, this news is instantly relayed to whomever you are trying to pay and you are out of luck. (The Visa computer requires only eight seconds to check a bank account.)

Since payment is immediate, debit cards have no monthly statements and since it is your own money you are using, there are no charges either.

The main value of debit cards is their convenience; they eliminate the need to carry around large amounts of cash and lessen the risk of personal theft.

SCOTT KENNEDY

Combination debit and credit cards are just debit cards with overdraft facilities. Payments for purchases are debited immediately, but if you exceed your account balance, you can keep using the card and pay interest on the overdraft.

All four cards have their advantages and disadvantages but charge and credit cards actually allow you to make money.

This is because they let you take advantage of what is known in money circles as "the float".

The float is financial jargon for money owed to another but not yet paid. A float is created every time you use a charge or credit card because of the time that elapses between the purchase and the date by which the statement must be paid. Say, for example, that you have just filled your car's tank with petrol and paid for the purchase with a credit card.

You can expect the cost of the petrol to turn up on your next statement which will not arrive for several weeks and which will give you several more weeks to pay. So long as you pay the statement amount in full prior to the due date, you will not be charged any interest.

Depending on how early in your billing cycle you made your purchase, and how long you wait before paying, you can have the use of the bank's money (after all, they did pay for your petrol) interest free for almost eight weeks. It's wise to delay paying until the last possible moment because until you pay, your money remains in your bank account earning interest. In essence, the bank is paying you interest on your savings while allowing you to borrow their money interest free for a period of up to eight weeks.

Before you feel too sorry for the bank, you should know that three-quarters of credit card holders do not pay off their statement balance each month; many make only the minimum monthly payment. The bank slugs these people with hefty interest charges that more than compensate them for consumers who take advantage of the float.

Clearly, if you have the discipline to pay off your credit or charge cards each month, then you should use them whenever you can so that you can benefit from the float. But beware. Some banks have begun to change the system.

Westpac, for example, calculates interest on its MasterCard at 16.8 percent yearly beginning from the day that your account is debited with a purchase. In other words, as soon as they hear about your purchase, the bank starts charging interest. This method effectively eliminates most of the float. Even though you have not yet received your monthly statement, you already owe interest.

For those who habitually extend their payments, Westpac's lower interest rate on MasterCard makes it an attractive alternative to Bankcard. But for those who want to take advantage of the float, the message is check out the various cards thoroughly before you use them. Bankcard rates have begun to move (upwards of course!) in the past few months for the first time.

Credit cards may all look similar, but there is a world of difference between them.

— SETH GREGORY

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Ogilvy MAX 2953R

WOMEN

My heart's beating with dread and I need to go to the loo. Oh God, I've got to start dating again!

The realisation hit me heavily, like a 0.44 magnum smashing into my skull. My heart started beating with a quick dread and my blood froze in my veins. My stomach did backflips, I had to race to the bathroom to avoid a major incident. The ordeal I was about to face is one of the most frightening, grisly, macabre and chilling experiences known to woman.

Dating. I will have to start dating again.

Please God no, don't make me do it! I'll be good from now on, I promise! I'll wear that puce acrylic sweater my grandmother just knitted me! I'll stop feeding the dog hashish! I'll never again have 10 pizzas with extra cheese delivered to my ex-boyfriend! I'll be kind, thoughtful, sober, industrious, anything. But please God, not the ultimate torture of dating!

I mean, I can't even stand the thought of the shower beforehand, and the shower used to be my favorite ritual: giving my hair the works, fully shaving my legs way past my knees, keeping my face under the hot stream of water until every old crust of mascara is dissolved.

That's why I stayed with him so long, probably. I couldn't stand going through it all again. Sure, he might be a trifle mean-spirited and callow, I kept telling myself, but at least I know I'll get laid tonight, and tomorrow night. At least when we wake up in the morning he won't think it's frivolous that I try on seven outfits so that I'll look okay when I run to the corner for a litre of milk. At least someone will go to the movies with me and not try to hold my hand.

Hand-holding — the worst thing about dating. The fellow, or maybe even I, will decide that holding hands is a sweet, simple way to start. Hah! It's the most nerve-racking experience of life! Once I start holding hands, I'm afraid to stop. If I pull my hand away, will he think I'm being cold, or moody? Should I squeeze his hand and kind of wiggle my fingers around suggestively? Or is that too forward? What if we're holding hands in the movies and I have to scratch my nose? If I let his hand go, and then scratch the offending nose, and then not grab his hand again immediately, will he think I'm rejecting him? Will he be relieved? What if my hand is clammy? There is nothing worse than a clammy hand, a clammy hand is more offensive than bad breath or right-wing politics! A clammy hand means you are a lousy lay! Everybody knows that!

And what, dear spiteful God, will I wear? I'll need new dresses, new jewellery, new jumpers, trousers, underwear. And shoes! Shoes tell everything, shoes have to be perfect! Men like high heels, right? I can't walk in high heels. Well, I can try. For a really important date, I can just see myself spending $250 for a pair of drop-dead suede heels, maybe with some fanciful stitching and a cute pair of bows to tie around my ankles. This time it will be different, I'll tell myself, this time I will be able to walk. But after an hour the ball of my foot will cramp up, I know it, and I'll hobble. "Is anything wrong?" he'll say to me solicitously. "You're limping."

And I won't know where to look. I won't be able to say, "These bloody shoes are crippling me and if I don't take them off this minute I'll be maimed for life," because then he'll know I just bought them, that I bought them to go out on a date with him. And that will make him feel weird and pressured knowing that this date was a big deal for me and he'll realise that maybe I'm not as popular and sophisticated as he thought I was if I had to buy a special pair of shoes that I can't even goddamn walk in for chrissakes just for a date with *him*.

So I have to explain the limping in such a way so that it won't have to do with the shoes. An old war wound? Fell down the stairs earlier today? Bitten by the dog? Attacked by terrorists?

What if my hair refuses to behave? What if it's all recalcitrant and cranky and goes all limp and flat on one side and then sort of bends at a right angle over one ear? I mean, sometimes I apply precisely the right amount of mousse and hang upside down when I blow-dry it and yet something still goes drastically wrong and I end up looking like Margaret Thatcher. Sometimes the suspense of what I will look like is so terrible that I have to take a Valium.

I have been known to apply four shades of lipstick, one on top of the other, in a pathetic attempt to achieve a certain I'm-not-actually-wearing-lipstick-I-just-naturally-have-pink-moist-luscious-lips effect. I have been known to put green eye-pencil below my lower lashes, look in the mirror, realise that I looked like a gangrenous panda, quickly remove it, look in the mirror, realise that I'd rather look like a gangrenous panda than an anaemic wombat, and reapply the stuff. I have been known to start trying on outfits in an entirely tidy room and somehow when I am finished, every single item of clothing I own is out of the wardrobe and on the floor and then when the phone rings there is no way on earth I can find it. I can't even find my *bed*. God, I hate dating.

And when he rings my doorbell and my stockings are still around my ankles because my suspender belt is missing but with mad, deep, quick thought I finally remember it's in my black satin purse (don't ask) and I get it on and get the stockings up and answer the door smiling casually, what precisely do I say?

What will I talk about on a date?

Not one thing that's on my mind will be a suitable topic of conversation. "Do you think we'll sleep with each other tonight?" "Are you one of those guys who can't make a commitment, or can only make a commitment to a woman with really smooth, finely muscled thighs?" "Is my deodorant working?" "What kind of relationship did you have with your mother?" "How do you think we're getting along so far?" "Do you like me?" "How much do you like me?" "Are you sure you really like me?" "Have you happened to contract any exotic social diseases?" "Ever been plagued by impotence?" "You're not going out with me because you feel sorry for me, are you?"

No, we'll talk about movies. What we've seen recently. What if he tells me he finally got around to seeing *Cocoon* and it turned out to be one of the greatest experiences of his life? Will I pretend to agree? I bet I will. I bet something slimy inside will cause me to nod my head encouragingly and say "Yes, wasn't it lovely." And then I'll hate myself because I've turned our date into a tissue of lies.

But what if it turns out that his favorite movie is *His Girl Friday*, with *The Thin Man* a close second? Then I could fall in love. Then I'll really be terrified.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MEN

Sure, life is good in The Lucky Country. But why should Aussie men be grey with guilt?

Pfister isn't normal anyway, so it could be argued that what happened to him has nothing to do with any other Aussie male. Still, I wonder.

When we first met about three years ago, he looked a decade out of time, in his high-topped blue basketball shoes, baggy sweatpants and singlet. I thought he must be a casualty of the Kashmir warp, what with the butch haircut irritatingly offset by a ducktail that wasn't quite centered on the back of his head but, no, Pfister eschewed drugs and religiously scorned all foods green.

He's the only bloke I've ever known who could shoot pool with one hand while the other hand, far above the table, tickled his greedy Adam's apple with Tooths beer.

Pfister's wife, who was into computers and TM, had a pet argument that Jesus was really an Arab woman. Oddly, it was this favorite rave that kicked off Pfister's change of character.

Lurine, his wife, met a Scientologist taking a "survey" on the corner of Park and Elizabeth in downtown Sydney and in a matter of months she was hassling Pfister to mortgage their terrace house so she could finance the courses that would remove her final "engrams" or psychic blocks, and allow her to become "clear". She wanted to do this so that she could astral-travel, like L. Ron Hubbard, the Merlin of Scientology. Lurine was convinced she then could cross both spatial and time barriers into the plane of spirit, where she could discover first-hand the truth about Christ's ethnic and sexual orientation.

Pfister began to drink heavily. His gangling frame developed a paunch, his work suffered, he became aggressively pleasant and abject about skipping a shout. I left the city for six weeks and upon my return was disturbed to find yet a further weakening in his frame of mind.

Lurine said that Pfister, the man who once subscribed proudly to the "if it moves, shoot it" school, had joined the Wilderness Society.

Mind you, I support that group's work but because Pfister's new allegiance to it represented such a wild swing of personality, I decided it was time we had a talk. We next encountered each other at the neighborhood fruit and vegetable shop, where he was stocking up on such unPfisterables as cauliflower and brussels sprouts.

"What's this rubbish about you going greenie?" I delicately probed.

"Aw, yeh," he said, ravishing a broccoli sprig several heads above the vendor's reproving glare. "Stopped eating meat, too. Poison. Murder."

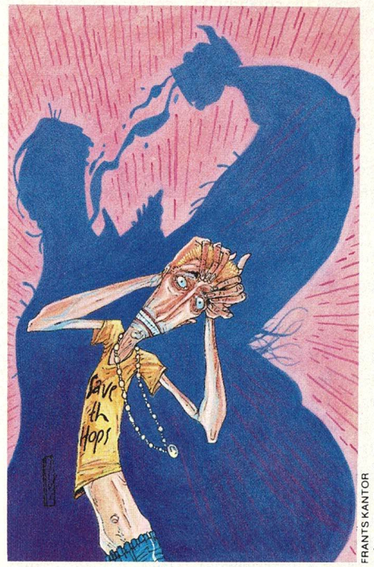
"Geez. What say we wash that roughage down with a schooner, get your B vitamin intake balanced?"

"Can't. Quit the grog." He scrabbled in the little leather purse around his neck and produced money. "Anyway, gotta go," he said, paying the man. "Gotta pick up Lurine for our aerobics class."

He loped across the street and I yelled after him, with more than a hint of derision, "I bet you even gave up the weed!"

He showed the back of three fingers, shouted, "Three days," over his shoulder and kicked his blue heels together. It was sickening.

Yet how many less dramatic examples have I seen of once-blithe spirits gone grey with guilt, that cobweb of conscience which now seems to be widowing blue-eyed Australia? How many of us feel guilty about being overweight, drinking or eating too much, not working quite hard enough, having a crummy car or perhaps trying too hard to keep up with the Joneses? Tell the truth, do you hang out with your mates too often, do you still talk about sheilas and blokes and wear stubbies and/or thongs? Are you unsure of what multi-culturalism means and do you even know where Kampuchea lies? What's your secret opinion on giving Ayers Rock to the Aborigines, how many sickies have you taken this year, when's the last time you jogged, would you be caught dead at a Self-Transformation course, what do you say to the soulful petitioners on city streets collecting change for the quadriplegics' fund?



FRANTS KANTOR

We're breaking down, men, the signs are everywhere. We're worried about mistreating our women, raping the land, castigating winners, hating newcomers, speaking poorly and dressing worse, watching too much footy, being non-spiritual, inefficient, unpatriotic but fiercely provincial and, worst of all, too insensitive to change or even to care.

Guilt is a latecomer Down Under, although Australia always has had a fondness for the verbal self-scourge. Witness such catch-phrases as the cultural cringe, cutting down the tall poppy, ockerism, mateship, the lucky country. All those terms try to capture what it is that makes this land different to the faraway West and all of them suggest that the difference lies in a certain backwardness.

Even mateship can be construed to mean a bond of acceptance between you and one other male who forgives because, when push comes to shove, he doesn't cope all that well, either. The lucky country, of course, was meant more as condemnation than praise. Australia was lucky rather than accomplished to be where she was in the '60s, when Donald Horne's book of that name was written.

But this is 20 years down the line and Australia is several millions of new people different to what she was then. That's what matters. Growth, prosperity and sophistication have exacted their toll, and the toll is guilt. Having it all — the climate, the political stability, the good standard of living — has led from complacency to concern. And maybe it isn't such a bad thing.

You could even argue that it has to do with Australia's coming of age. After all, you can't feel guilty unless you feel responsible and only adults are responsible.

Pfister never did mortgage the house and Lurine's still in the dark about Jesus. I suspect he feels a tad guilty about that, responsible for hurling a money engram in the way of his wife's vault to clarity, and perhaps that's why he's back at the local (in moderation, of course). I'm waiting for the next time he's tempted by feminine wiles other than his wife's. Will he show newfound signs of guilt? Will that mean he's grown up?

Whatever the answers, if I don't like them, I'll at least have one consolation: his behavior doesn't necessarily mirror that of all Australians.

Any bloke can see Pfister isn't normal anyway. — STEVE BUNK

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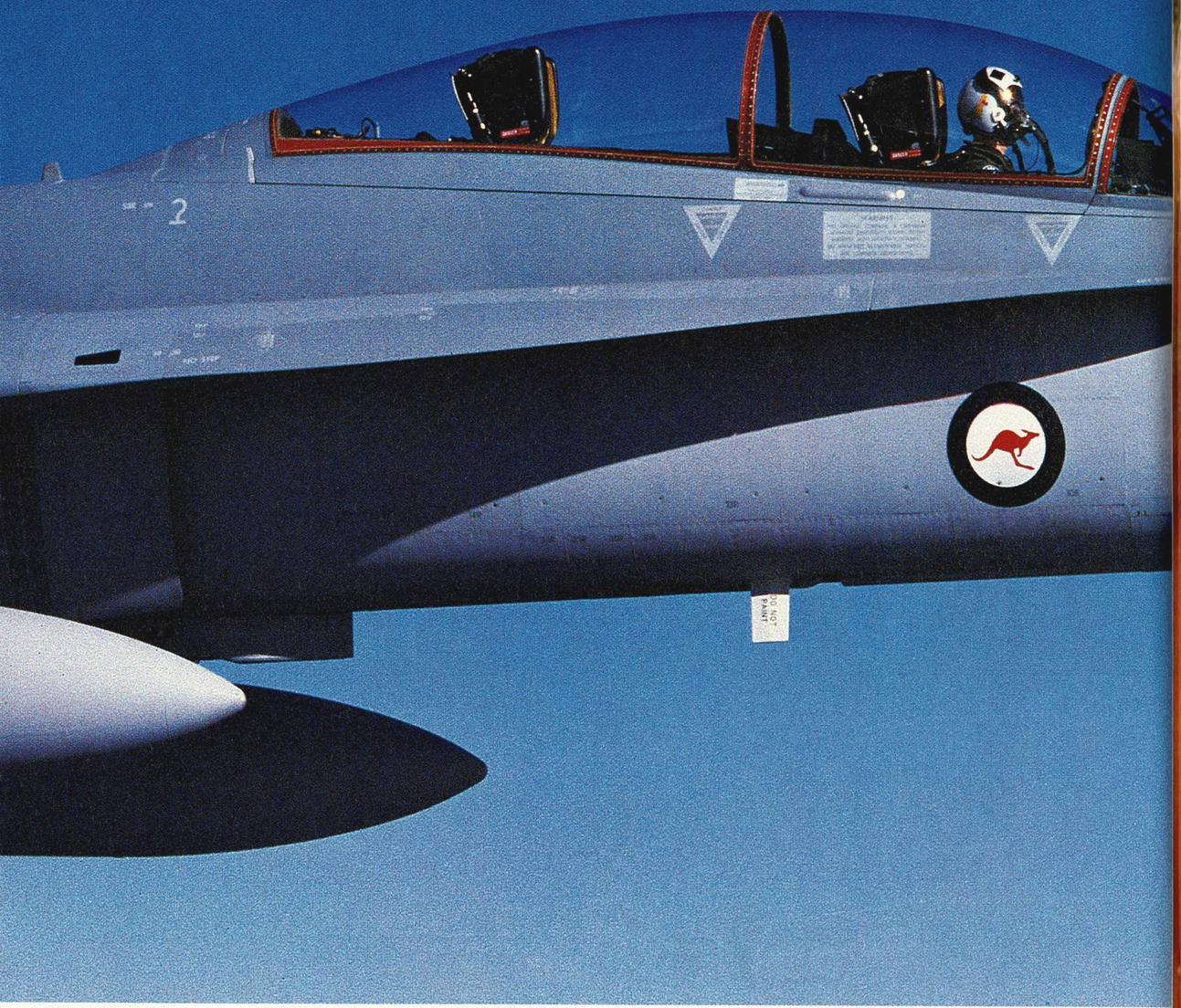

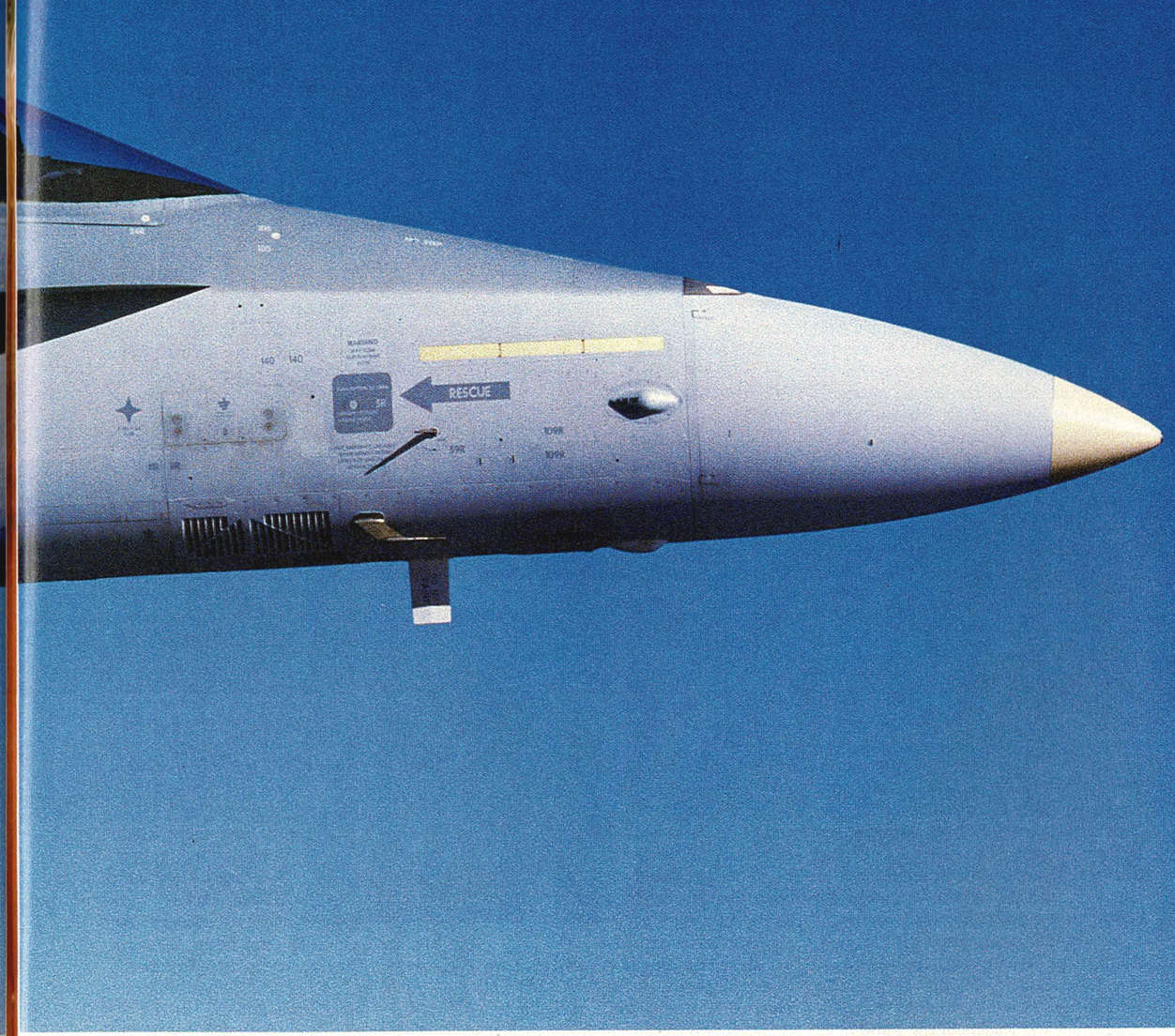

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PILOT

Authorised by Director-General of Recruiting, Dept. of Defence. AFAC 100.DPS.85

Sperm donor or one hell of a stud: Which role would you choose?

Old champion athletes can look forward to a brighter future than ever before, if a new idea ever takes off in a big way.

Human stud farms for breeding potential sporting stars now seem a distinct possibility.

A human sperm bank in America has in its collection donations from at least one Los Angeles Olympic champion. The donor cannot be named, but his sperm, filled with abundant athletic potential, is available for anyone who can afford it and who wants to try and produce their own Olympic champion.

The idea may sound somewhat appalling, but considering man's approach to the breeding of animals, it seems a completely logical — if still controversial — step: to undertake scientific breeding programs for the improvement of the human species.

The human breeding program is the brainchild of a 78-year-old American, Dr Robert Graham. Dr Graham is the co-founder, and main benefactor, of an organisation called the Repository Of Germinal Choice, which is located in the Southern California suburb of Escondido.

But hold it: if you're considering rushing out and offering your services, note that the program is still in its infancy and that their selection of sperm donors is careful, judicious and limited.

The repository was opened in 1979 and has already spawned 15 children, all of whom must possess more than normal potential. The original donors included mainly people with outstanding intellectual talents who were also required to have good physical health and personal appearance. That would certainly have narrowed the field considerably. Too often people blessed with brains, or inherited wealth, seem to be damned with ill health, unattractive physiques and poor personalities.

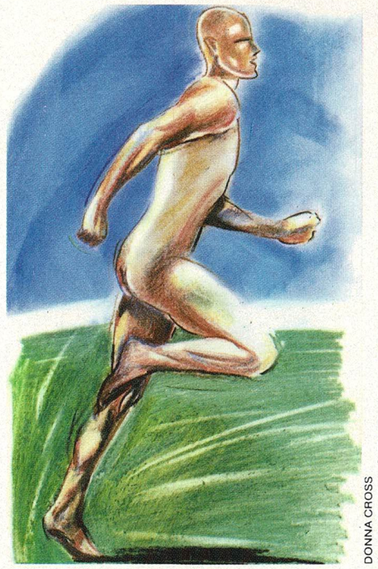
In fact the concept isn't all that new. Adolf Hitler began trying to breed a super-race back in the '30s when he filled the German nation with dreams of being the conquerors and leaders of the world in all spheres of activity. While allowing atrocious experimentation upon people of Jewish origin, Hitler and his mad scientists were busily trying to breed super-humans. That breeding is said to have been done by couples who either agreed or else were forced to mate for the future glory of the German race. Fortunately Hitler and his political systems fell apart and their selective breeding program never really got established.

Today the repository in Escondido could not and would not force anyone into selective breeding programs. Their donors are all willing participants in what could prove an interesting experiment.

The sperm is collected by artificial means, ie masturbation, and is frozen and stored under sterile and preservative conditions. The repository claims that once properly frozen, its sperm samples can last as long as 1000 years or more.

At this stage of the program the names and identities of the donors are carefully concealed. It is their genetic possibilities that are being sold and the parents themselves must qualify to participate in the program.

Each of the different sperm donors is given a code name linking colors, plants and numbers. Thus the donor known as Fuchsia 1 is described as "one of the most accomplished athletes in the world". His height (6'4"/1.93m) and weight (195lb/88.5kg) are also disclosed.



DONNA CROSS

Another donor is described as being a talented scientist with an IQ of 165, thus a veritable genius.

So selective breeding has begun even in this almost clandestine and still embryonic manner. But who knows just where it could lead? I can envisage a time in the future when, as with racehorses and cattle, there will be human stud farms where the great men of the era will stand doing their duty as professional inseminators.

Indeed, it is something I used to dream of as a young man, particularly when I first came to Australia, which is more suited climatically to people of darker races than the essentially Anglo-Saxon or northern Europeans who first colonised this sun-drenched land. Almost everyone seemed to envy my tan, particularly in the winter months, and more so when they didn't know of my West Indian origins (strongly laced with Latin blood and, naturally, a bit of Irish).

In those days I envisaged the time when human stud farms could be a viable, and acceptable, entity. I could see myself selling my stud services as well as donating them for the benefit of the nation.

I would have dedicated several days of each week to the serious business of sireing potential athletic champions. I would have donated at least another day or two to imbuing the daughters of people with skins which needed darkening, to prevent cancer particularly, with just that touch of melanin required to ensure light-olive complexions. Who knows, besides becoming possibly rich and famous, I might also have been given regal honors for services to the nation in the field of fighting skin cancer.

But I'm not certain whether I fancy the handling required for the Escondido repository.

Carl Lewis, the black American quadruple gold medallist from the LA Olympics, could be worth a fortune in stud fees one day if the progression occurs from establishments such as the repository, where you merely deposit your sperm, to plain stud farms.

It would in fact be quite ironic if that did occur, because there are some sports scientists who claim that the primary reason for the outstanding athletic qualities of blacks, in America in particular, is such similarly selective breeding. In the days of slavery, the great white masters often treated their black slaves like animals. Thus they would select the tallest, strongest and most handsome of their young males and use him as their stud (and hence the term "buck"). They would then breed their buck with the most nubile, shapely and healthiest of their young female slaves.

One needs to remind oneself, however, of the response by the ageing Irish playwright George Bernard Shaw to an actress who suggested that they mate because, she gushed, "just imagine what the result would be, with your brains and my beauty".

"Yes, madam," said Shaw, "but what would you say if the child turned out to have my looks and your brains?"

Maybe we should just let natural selection and the laws of chance provide heredity in the future. A pity, it would have been nice to be the head buck on a stud farm. — MIKE AGOSTINI

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SHOWBIZ

See Meryl score herself another Oscar nomination, as Cimino makes New York run with blood.

DEAD-END DRIVE-IN: Could be that *Bliss* wasn't just a flash in the pan for writer **Peter Carey**. After years of trying, one of his most intriguing short stories, *Crabs*, has finally taken on movie form as *Dead-End Drive-In*. Shot on location at Sydney's derelict Matraville Drive-In, which has just the right atmosphere, this is a creepy tale set in the very near future, when the government finds it expedient to "encourage" the refuse of society to remain in such areas, where they can be fed on junk food and kept entertained and out of trouble. In the outside world, where manufacturing industry has largely ceased, marauding "karboys" get their kicks by stripping anything on four wheels that stops long enough. To create the perfect ambience, action director **Brian Trenchard-Smith** filled the entire six hectares with old bombs in various stages of decay and disrepair, through which Crabs, the hero (played by **Ned Manning**), is pursued before his spectacular escape when his vehicle bursts through the cinema's neon sign, eight metres above the ground, and lands safely on the other side. The stunt itself was some kind of historic first. You only get one go at this kind of thing, but the truck, a Ford F100 weighted at the rear to prevent a nose dive, took off from a low loader and actually rose 10 metres, remaining airborne for over 54 metres and beating the US record by more than two metres.

•

PLENTY OF PLENTY: There are usually one or two movies a year that give you a chance to wax lyrical about deep psychological themes and political statements; yes, folks, *Plenty* is this summer's model. A young

Streep, Dance, Ullman: Plenty trouble.

Englishwoman who lived on the razor's edge as a member of the Special Operations Executive during World War II can't recapture that excitement and fulfilment during peacetime. She marries a diplomat (**Charles Dance**) and has to deal with an insufferable bureaucracy as well as a British Empire in decline, but she remains idealistic and almost naively altruistic to the bitter end. She is vulnerable, unstable, verging on mad: a role made for her who can do no cinematic wrong. Enter **Meryl Streep**. See her emote her way to another Oscar nomination, but see the film for plenty of other reasons. Australian director **Fred** *(The Devil's Playground* and *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith)* **Schepisi** does a fine job with the episodic screenplay written by British playwright David Hare from his own play. **Sam** *(Robbery Under Arms)* **Neill** plays yet another spy but looks like he's getting bored with his typecasting. Pop star **Sting** makes another short foray on to film and should stick to his day job. Comedienne and singer **Tracey Ullman** as a bohemian friend of Streep's main character is great, and fellow Brit **Sir John Gielgud** as a British ambassador and the only bureaucrat with a backbone is even better. Both provide so much light in what is mostly a grey and weighty film that they outshine their top-billed megastar by a country mile.

•

SURFING SUPERHEROES: Two years ago ex-world champion **Nat Young** foreshadowed in these pages that his book, *The History Of Australian Surfing*, would be made into a film. Well, it's happened and any red-blooded Aussie, even if he's never been within cooee of Bondi, will be enthralled, given Australia's domination of the sport in the past 10 years. What might not be quite so palatable is the revelation that the first Aussie to ride a board, with the help of the legendary **Duke Kahanamoku** who introduced boardriding to these shores, was a woman. Nat interviews her along with a host of other key figures, and puts together some great historical footage. The point is well made that surfing has developed out of all recognition since the early days, with boards shrinking from more than 15′ to barely 6′, and the champions of today, such as **Mark Richards** and **Tom Carroll**, immeasurably faster and more manoeuvrable than the heroes of yesteryear. Incredible, too, that the malibu was once a revolutionary short board — Nat himself was the one who popularised the latest generation which replaced it.

•

THE YEAR OF DYING BLOODILY: We've seen the future of movies and its name is ultra-violence, which means that **Michael Cimino** is up to his old tricks with his $20 million epic, *The Year Of The Dragon*. After bloodying his nose on the studio-wrecking *Heaven's Gate*, Cimino has returned to the formula which gained him such notoriety with *The Deerhunter*, and proceeds to bloody everybody else in sight. At the centre of the action is the man destined to be the next big thing in Hollywood, **Mickey** *(Rumblefish)* **Rourke**, as Stanley White, the tough, incorruptible police chief and ex-Vietnam vet, newly transferred to New York's Chinatown, where it seems gang warfare is about to erupt after years of truce with the police. Certain that a member of the Chinese mafia is simply using the youth gangs to get to the top, White refuses to compromise as machine-guns pound and blood spills in the gutters. The large-scale action scenes are just brilliant, particularly one in which Stanley pursues two young punk girl killers through a crowded club and into a busy city street. Less acceptable is Stanley's tunnel vision about women, other races and his conviction that he alone has the answer. Of course, it would be unfair to say Stanley represents Cimino's own point of view with his gung-ho, *Rambo*-type patriotism, but on the strength of this and *The Deerhunter*, it would be a pretty fair bet.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current films

Bliss Surprise Australian hit of the decade. Pity it's not more coherent. . . and shorter. ✌✌

Catholic Boys One of the better youth nostalgia movies flooding the market, with some familiar faces. ✌✌✌

D.A.R.Y.L. Little boy lost turns out to be a computer with feelings. Kidstuff, but goodstuff. ✌✌✌

Explorers Joe Dante repeats his *Gremlins* smash with fun space spoof. Why do the kids get all the goodies? ✌✌✌

The Goonies Kids, crooks, caves and pirate treasure from Spielberg. *The* big (family) movie of '86. ✌✌✌✌

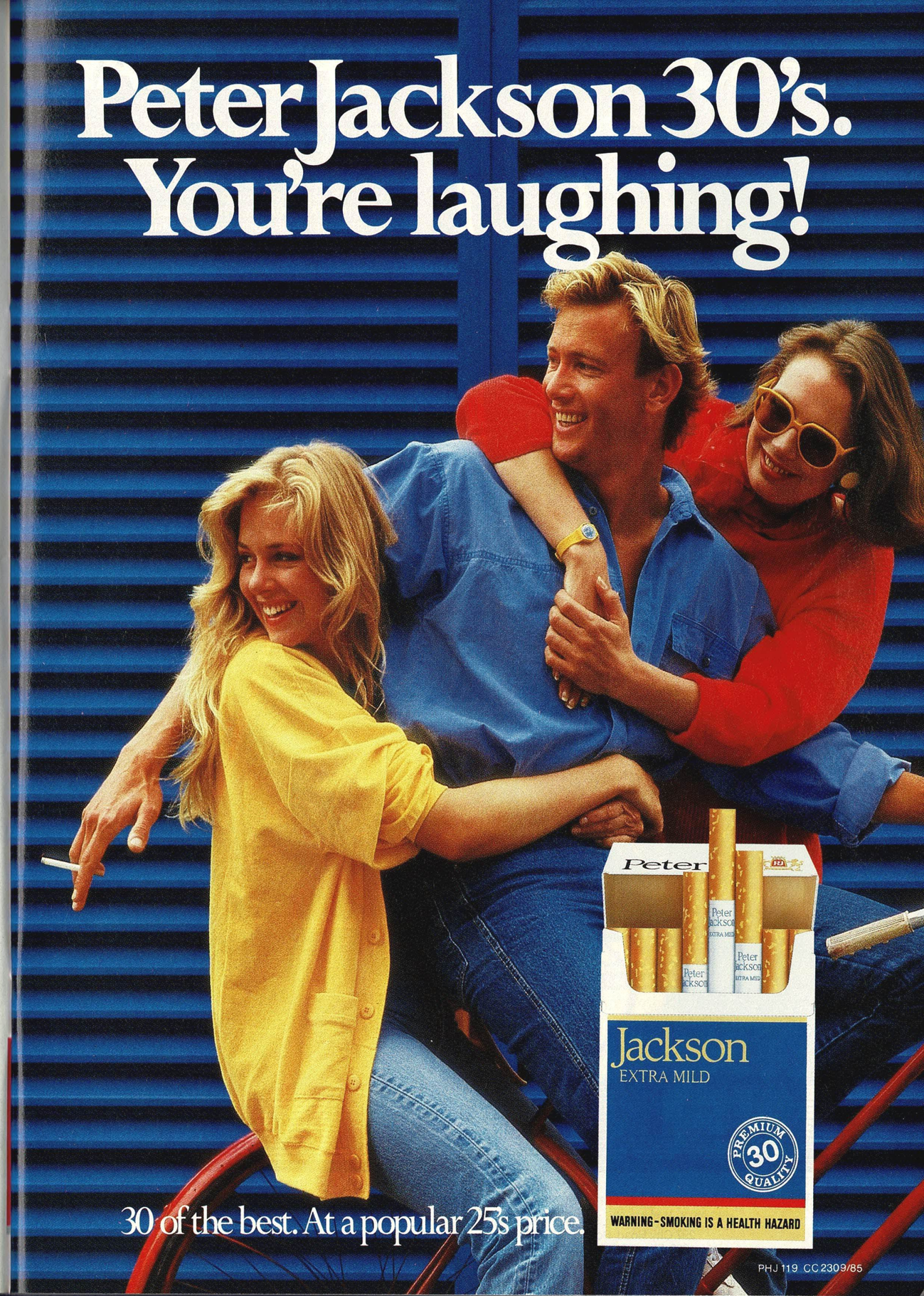
Legend Ridley (*Alien*) Scott's fairy tale is visually dramatic but bombs out on plot. ✌✌

Prizzi's Honor Jack Nicholson and Kathleen Turner in a smashing mafia flick from John Huston. ✌✌✌

Silverado All-star Western from Lawrence Kazdan holds up well until showdown but lacks atmosphere. ✌✌

Summer Rental Good-natured fun at the beach with the family, but basically just a string of jokes. ✌✌

A View To A Kill Wrinkled Roger is Bond yet again, with Grace Jones for novelty value. ✌



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN BERTRAND

A candid conversation with Australia II's skipper about one-upmanship, the joy of winning, and our chances of keeping the America's Cup.

During August and September, 1983, Australia found an item to rival Ned Kelly's helmet as the paramount symbol of Down Under defiance: the winged keel.

The irony of the keel's elevation to icon status was that as surely as its shape was shrouded in mystery, so did it disguise the equally important but less romantic reasons for Australia II's astonishing eclipse of the New York Yacht Club's Liberty to win the America's Cup. The noble but less fanciful factors of dedication, sheer hard work, and brutal talent went adrift in a surge of media euphoria that found it simplistically convenient to explain the complex in two words: winged keel. So comprehensive was keel mania, there was a real risk the human input of John Bertrand and the most talented and dedicated Australian yacht crew of all time would be lost in the wake.

It is now a little more than a year until the Royal Perth Yacht Club is obliged to defend the America's Cup. To bring history into sharper focus, Australian PLAYBOY's ***A.D. Aird*** *took the opportunity to interview John Bertrand, the quiet skipper and history-creating helmsman. Says Aird: "He seemed accustomed to intense questioning, having spent a good part of last year helping author Patrick Robinson write Born To Win, the master sailor's personal account of a lifelong obsession with breaking the longest winning streak in sporting history. Bertrand's grasp of the events surrounding that victory were still fresh and as engrossing as ever."*

After his book was published, Bertrand had to summon again the same kind of stamina that shot him to fame as he answered his critics. The Australia II designer was reportedly upset, and Alan Bond had thrown away the book in disgust, but Bertrand answered such stories as if they were a storm in a teacup. Yes, he felt he was a victim of the notorious Aussie tall poppy syndrome. No, he had never intended the book to be controversial. Yes, in fact his story had been dedicated to the Australia II crew who had slaved their way through the cup campaign for a reported $12 a day. Yes, he understood why some of them might be resentful.

But it was Bertrand who had to cope with most of the media attention in Newport, just as he has to now.

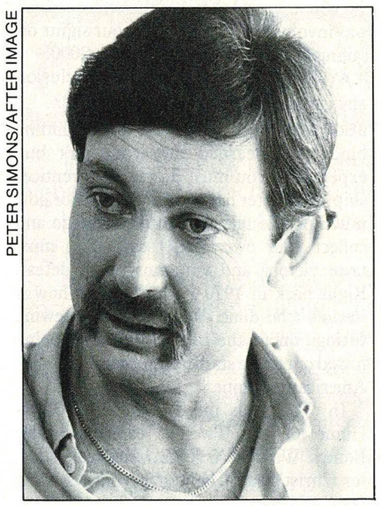
The lifting of that precious ewer from the New York Yacht Club involved the Aussie skipper in an extended masquerade to deceive the Americans. Bertrand was obliged to protect the keel's mystique and rumored invincibility throughout the entire campaign, often at the expense of his own ego.

The thrust of Bertrand's case is that the real story of Newport '83 wasn't so much the revolutionary design of the "great white pointer", Australia II, but the great white lies that were told to protect it.

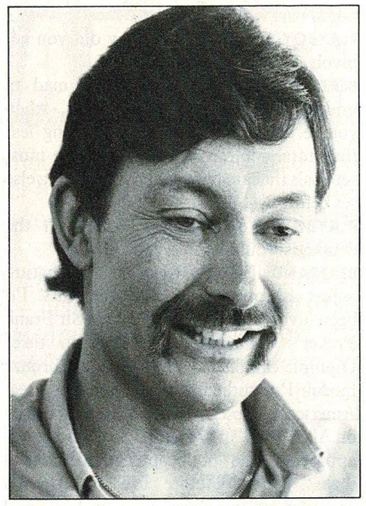
The skipper contends that the keel definitely gave the Aussies a vital edge but not in the way it was intended. Instead of making the challenger invincible in the water, it was really in the on-shore psychological battle that the winged wonder did the most damage to the Yankee cause. Quite simply, it removed the American faith in the tremendous technological advantage that they had always taken for granted, and shook their innate self-confidence to the very core.

Meanwhile, John Bertrand was pushed into the middle distance where he could get on with the less glamorous task of

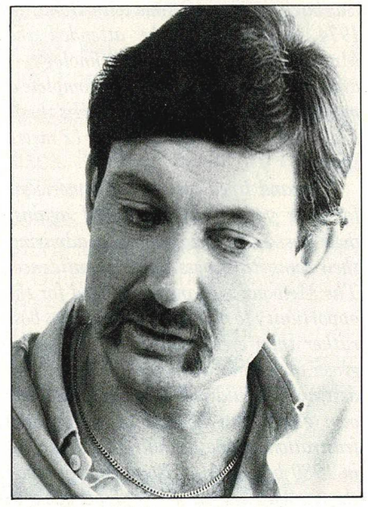
PETER SIMONS/AFTER IMAGE



"Up until 10 years ago the America's Cup was amateur hour compared to what it is now. We had to simulate a winning environment back here in Australia."



"We were fighting for our lives. Somehow we kept surviving. It took me three months after the series to stop waking each day with prerace nerves."



"I spent time thinking about image. I didn't want to go to the States, walk into the press conference and appear inferior to the man I had to beat in the cup."

making his crew and support team outperform their opponents in spite of the pressure of the occasion and the aura of the supposedly invincible Dennis Conner-New York Yacht Club combination.

Bertrand, however, will not be defending the prize. Yes, he's adviser to and a board member of Alan Bond's syndicate, but he won't be in the cockpit. Australia will face the world without the benefit of his experience gleaned from four America's Cup campaigns, Olympic regattas, national and world championships. Sure, we've got sailors with similar experience, but few come with the born-in-the-cradle instinct and obsession that guided Bertrand to his destiny in Newport, Rhode Island, during 1983.

John Bertrand had America's Cup fever in his blood long before he first bobbed around Port Phillip Bay in boyhood dinghy races. As the great grandson of an engineer who helped prepare Sir Thomas Lipton's assaults on the New York Yacht Club's pride and joy, Bertrand was always heading for his date with destiny. His marriage to the supportive and powerful Rasa, completion of a first class engineering degree, fatherhood and post-graduate studies in the USA all aided rather than hindered his progress. Even the Australian Yachting Federation's decision to boycott the Moscow Olympics and thereby deny Bertrand a chance at gold was, strangely, part of the process that led him inexorably toward his greatest goal.

John Bertrand sailed in his first America's Cup campaign in 1970 under the patronage of Sir Frank Packer. He was back again, this time with Bond, in 1974, before which he attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology — arguably the world's best — to complete a master's degree in engineering. His thesis dealt with the aerodynamics of 12 metre sails.

Bertrand lived among the Americans for four years, pitting himself against their best match racers while admiring their competitiveness and self confidence. The Melbourne champion longed for the opportunity to make it to Newport as boss rather than crewman for he believed if given the chance to be master of his own destiny he could roll the Yanks at their own game. But he had to survive the frustrations of another half-baked attempt in 1980 before Alan Bond finally made the announcement: "We'll be back in 1983 with a new boat and John Bertrand will be skipper and helmsman."

The Melbourne champion had finally booked his date with destiny. The rest is history and not all of it widely known, as A.D. Aird found when he interviewed the man who unbolted the Cup.

Observed Aird: "A wise old sporting journalist once told me that he'd never met a genuine sporting champion who wasn't supremely intelligent. Bertrand fits the form. Additionally, he's worldly-wise but refreshingly open in a way that we might have associated with the modest heroes of the '50s and '60s rather than some of the brash egomaniacs of the current era. He's the sort of guy who leaves you glad that it all came true for him."

PLAYBOY: Your feat of breaking the longest winning run in sports history has been likened to the Arthurian legend of drawing the sword from the stone. Is the comparison too fantastic?

BERTRAND: No. One of the common threads through the saga was the inspiration of Jonathan Livingston Seagull, the story of the bird who flies higher than the flock, seeking perfection. That's what we had to do. The challenge of the America's Cup was awesome. Its history pre-dates the American Civil War so you can imagine their resolve not to part with the trophy.

The challenge of the America's Cup was awesome. Its history predates the Civil War so you can imagine their resolve not to part with it.

PLAYBOY: Knowing that, why did you get involved?

BERTRAND: You must be a bit mad to undertake such a challenge. But, when you've made up your mind, nothing less than total commitment will do. You must set goals that are far and above anything else set before.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn that the demands would be so great?

BERTRAND: I'm a perfectionist by nature —just ask my wife, I drive her nuts. I'd been involved in 1970 with one of Sir Frank Packer's challenges, I'd been in three Olympic campaigns and had won a bronze medal. I'd studied the history of the great America's Cup campaigns plus I'd been in on Alan Bond's 1974 and 1980 challenges. I appreciate the philosophy that practice makes perfect. Before 1983 I'd been a crewman on the America's Cup boats and therefore had a limited say. But, in 1983, as skipper and helmsman, for the first time I had control and that enabled me to put my beliefs into practice.

PLAYBOY: What were those beliefs?

BERTRAND: To aim for something well beyond what was accepted at the time. I'd competed in the Olympics and examined the history of those events plus the world championships, and noted the gradual improvement. Instead of accepting that gradual process, I thought, "Why can't we leapfrog 20 years and start sailing like our children will be in the year 2000?" I didn't want to wait till then, I wanted to achieve that level of excellence immediately.

Interestingly enough, I had the privilege of talking to Herb Elliott, and he told me about his training before the Rome Olympics 1500 metres. He decided he wanted to break the world record by seven seconds which was a time that people would be running 20 years from then. He used to run around the track and at the time he wanted to set, he'd stop and note how far he was from the tape. In his mind he'd say, "One day I'll be at that tape." He smashed the world record on a number of occasions but didn't quite reduce it by the full seven seconds. However, what drove him was that desire to reach for a higher level. It made him arguably the greatest miler of all time. Nearly everybody else would be happy to take a tenth of a second off the world record. But not Herb. What that said to me was that he was 20 or maybe 50 years ahead of his time. Herb clocked 3.35.6 in Rome — almost three seconds faster than Sebastian Coe's winning time in Moscow in 1980.

PLAYBOY: How could you apply that lesson to an America's Cup challenge?

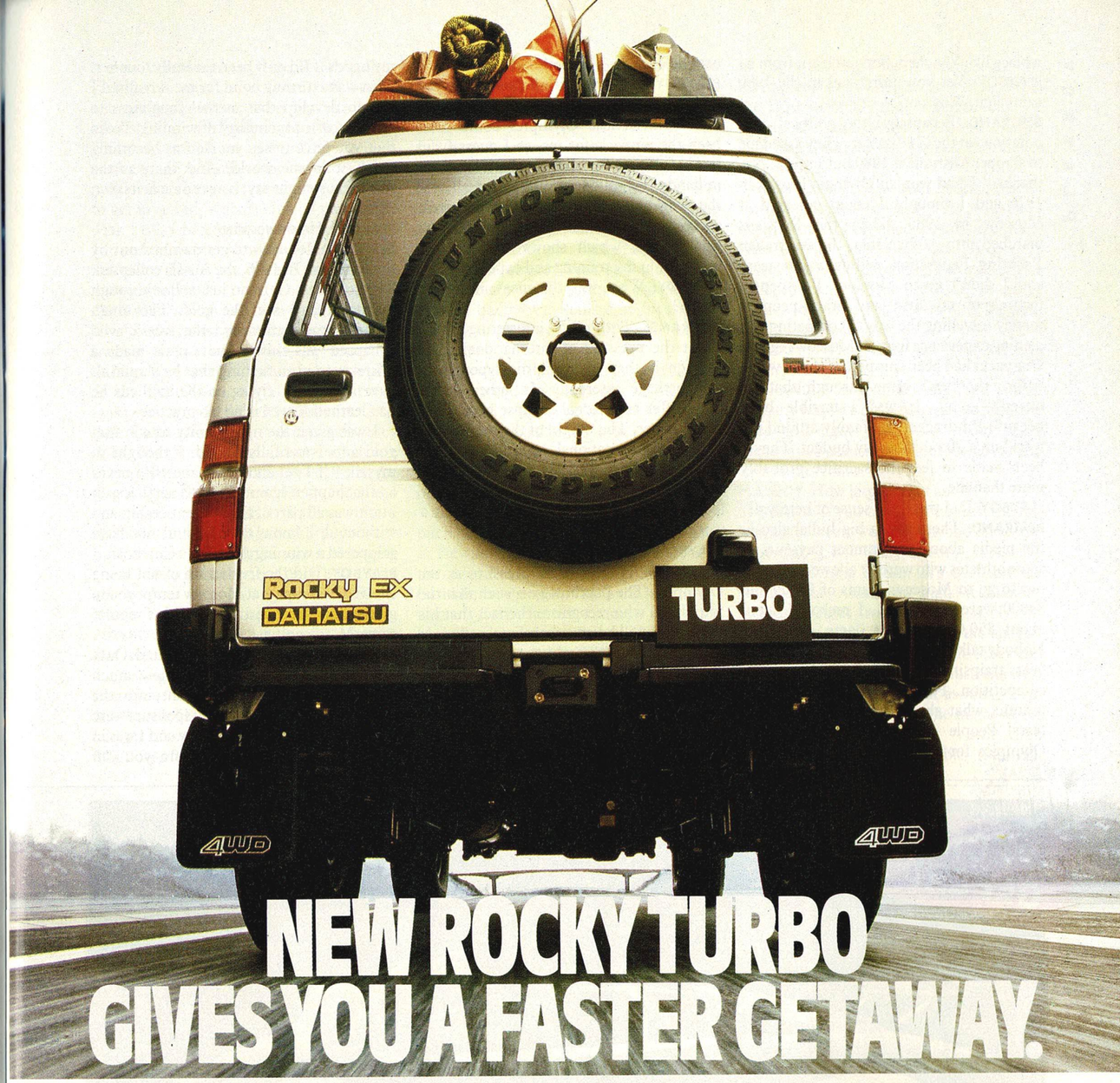
BERTRAND: We had to sail ahead of our time. We couldn't think in tenths of seconds because there were too many obstacles in our way. Having to sail on their waters, live out of a suitcase for five months and deal with all the other problems such as homesickness were big enough obstacles. To win it — and that was the only reason I was involved — we had to set our sights on sailing like they will be in the year 2000.

PLAYBOY: Did you come to that conclusion after losing to Dennis Conner in 1980?

BERTRAND: That was just one building block. I've learned that you can't buy experience; you must do your apprenticeship. No matter how much you read, or how much people tell you, you have to go and collect your own battle scars. You must taste victory and you must taste defeat. Right back in 1970 I was learning how it *shouldn't* be done. We were still screwing fittings on to the boat as we were being towed out to the starting line to face the slick American machine.

In '74 it was the Yanchep Sun City-Home of the Twelves campaign with Bondy. We were trying to flog real estate, for Christ's sake! How's that for screwing your priorities.

We were based in Yanchep for the preparation period and for the first month we didn't even have a telephone. It was an absolute joke trying to prepare a 12 metre in



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a place like Yanchep, but you learn from it.

PLAYBOY: Yet you didn't sail in the 1980 campaign. Why not?

BERTRAND: Because of the political connotations of the '74 disaster. They asked me to skipper Australia in 1980 but I said, "No, thanks." I had won an Olympic bronze in 1976 and I thought I could get gold at Moscow in 1980. Then the Russians marched into Afghanistan, the Australian Yachting Federation withdrew our team and I didn't go to Moscow. I'd spent a fortune of my own and other people's money travelling the world, competing and gaining experience for that Moscow regatta. Our yacht had been shipped to Moscow just before the news came through that we weren't going. It was a terrible blow because I'd dragged my family around the world on a 20 bucks-a-day budget. They'd been made to feel the sacrifice probably more than me.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel a sense of betrayal?

BERTRAND: There was a big hullabaloo in the media about government pay-outs to those athletes who weren't allowed or opted not to go to Moscow. Sums of $2000 and $4000 were mentioned. I reckon I spent about $50,000 on that damn campaign. Nobody talks about *that*. I spent almost two years traipsing around Europe chasing the competition. Forget about the cash for a minute; what about the blood, sweat and tears! People don't get involved in the Olympics for monetary gain, it's a philosophical thing — something above money.

PLAYBOY: Did the withdrawal leave you with a sense of unfulfilment?

BERTRAND: Those Olympics could have been the pinnacle for me, so I guess I did feel unfulfilled. But all that experience came in handy. I'd sailed in competition all over the world and had enjoyed some great success against the best. One of my sponsors was Bondy, which shows that he was investing in my training and experience.

PLAYBOY: What was the most important lesson?

BERTRAND: The most interesting thing about the pressure of international competition is that it causes most people to haemorrhage internally. In other words they suffer an internal collapse because of the pressure. The weight of the media, fear of losing and national expectations bear down on them and most people collapse, causing their performance to drop. I now feel it is easier to win an Olympic gold than a world championship.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BERTRAND: There's more pressure at the Olympics. The psychology is such that the individual who recognises the fact that his opponents will haemorrhage internally is in a position to win the gold.

PLAYBOY: Did you recognise it?

BERTRAND: I learned the hard way after winning the bronze in 1976. Three months later I concluded that it would have been just as easy to have won gold. It was there in my hands if I'd only been mentally tougher. That was a turning point for me. I realised I had to develop that mental toughness to tune in to the psychology of winning. To do that you have to see yourself as becoming the best in the world. And that, as the Americans might say, is awesome in its own right.

PLAYBOY: How awesome?

BERTRAND: It's easy to get numbed out by the occasion. In 1976, the Aussie collapsed. The cool East German just rolled through the event and won the gold. The tough Russian was second and the Aussie who collapsed was third. The Aussie made a mistake, tried something that he shouldn't have instead of relying on the methods he had learned so well in all his practice.

I was given the opportunity to win that gold and I mentally folded. I thought to myself, "If I get another chance, I'll never let that happen again." It was a harsh lesson but it was all part of the apprenticeship and without it I know that I could not have skippered a winning America's Cup boat.

PLAYBOY: Did the frustration of not being allowed to compete at Moscow tempt you to give sailing away and get on with a regular career?

BERTRAND: I was *extremely* frustrated. Only my family could have known how much frustration and heartache went into the 1980 Olympic campaign. My sponsors were denied a return for their money and I was in some considerable debt. Before you can seriously campaign an Olympic Soling class yacht, you must have some real bucks, because you know you are going to compete against fellas with full government backing. That boycott left me in a terrible vacuum even though I finally came to accept that politics does have an unfortunate tendency to get involved in sport. It's all part of the deal. Still, I hate being in situations where I'm not the master of my own destiny.

PLAYBOY: Have you shaken the Moscow disappointment?

BERTRAND: I guess I'm still scarred. Everybody talks about the hypocrisy of trading with these people. It seems so wrong to use athletes, the puritanical aspect of the population, as the scapegoats. It makes you wonder what it's all about.

If I had any thoughts of quitting, they didn't have time to form. Bondy, who is one of the best salesmen in the world, asked me to get across to Newport. He's a man who never gives up. When I first met him I learned that he'd been going through some business problems but he was still forging ahead. He's probably the only bloke who got booked with bald tyres on a Rolls-Royce. You learn from people like that.

PLAYBOY: You were heading for Moscow but instead found yourself in Newport contesting the America's Cup. Was Alan Bond your savior?

BERTRAND: He gave me fresh direction. He had an investment in my career. He said: "Get over here, we need you as tactician." My vision had been to win an Olympic gold and the last thing I wanted was to go to America as a member of yet another losing crew.

When I arrived in Newport I could hardly get the time of day off Bondy. He was being evasive. I knew something was wrong. They had conned me into going across as tactician which is second in command on the boat. I learned that Benny Lexcen had already been appointed tactician. In fact he was yacht and sail designer as well. Benny was doing a helluva job so there was no way I could have become tactician.

Meanwhile, Bondy hadn't told Benny that Bertrand was arriving as tactician. Benny read it in the newspaper and was so angry he slammed his fist into a wall. When I arrived I wondered why Benny had a broken hand and he told me he hurt it in the boat, or something like that.

Bondy's offer to me was purely a sales pitch because he knew I wouldn't have gone to Newport just to be another member of the crew. I'd done that before. So he said I could be crew coach. That's the last thing I wanted. Port trimmer and crew coach. I'd been there and done all that. However, all credit must go to my wife, Rasa, because she told me to put my ego aside and get involved with the campaign.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn?

BERTRAND: I'd arrived at the eleventh hour and observed how the pressure was getting to the Aussies. They'd cleaned up the foreign boats but when it came time to face the Yank machine, they began to fold. Up against the aura of the USA and Dennis Conner I could see the Aussies' confidence evaporating.

Again, noting this, it all became part of the lesson we had to learn. Very valuable. I decided that if I ever had the opportunity to steer an America's Cup yacht, I'd equip myself with the psychology to prevent us collapsing under the pressure. It was a tremendous aspect of my training for what would happen in '83.

PLAYBOY: What role did you actually perform in 1980?

BERTRAND: Port trimmer and crew coach. In many ways we didn't do too badly but we were still light years away from being successful because we were beaten by the aura of the Yanks.

PLAYBOY: How large is that aura?

BERTRAND: If you can visualise this, the cup has never been won by anyone since the American Civil War, making it sport's longest winning streak. It's built on the strength of American high technology including input from the likes of NASA, Boeing and other members of the aircraft and computer industries. At the other end of the scale, you've got little Australia with its 15 million people, about as many as in New York City, taking on the might of the USA with its New York Yacht Club establishment and formidable tradition.

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The history of the event is that the Americans have whitewashed all challenges — no contest. Aussies don't necessarily see themselves as winners; we tend to have an inferiority complex and a tall poppy syndrome which is counter-productive. Compare that to the Americans who are convinced they are the greatest and pound that belief into their kids. If we were to see ourselves winning that trophy, we had to become almost non-Australian in our self-image. We had to become the best in the world.

PLAYBOY: Was it a case of beating them in spite of ourselves?

BERTRAND: Yes. If anything positive came out of that victory, I'd like to think it was helping Australians reverse that negative self-image promoted by the knocker.

PLAYBOY: The history of the cup is almost a metaphor for America. The Yanks won it as a fledgling nation, taking it from an empire. Since then they've built an empire of their own. In our victory, do we look like repeating the process?

BERTRAND: The Americans definitely see it that way. Aussies are different. We celebrate our defeats — Eureka Stockade, Ned Kelly and Anzac Day. People talk about the battling ocker image, coming from 3-1 down to win the cup. Bullshit! We were uncomfortable at 3-1 down. Our rightful place was on top because we perceived ourselves as winners and that meant being a little bit non-Australian. We weren't brazen about our self-confidence, although after defeating *Victory '83* in the final eliminations we did go around to *Liberty*'s dock and warn its crew that they were next. But most of the time we kept it within our own four walls. I kept telling the crew and we continually reinforced that self-belief. One spin-off I'd like Aussies to accept is that this positive reinforcement can become culturally acceptable to the benefit of us all.

PLAYBOY: Despite that positive attitude, the fact is that when *Liberty* had won three races, you guys were just one race away from an early flight home. Surely you were desperate?

BERTRAND: It's such a complex subject. Before we left Australia I was convinced that 30 to 40 percent of the crew thought we could win. That's a pretty high ratio. We're talking about the subconscious here. Deep down they really believed we could do it. So from scratch we had a lot of winners in that crew. As the summer rolled on we became more confident. We grew stronger and, even at 3-1 down, 90-odd percent of the Aussie crew genuinely believed we could win. Now, that's pretty powerful.

PLAYBOY: What was the most important commodity among the crew?

BERTRAND: Compatibility and big hearts. After that, they had to be competitive, experienced and to see themselves as winners. Out of that crew, I was the only one who had been to the Olympics, so we didn't necessarily have the acknowledged best. I believe the Olympics are the real cutting edge of international competition.

PLAYBOY: Even more so than the America's Cup?

BERTRAND: Yes. Up until 10 years ago the America's Cup was amateur hour compared to what it is now. Getting our learning curve going was a big task. We had to simulate a winning environment back here in Australia. We discussed the atmosphere of the Olympics and the cup and we discussed internal haemorrhaging. We built a team which became match-race hardened in terms of visualisation before it even started racing for the cup.

PLAYBOY: Did that stem from you or did you work with a team psychologist?

BERTRAND: I called in Laurie Hayden, a sport psychologist who had enjoyed tremendous success with Carlton VFL club. After the '76 Games experience, I knew we needed a man like Laurie. The East Germans had obviously enjoyed the benefit of such expertise. I looked around for Australia's best and found Laurie Hayden had the record — three premierships in four years. Bondy thought it was a mistake to bring a headshrinker aboard the America's Cup project. We thrashed it out and I got my way.

You can't enjoy the surroundings, the parties and the social scene and still expect to win. You must be tuned in to what's important.

PLAYBOY: Did you sleep well on the night before the seventh race?

BERTRAND: With the help of knockout pills.

PLAYBOY: What was it like on the morning of that last race?

BERTRAND: For us it was a very controlled environment. I've devoted a whole chapter of the book to that morning, that's how strong it is in my memory. Everybody was on tenterhooks. We ran through a comprehensive pre-program schedule. Anything out of sequence is a nightmarish hiccup. Yes, nerves were apparent and some of us ate virtually nothing for breakfast. At dockside, I can remember Eileen Bond, who was a very important part of the Aussie cause, coming up to me with tears rolling down her cheeks and giving me a big hug just before we left the wharf. No words were needed. I can remember Rasa and the kids and a few other key people being on the dock to wave us goodbye. I have a vision of John Konrads, a hero of mine from days gone by, standing on the dock with a clenched fist salute. Other than that I paid no attention to anyone outside the crew. We were totally focused on what was ahead. One of the Italian newspapers dubbed me "Bertrand, The Unsmiling Champion", which was ironic because I'd told them that the Italians will never win while they lack positive concentration. You can't enjoy the surroundings, the parties and the social scene and still expect to win. It's like wearing blinkers; you must be tuned into what's important.

PLAYBOY: Never in 132 years had the series had to go to seven races. Did you feel you had already achieved something?

BERTRAND: We were flying, right up there. People were saying, "Win or lose, John, you'll remember this forever." Bullshit! We were thinking about winning. We didn't want to be known as the best losers in the history of the cup.

PLAYBOY: Were the Aussies better than many people realise?

BERTRAND: Let me tell you how great our crew really was. We sailed *Australia II* and *Challenge 12* in the trials every day for three months on Port Phillip Bay. We swapped crews and sails and after all that time we couldn't tell which was the better boat. That was the most intense one-on-one trial period in America's Cup history and the fact that we couldn't tell which was the better boat suggests our crew might have been able to win the cup with *Challenge 12*. That suggests the crew were bloody brilliant and so was the organisation that backed them.

PLAYBOY: How did you choose between *Challenge* and *Australia II*?

BERTRAND: I didn't; Bondy did. *Australia II*, with its winged keel, was a better manoeuvring boat but it had real problems in light winds, both upwind and downwind, particularly square running. As it turned out, the so called square run was where we passed *Liberty* to win the America's Cup! What was supposed to be our Achilles heel had been worked on so hard by our crew that we had, through sheer sailing finesse, been able to compensate for one of the boat's major flaws.

Once we made the decision to go with the new boat, we worked on the technology and the sails to extract the best performance possible. No matter what happens to the hull or below the waterline, the sails are still the engine and their importance is paramount. We had to make major advances because, for some reason, the keel didn't make the boat perform as well as the tests had suggested.

PLAYBOY: For those who followed some of the campaign reports, the general impression was that the keel was definitely Australia's winning edge. Are you saying it wasn't?

BERTRAND: It gave us a tremendous advantage but not in the way it was intended to. The Americans pride themselves on being a high-tech society. We obviously had

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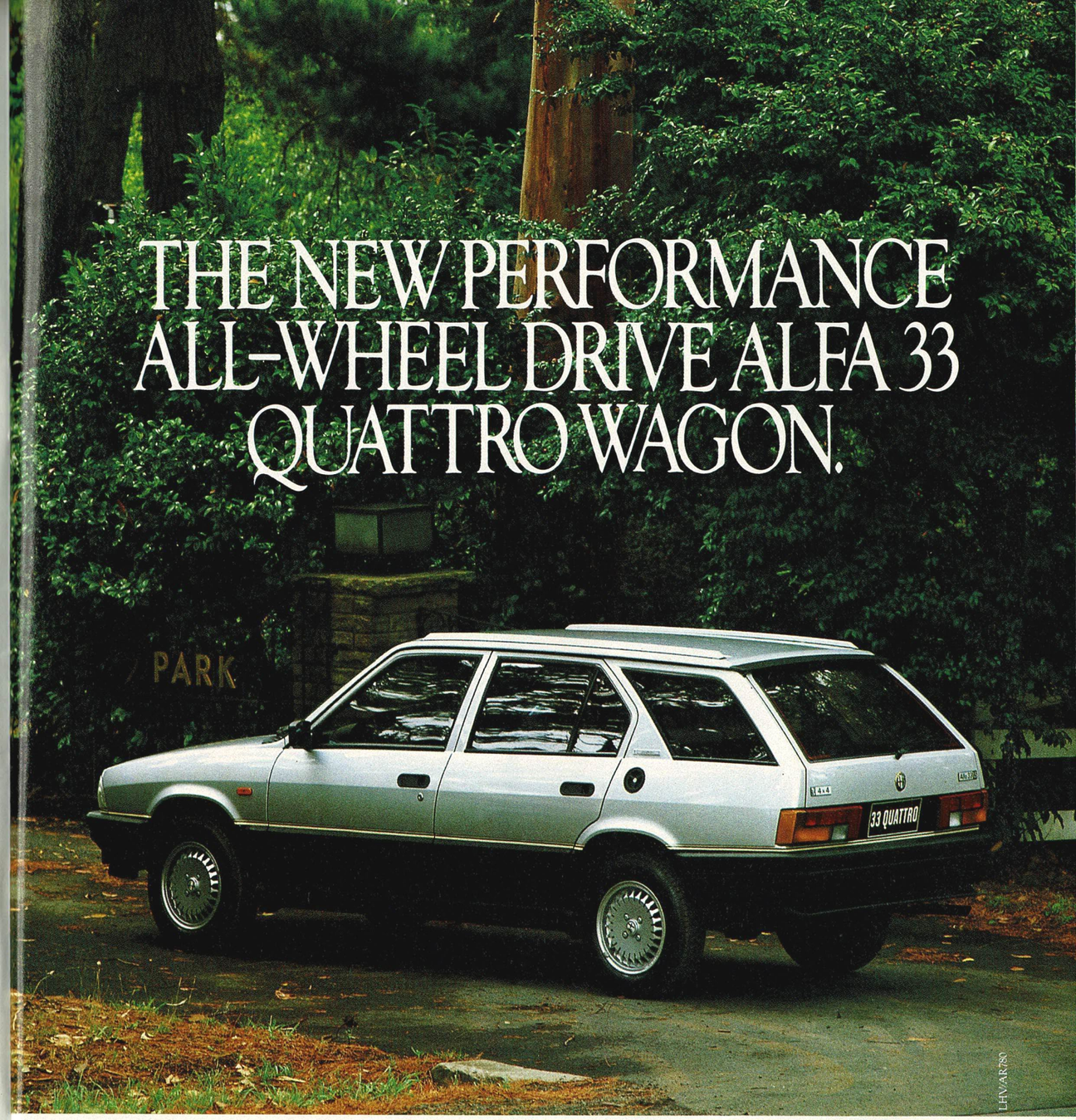

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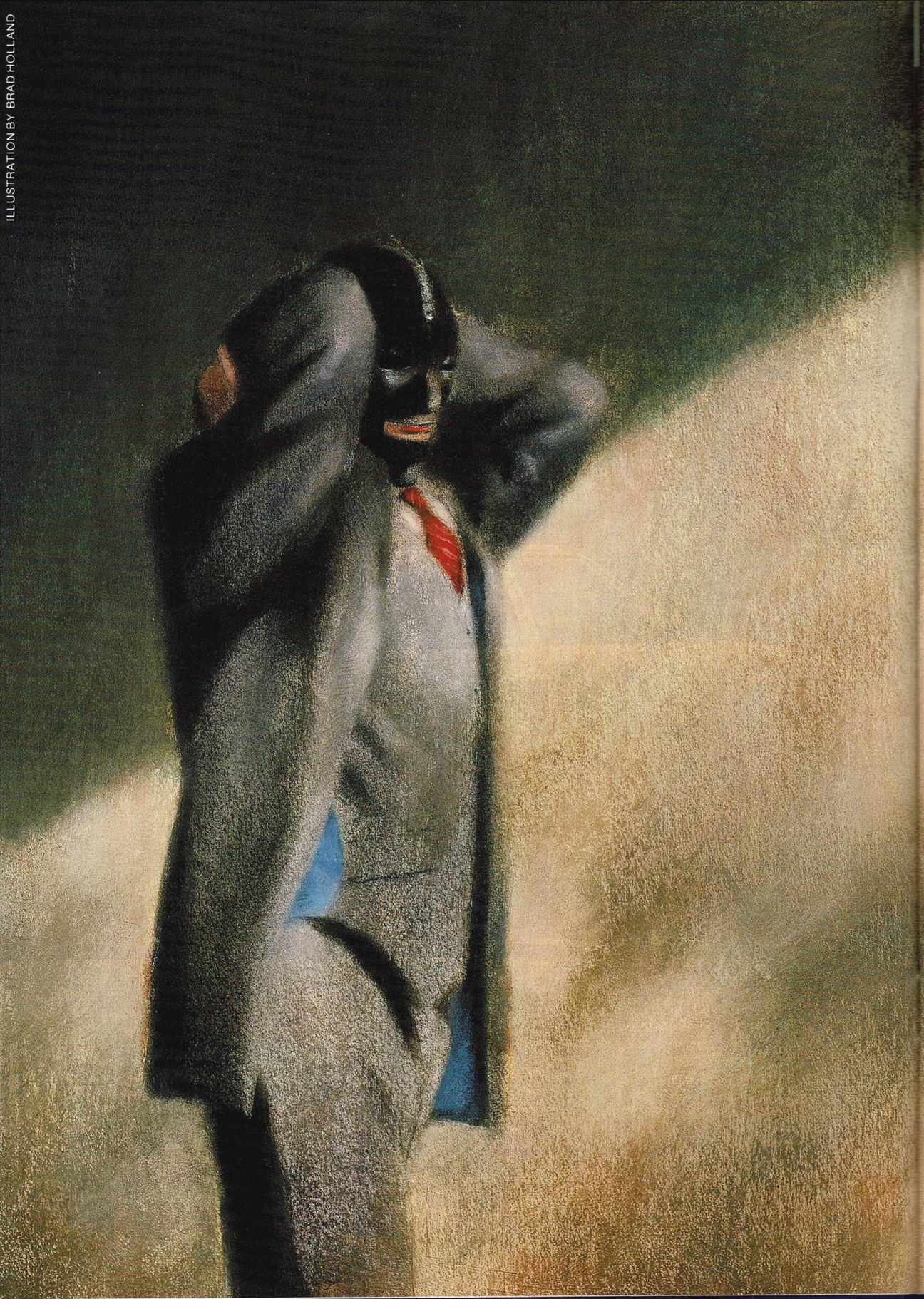

THE LAST CLOSET

In an age when few things are taboo, one sexual preference remains a mystery — the obsession known as S&M.

IT WAS, YES, S&M parade day. Down George Street they came, goose-stepping, duck-walking, frog-marching, hobbling, crawling their way past Town Hall, led ceremoniously by sergeant-at-arms and grand marshal Leon F. Christ, crucified on his own fibreglass cross set tall in the back of a Holden pick-up truck. You could hear them far off. Tink-clunk of shackle against chastity belt against spur. Paddles on flesh made a butcher-shop noise. The odd yelp or scream. Several hundred dominatrices, each in exquisite sweatless leather despite the early autumn sun. Slave people behind, nipple and navel and even an occasional ear-lobe pierced. Then floats, built with care that fetishism alone can stimulate in these times of cheesy workmanship. Hospital scenes. A Turkish prison. Nero. Witches burning. Vampires looming. Eton schoolboys and mistresses. Someone dressed up as Marquis de Sade waving from his Valiant convertible. Men on all fours, so aroused by submission that they were practically on all fives.

And signs: "You can't get clap from a whip"; "I only laugh when it hurts"; "All we are saying is give agony a chance"; "Australian Latex Makers' Union — NSW Sub-Branch".

This was not a display Sydney's Saturday afternoon shoppers were ready for. Heading toward Hyde Park they became a vicious gauntlet. There was throwing: at first just an ice-cream cone, then half-eaten falafels and empty pie crusts. Who were these people daring to march for their inalienable right to inequality?

Those marching who were into lapidation took the pelting as a love gift. Much severe morale loss and doubt were felt among policemen in attendance: what use clapping handcuffs on a masochist? How do you plead? On my knees, your honor.

When did it happen? Never, of course. And it probably never will. In this permissive time one practice still remains a mystery, hidden from prying eyes, unspoken at dinner time. So misunderstood, so frightening is S&M, so well connected in popular thought to Hitler and Genghis Khan, and rape, pillage and general dismemberment, that few realise it's been an incurable obsession that has bossed

Article by **TONY LOVE**
with **D. KEITH MANO**

around some of the brightest, most powerful, productive and likeable minds we have.

What has been their secret now appears like coming out of the woodwork. Check the personal section in your local rag. Speak to a few of the lads who know the right passwords at the best locations. Just lately, they'll tell you, the S&M world has taken a deep breath and opened its doors. Just a little, but just enough, too. What, then, is left in that notorious sexual closet? A lot of rope, wood, leather, metal and suspension equipment. The closet, in fact, now looks like your backyard workshop.

And that, pretty much, is how they prefer it. S&M people don't demand legislation allowing them to wear a ball gag and iron thigh boots when in government employment. They don't want our S&M heritage taught by the public school system. They seldom evangelise.

"All I ever wanted was freedom to do what I want behind closed doors with someone I care for," says Ed, a submissive. "Without a stigma being placed on it."

Yet that stigma is there and all the perfumes of Chanel won't sweeten it, even now when dominance fetish gear has become rather chic in glossy ads and pop music videos and in all the right fashion houses. Such accoutrements are enjoying a boom, yet so hidden is the true S&M population from you, from one another, even, sometimes, from one's self, that no confident estimate of numbers could ever be advanced. But we may assume it is significant and growing so much in Australia that it's worth a thoughtful and charitable reassessment.

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Begin by checking in some of your natural prejudice at the door; like language. There's no way "sadistic" or "masochistic" are going to win popular word of the month. Not only are they unflattering, they're also quite inaccurate. For S&M read slave/master. The generic name D&S (domination and submission) is even better.

All forms of S&M fall under the more inclusive expression D&S, but the reverse isn't true. Lee, for instance, loves to hire himself out as a chauffeur or housemaid and be insulted whenever possible. His submission is purely psychological: no pain or sexual contact, thank you. Now you might reckon Lee sounds pretty weird, but D&S people are so brilliantly strange, almost without exception so harmless, that to confine them by iron maiden ideas and words within the domain of cruel or suicidal knucklewalkers is both misleading and, well, sadistic.

Professionalism aside, we're talking consenting, loving, adult, D&S master-slave theatre. It's mounted by two people inside relationships of some duration and structured to further their mutual erotic pleasure. Such couples are the rule, not the exception. By that reading, then, rape could never be D&S: no consent. Nor would wife-battering qualify: husband will beat spouse out of anger or frustration, not for erotic thrills.

Next, all those stool-softening tales you may have heard about hospital-size harm and death by whipping just don't happen in such heterosexual D&S relationships. Beyond love or human respect there is a pragmatic reason for this. Dominant partner and submissive partner become fiercely dependent on each other, and in this secretive scene a compatible negative charge for your positive pole is harder to locate than an inner-city parking space. When you find the right partner you don't vivisect him or her. Because you want to play again tomorrow. And it's tough making love in a body cast.

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It's also tough making sense out of what is already the strange world of D&S relationships when macho media have done all they can to pervert the average Aussie's view. In fact, most of the past decade and a half's sensational Sunday rag stories with photos of dungeons, torture chambers and horrific rites practised by Kings Cross weirdos have been built around a media-conceived public identikit of D&S: leather girls with chains and studs displayed cheaply beneath shock-horror headlines, then quickly put back in the closet. Actually attempting to explain such behaviour was never considered.

All those stool-softening tales you may have heard about hospital-size harm and death by whipping just don't happen in hetero-sexual D&S relationships.

But one Sydney woman challenged the hype. Because of her startling taste in leather fashion and outrageous public theatrics, Madam Lash became notorious for introducing a phenomenon so shocking to conservative Australia in the early '70s that it would compete regularly with topless bathers and student sit-ins for front-page space. Now, breasts on beaches are passe, students are boring, and the entertainment world has made a meal ticket out of bondage fashion. Reg Livermore has paraded with stock-whips, corsets and stilletos in *The Rocky Horror Show,* The Sex Pistols played the shock-horror game with safety-pins and chains, Sydney rock band Jimmy And The Boys outraged with body harnesses and ripped leather T-shirts, Mad Max and Billy Idol both turned studded leather into a fashion necessity, and Madonna has made underwear, bodices, bra straps and suspenders the greatest teen thing since bubblegum. Yet D&S remains taboo.

"The fashion things were only a glimpse into the possibilities of D&S," Madam Lash explains, "but no one really understood what it was all about. The gays were into it, but good, healthy, hetero D&S was happening very privately and seemingly very rarely."

As a leather fashion designer, she kept her finger on the ever-quickening pulse of Sydney's D&S world through her shop, Gamebirds, but it wasn't until the turn of this decade that she heard of its first fully blown commercial torture chamber when its mistresses came to her for clothing and accessories. But in the past 12 months, she says, several straight places who previously slammed down their phones in reply to kinky D&S requests have installed dungeons and playrooms to cater for a massive range of fantasies.

"Maybe it's a safe sex thing, with so much fear around about STDs and especially AIDS. Maybe the fashion thing has finally seeped through and people are now aware of personal things beyond the image of leather and studs," she says. "Whatever it is, it's fast coming out of the closet and a lot of high-class places are jumping at it."

One such house, no, more a harborside mansion in one of Sydney's more exclusive millionaire's rows, has suddenly discovered the big business opportunities in D&S. A torture chamber has just been built: all black leather contraptions and hoists, with rows of whips, chains, and manacles that would scare the begorrah out of your average prison inmate. And Mistress Susan is in charge: 30 years in the profession with clients in London, Hamburg and New York, and quite happy to make regular contact Down Under for a bit of whatever they fancy. This is a class act we're talking here, all high rollers who know exactly their own needs. As Mistress Susan says, not just your average punters. On the business end of her work, she's earning more in a couple of hard nights' labor than a high-class girl can in a week, but the dollars seem petty when it comes to the mind games played out.

"Often I'm dealing with very powerful men, big macho types in top professional positions. It's my job to open them up to new kinds of sensuality. I open doors to new feelings," she explains.

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D&S has unique attributes. It is, for a starter, the one human sexual pleasure not practised by any other animal type. Fido may sit up and beg, but he won't make Mrs Fido sit up and beg. This is because D&S had developed as man's quintessential mind-groin game.

The theory goes like this: a person with a weakly developed imagination cannot become a masochist. Though the public may view a sado-masochistic scene as a very

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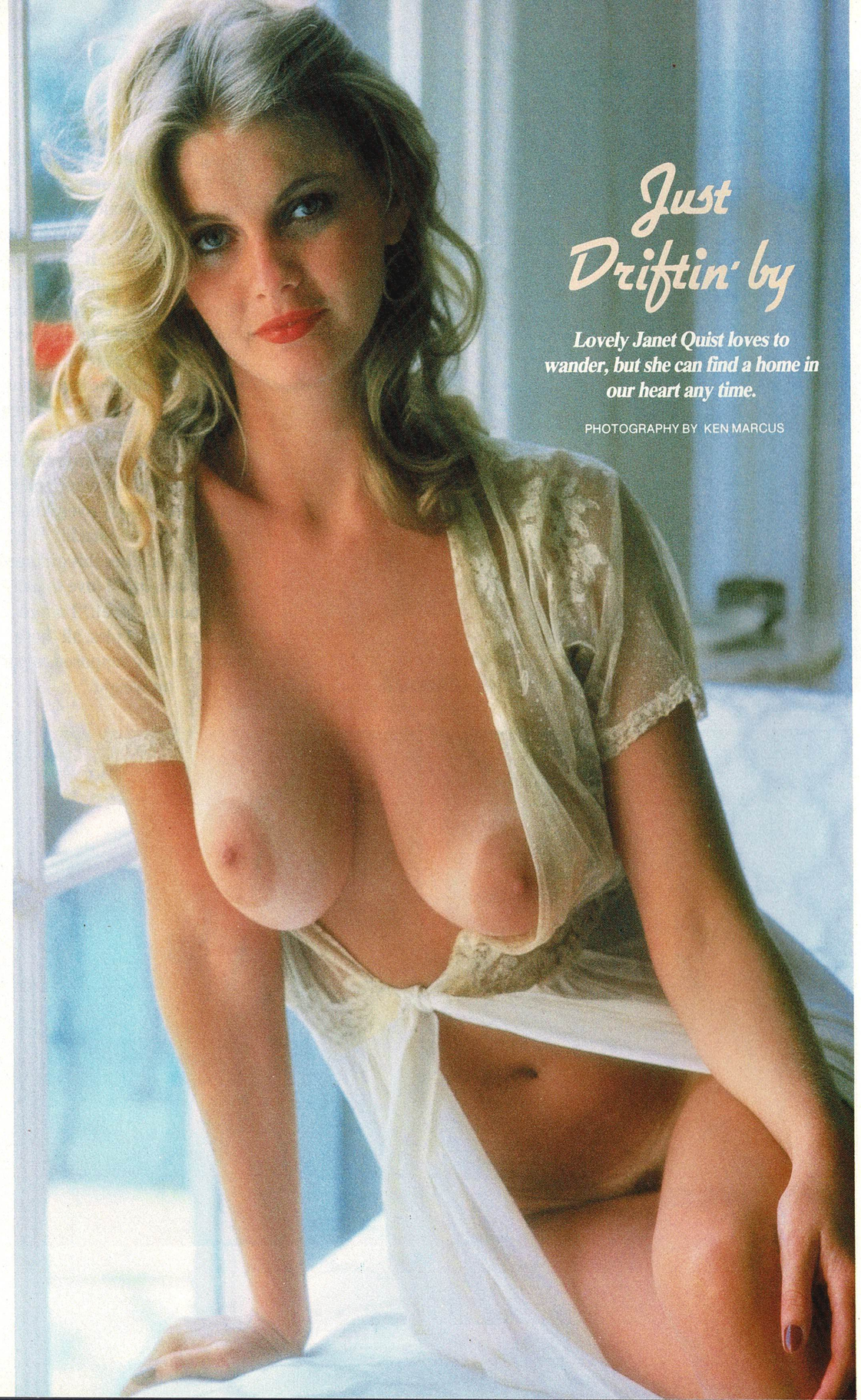
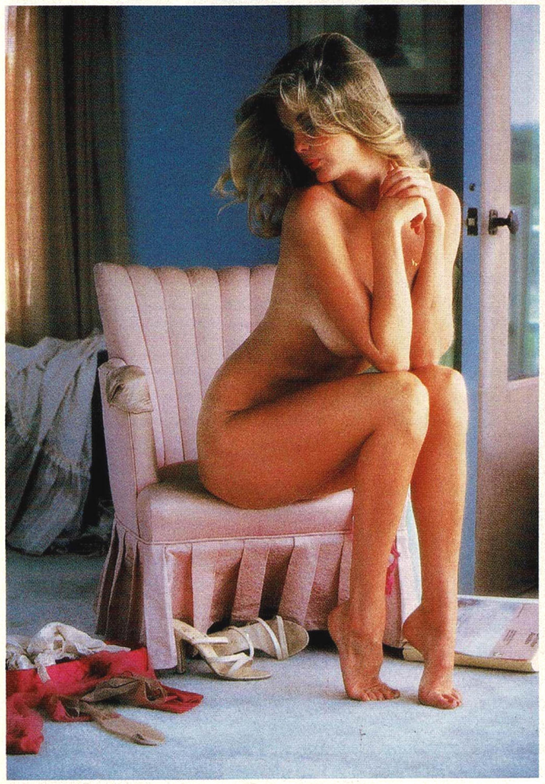
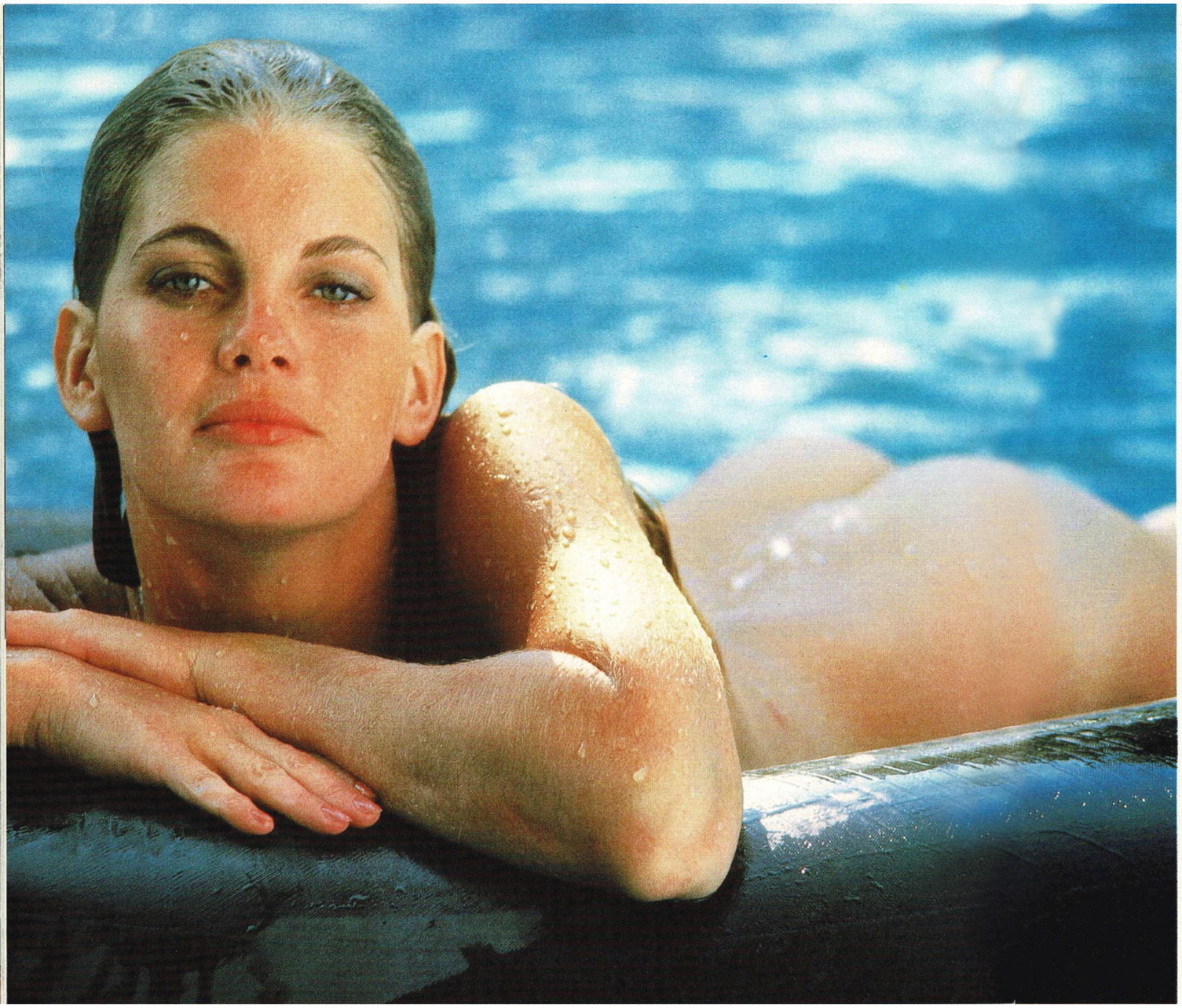
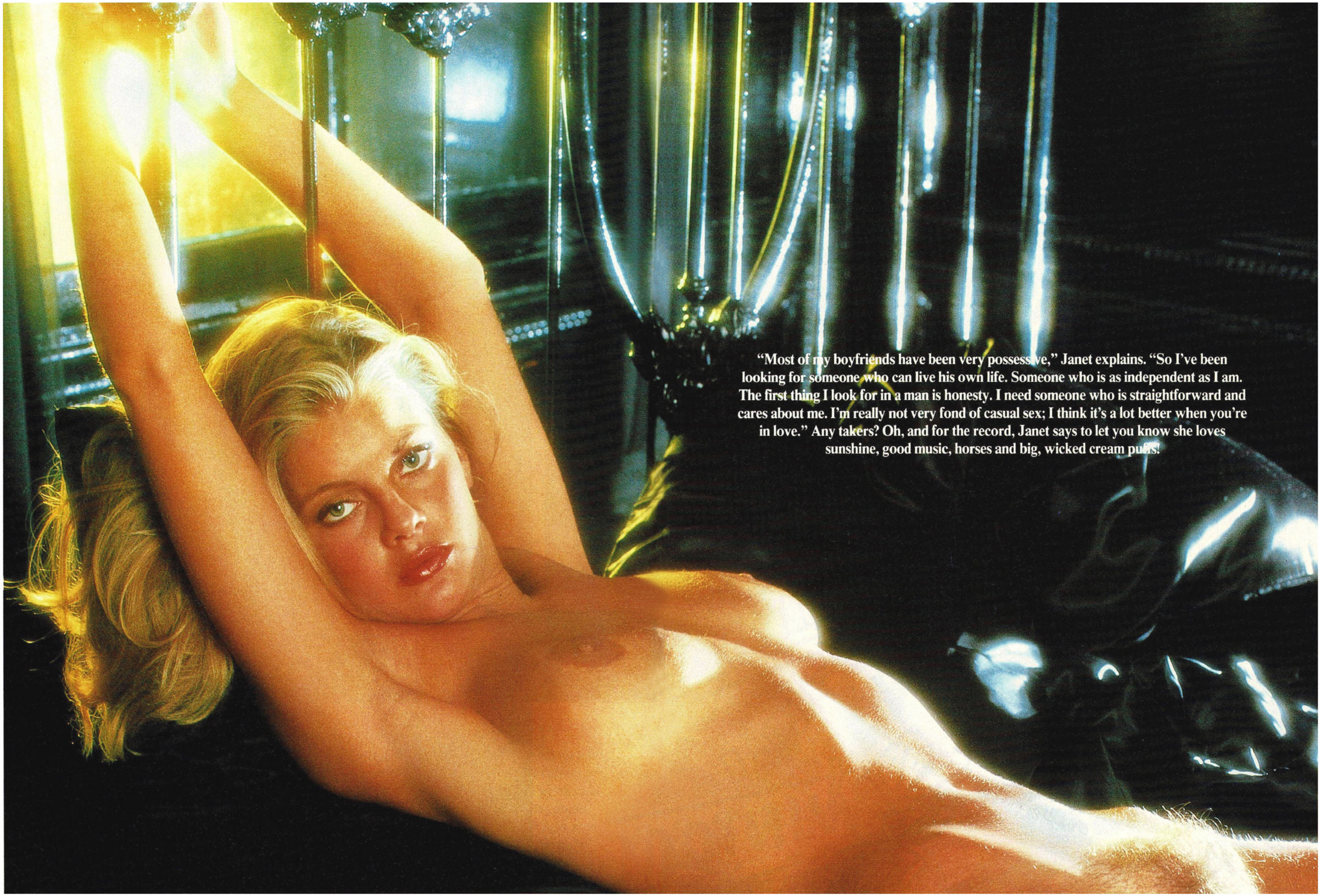


Long, lean Janet Quist admits she's a girl in a hurry. "I don't like confusion and I'm a very impatient person. I don't like to wait for anything. It drives me nuts," she says. Janet's need to be on the move has resulted in lots of travel; she tells us her favorite places are near the water. "I really like swimming and sailing and lately I've been trying body surfing. You can almost reduce that way. Just lie on the curl of the wave and it works your body over. Feels great on your stomach!" Why, you may ask, does this girl need to lose weight? "I love to eat!" announces Janet. "I adore lasagna, meat pies, all those things that are supposed to put on weight."





Janet has been working part-time as an actress and model but admits that it's about time she made a career commitment. "Most of my friends seem headed for steady careers or are already involved in one. I'm getting a little tired of not knowing what I'm going to be doing. I hope I settle down soon," she says. "That doesn't mean I'm thinking about marriage," Janet hastens to add. "I'm trying to keep my relationships casual right now and I won't be considering a husband and children for another five years or so."



"Most of my boyfriends have been very possessive," Janet explains. "So I've been looking for someone who can live his own life. Someone who is as independent as I am. The first thing I look for in a man is honesty. I need someone who is straightforward and cares about me. I'm really not very fond of casual sex; I think it's a lot better when you're in love." Any takers? Oh, and for the record, Janet says to let you know she loves sunshine, good music, horses and big, wicked cream puffs.

BLISTERING SADDLES

Man and beast do it tough on the Winton To Longreach Endurance Ride.

WHEN YOU GET to Winton in Outback Queensland you discover very quickly that it is famous for three things.

First, it's the place where Banjo Paterson wrote *Waltzing Matilda.*

Second, it's the birthplace of Qantas.

Third, the fights: every night is fight night in Winton.

Stock inspector Dick Law was the first to warn me. It was the day before the Australian Stockman's Hall Of Fame Endurance Ride from Winton to Longreach and the organisers were laying on a few drinks and sandwiches for the press in a back room of the North Gregory Hotel on Winton's main street. Dick took me by the elbow and steered me to one side with the air of a man about to do me a very big favor.

"Whatever you do," he said, fixing me with a look that said my life could depend on following his advice, "don't stand in the main street and offer to fight the hardest man in town. Not even for a joke. The queue would probably stretch around the block."

The next morning, walking down the street, I understood what he meant. There are four pubs in the main street. One of them is remarkable for the number of holes in its doors and windows, most of them caused by people coming through them before they were open.

The only place open for breakfast that early in the day was the cafe at the Mobil service station. The young man who served me coffee and a bacon sandwich smiled when I mentioned Winton's principal form of recreation. "Yeah," he grinned, sticking a coin in the juke box and filling the cafe with Madonna's *Like A Virgin* at five past seven in the morning, "if there's two things they do real good in Winton it's pissin' it up and fightin'."

He had the look of an Outback kid. Skinny, grubby, curly hair straggling down from under a heavily weathered cowboy hat, acne and bad teeth. He sat on the chair at the next table and leaned it back on the two rear legs, legs crossed on the table, one hand tapping out the beat.

"They like to fight in Winton — the ringers, the shearers. You get two or three fights a night toward the weekends. Good fights. We had one last week in front of the Australian Hotel — 30 blokes all over the road, pissed an' knockin' the shit out of each other. The best one though . . ." and he brought the chair back on to four legs and leaned toward me ". . . was last year outside the North Gregory. Christ, you shoulda been here for that one. There was a mob of oil riggers workin' outside of town and there was a bit of bad feelin' between them and some of our blokes. Just a few little fights goin' on and then one of theirs got a bit of a hidin' and about 30 of them came into town lookin' for revenge, like. And it was on. I reckon there was 80 blokes goin' full bore. Christ, there was some hidin's handed out that night." And he leaned back in his chair again and grinned, creasing the acne.

Winton sounds like a good place to leave in a hurry. Which is how the competitors in the annual endurance ride, held each July since 1981, leave it. On horseback at full gallop at midnight.

The ride is the inspiration of R.M. Williams, the name that launched a thousand moleskins. The old boy wants to preserve the heritage of the

Australiana by **PAUL MANN**

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

Survivors set out from Maneroo for the final 50km gallop into Longreach.

stockman and, while the original idea may not have been his, the vision of a Stockman's Hall Of Fame led him to promote the ride as a way of celebrating the stockman's skill and stamina and to arouse national interest in the project. He even built the stone cottage which presently houses the Hall Of Fame at Longreach, camping on-site, cutting and laying the great blocks of stone himself. Now 77, he has competed in every ride except 1984 when he was strapper for Ken Cowley, general manager of News Ltd and also a supporter of the Hall Of Fame.

With private money, public fundraising and grants from the Queensland government, the Hall Of Fame has raised $12 million thus far and work has already begun on the grandiose palladium to preserve the memory of the stockman — in corrugated iron. That's right. Twelve million dollars worth of corrugated iron! Great coruscating wings, tiers, arches and eaves of the stuff, the grandest tin shed the bush has ever seen, a spectacle to rival the Sydney Opera House and this one dedicated to Australia's own legendary horse opera. They know how to do things in style in Queensland.

Originally the $12 million was reckoned to be more than enough to build the shrine and fill it with saddles, stockwhips, Akubras, billies, buggies and the odd stuffed stock horse or two but inflation has caught up with the price tag and all that money will do now is put up the shed. A few million more will be needed to scour the Outback and purchase all the appropriate memorabilia. Which is why you can expect to hear a lot more about the annual endurance ride. It is easily the most glamorous, the most romantic, the most promotable way to drum up interest and money for the Hall Of Fame. Indeed, for the year of the bicentennial, the organisers are planning a bigger, better, harder ride: a one-off 400 kilometre ultra-endurance ride to replace the usual 250 kilometre race, already the toughest and most prestigious endurance ride in Australia.

Apart from its undoubted value in promoting the Hall Of Fame though, the ride is much more than a stunt. It is an authentic challenge of guts and horsemanship, and despite its short history has become instant folklore. It is seen by the bushies as the perfect way to celebrate the legend of the stockman, a sort of living museum. Nor is it just a test of true grit. Riders have to know their horses because if a mount is pushed too hard it will be withdrawn by one of the vets at any one of five checkpoints along the course. For the horsemen and women of the bush, the stockmen, musterers, drovers and the many men and women who make up Australia's horsey crowd, winning the Winton To Longreach Endurance Ride is as important as winning the Melbourne Cup.

Competitors spend a lot of money and go to a lot of trouble to ride, often driving thousands of kilometres round-trip to take part. Some of them, like Ken Cowley, his brother Ted, R.M. Williams and three generations of the Makim family, are well able to afford it. Others, like contract musterer Boy Forster or a battler like Bill Geiger and his 17-year-old son, Stewart, who run a small property, are not so well off. Along with the Silver Series Land Cruisers and deluxe horse floats you will find battered Holdens and jerry-built floats held together by little more than wire and pride. And there is no prize money. Only a trophy, a saddle and the glory for the winner, with smaller trophies for the runners-up. And an arse that will glow in the dark for a month for everybody else.

The ride traditionally starts at midnight on one Thursday in July and follows a 250 kilometre course through some beautiful but hard country. Riders take the competition track while their strappers and everyone else must take a parallel route along dirt tracks so that they do not get in the way of the horses. There are five checkpoints and competitors usually ride straight through the first four, stopping over at Maneroo woolshed on the Friday night for a rest before the final 50 kilometre Saturday morning gallop into Longreach.

The race is set to last 24 hours but with the stopover at the fifth checkpoint at Maneroo it works out at closer to 36 hours. For slower riders it can be 40 hours or more. But the whole bloody thing is a massive test of endurance, not only for the riders but their strappers (the people who care for them and their mounts during the race), the vets, officials, VIPs, media representatives and onlookers. Hardly anyone sleeps for 48 hours; for the organisers it is more like 50 or 60 hours.

When the race is in progress, everyone is expected to tough it all the way through the bitter night and long day on a diet of OP rum and barbecued meat. CWA women lay on coffee, tea and sandwiches at the first four checkpoints but there is a bar at the beginning, a bar at every checkpoint and at the end.

The ride committee's press officer was a tough, puckish, pretty woman called Rosemary Champion, wife of a Longreach grazier.

She fronted me at the press reception in the North Gregory the afternoon before the race was due to begin.

"Naturally," she said, smiling a provocative smile, "you'll be staying awake like the rest of us."

"No," I smiled back.

"Oh, come on," she cajoled, "coming from Australian PLAYBOY you must be used to staying awake all hours."

"No, I'm not," I said.

"You do know there will be women out there all night, don't you?" she persisted. "And children 11 years old and younger. You can't let them show you up."

"Yes, I can," I said.

"Why," she smiled prettily, "you have no shame at all, have you?"

"No," I said.

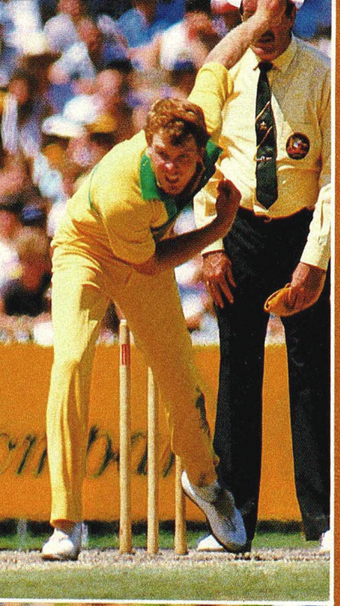
Later that afternoon I strolled around the stables behind the Winton racecourse where the race begins each year. The first year it started at midnight in Winton's main street. The chairman of the shire council was required to fire a shotgun blast to signal the start. According to locals there were about 30 riders milling around in the street, trying to get into some sort of a line, surrounded by a crowd of several hundred noisy drunks, when the shire chairman fired the shotgun. Two horses instantly fell to their knees thinking they'd been shot, several others shat themselves, still more collided with lamp posts and pedestrians, and one mount took off at a panic-stricken gallop in the direction of Boulia 350 kilometres in the opposite direction.

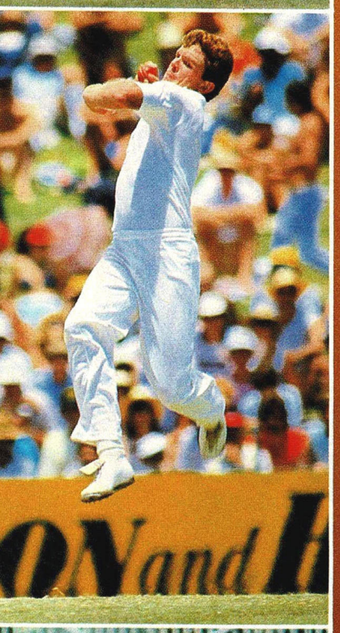
Recalls Dick Law: "I was standing about 50 metres away in the street in front of the riders when the gun went off. I couldn't believe what happened next. I thought someone would have to be killed. I decided I would hear about it soon enough so I just waited for things to calm down a bit."

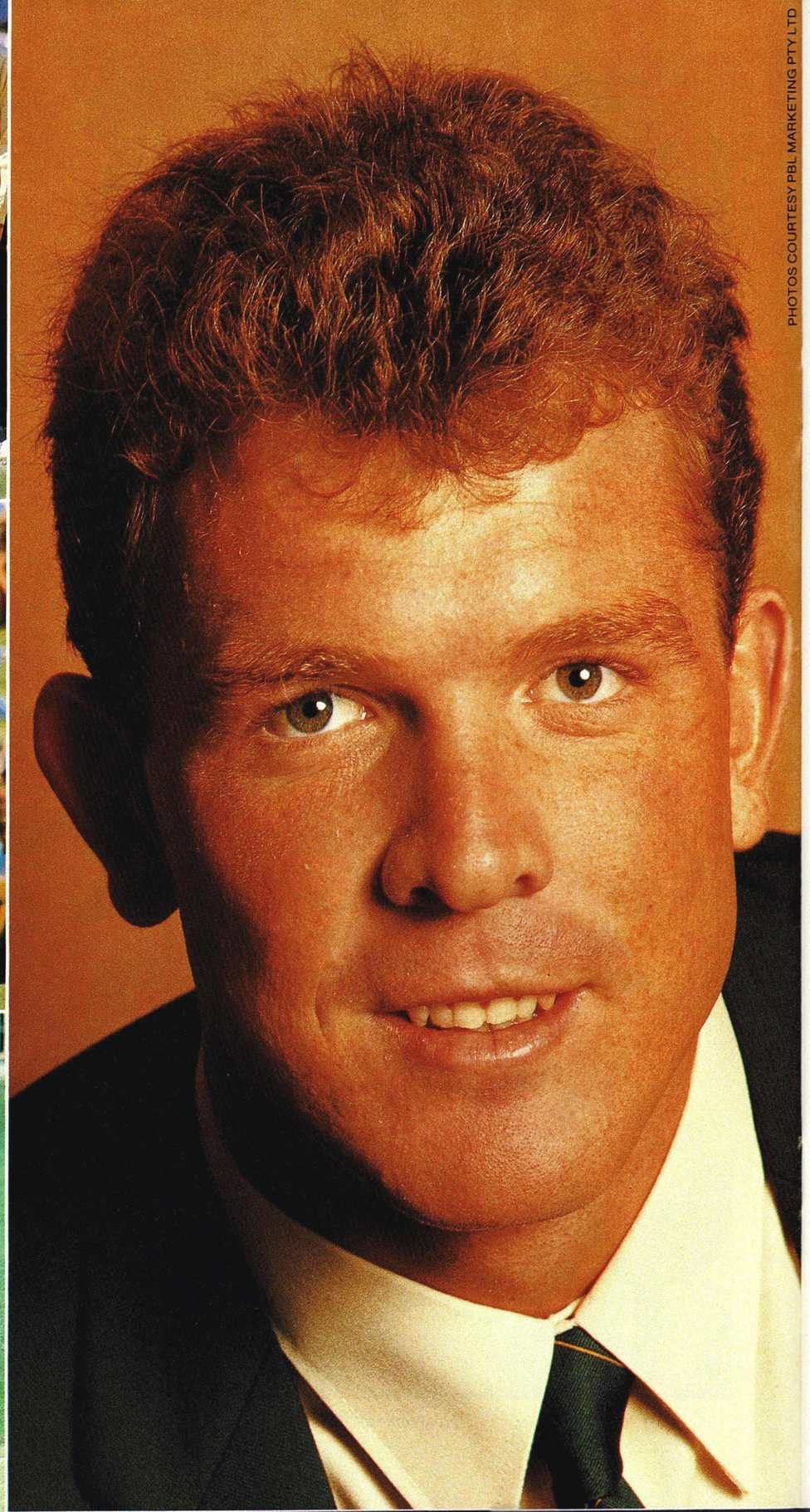
It was this very real fear that someone might be killed during the shotgun start in Winton's main street that led organisers to

(continued on page 88)

"How come we always have to watch what you like?"







PHOTOS COURTESY PBL MARKETING PTY LTD

20 QUESTIONS: CRAIG McDERMOTT

Australia's new speed demon bowler goes into the attack on aggression, temperament, cricket camaraderie, the bowlers he most admires and the batsmen he most fears.

At 16, Craig McDermott was told by his school sportsmaster that he was too young to specialise in one sport. Three years later he was playing test cricket.

On the surface, the sportsmaster at Queensland's Ipswich Grammar appears a poor judge. But maybe he wasn't. Who's to say that McDermott wasn't equally adept at rugby union and athletics? Prior to making his decision to be exclusively a cricketer the new speed demon of Australian cricket had spent two years as fullback in his school's first XV (rugby) and was age athletics champ for three successive years.

But cricket won his heart and two tours of England followed — first with the Australian under 19s and then on last year's Ashes challenge. So quick has been his rise to the senior national ranks that at the start of this season, Billy the Kid, as he is known to his team-mates, had played just three more Sheffield Shield matches than tests. And just to prove that the youngster is most definitely a champion, his figures at test level shade those in Shield.

But it hasn't always been plain sailing for the 20-year-old blond speedster from the coal-mining city of Ipswich. He remembers only too well his call to his state side at the start of the '83/'84 season for McDonald's Cup matches on successive days.

He was made 12th man for both matches and then was promptly dropped from the side for the next Shield match. It wasn't until the third Shield clash of the season, with the big guns away on test duty, that the youngster made his eagerly awaited debut.

And it was later in that season that he met, and virtually teamed up with, the man whom he may well surpass as Australia's finest fast bowler. During a match in Perth, against Western Australia, the great Greg Chappell asked the equally great Dennis Lillee if he would offer some advice to the young Queensland tearaway. The answer was yes, the advice forthcoming and from there a firm bond between the two was formed. In fact there are many who see much of Lillee in the young man: his run-up, his action, his speed, his aggression.

McDermott is a young man in a hurry, as ***Tony Durkin*** *discovered in trying to catch up with him for his interview. In between his job as a trainee executive for Coca-Cola, training sessions with the Queensland side and guest speaking appointments, he was looking for a house to purchase, he was buying a car for girlfriend Jodie and was also busily building a camping trailer (camping being his next love after cricket).*

"But camping is destined to take a back seat for some time yet. At just 20, and the 11th youngest player to make his debut for Australia, the cricket road ahead is a very long one indeed for Craig McDermott."

1.

PLAYBOY: As the big gun of the Australian bowling attack, how much of your success do you owe to former greats such as Dennis Lillee or Ray Lindwall?

McDERMOTT: Firstly, I don't consider myself the big gun of the Australian attack. I still regard Henry *[Lawson]* very much as number one. He's been there for a few years now and will remain there for years to come. Hopefully, he and I can combine to give Australia a very good opening attack. I haven't had a lot to do with Ray Lindwall. I met him during some winter coaching clinics in Brisbane a few years ago, but really haven't had too much to do with him. I've read some articles he's written about me and taken notice of what he said. Dennis has been a big help over recent years, particularly his advice on fitness and mental attitude, but I certainly haven't modelled myself on him or anyone else for that matter. I believe what comes naturally is the best way to do it, with small changes to correct any problems which may creep in.

2.

PLAYBOY: As a young fella, how do you relate to the establishment cricket scene? Is there such a thing in Australia that you have to cope with?

McDERMOTT: I don't think there's anything to battle against. I think the Australian Cricket Board works very well with all the players — well, they have with me since I've been there. I'm happy with the "establishment" set-up, if in fact such a thing exists.

3.

PLAYBOY: Queenslanders seem to care more passionately about their home state than many other Australians. Is this true?

McDERMOTT: If you talk to most of the Queensland guys, I think they'd all say they wouldn't want to play anywhere else. I think the Gabba is one of the best grounds in Australia — one of the prettiest, certainly — and you couldn't ask for a better bunch of talented blokes to play with. I wouldn't really consider playing anywhere else, as far as that goes. I'd certainly like to win a Shield, and I'm sure every member of the current squad feels the same way.

4.

PLAYBOY: Even at this stage of your career, have you thought about life after cricket?

McDERMOTT: At this stage I'm not thinking about life after cricket. At 20, I'd like to think I have another 10 years at the top, which is a long, long way off. I have thought about a career though, and that's why I'm now involved with Coca-Cola as a trainee executive manager. So many sportsmen give 10 years of their prime days to a sport, and then retire with no training in business, and nothing to turn to. But my job now is something I can gain satisfaction from while still playing the game, and I'm pretty excited about that.

5.

PLAYBOY: It seems flagrant aggression has become the number one talent of fast bowlers these days. Can you bowl fast without being a bad-mannered bastard?

McDERMOTT: I don't really think fast bowlers can be generally described as bad-mannered bastards. We all can't be grouped under the one name. For instance, I don't think I've ever said a word in temper in international cricket. Admittedly most fast bowlers are aggressive, with the glares and the stares, but in recent years it's not just the fast bowlers whose tempers have flared. Anyway, I believe they are only spur-of-the-moment things.

6.

PLAYBOY: Is Craig McDermott more aggressive as a bowler in a test match than he is in a game of grade cricket?

McDERMOTT: Oh, most definitely. When I play club cricket I like to relax and enjoy myself, and that doesn't mean I'm not trying just as hard. But at test level the adrenalin really pumps and the aggression builds up. I think any bowler must be aggressive — even spin bowlers, in their own way — because the batsmen have to know you're there.

7.

PLAYBOY: How easy is it to control your temper when you're in a particularly aggressive bowling spell? Does the crowd get you going?

McDERMOTT: Your temper does flare, there's no doubt about that. But you never let it run against an umpire, for instance. Nor a batsman for that matter, or he'll tend to get the upper hand. That's where we have to learn self-control, which is so very important. The crowd you notice — I'd be lying if I said I didn't — but you try and put their comments right out of mind. It doesn't matter what they say, they can't change what's going to happen out in the middle, whereas I can. The English supporters gave us a bad time, calling us second rate. And that was annoying. But I never said anything back, just tried to bowl better. I believe that's the best answer to those people.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do friendships with opposing teams affect Australia's performance?

McDERMOTT: Okay, we got on well with the Englishmen last year. They were a great bunch of fellows. But I can tell you that when I was out on the field with the ball in my hand I didn't think of them as good blokes. And I know that every other Australian felt the same way. We wanted to beat them, because they stood between us and the Ashes. You treat them like the enemy on the field, and your mate off the field, and have a beer. Both *[Ian Botham]* seemed to be singled out as the Aussies' great friend because he's the big man of English cricket, but there were a lot of firm friendships made between players from both sides.

9.

PLAYBOY: What thoughts go through your head when you hit a batsman with a particularly nasty ball?

McDERMOTT: It all depends on the manner in which a bowler is psyched up and the situation in the match. It takes a little while to register if you've actually hit, and hurt, a batsman. But if I see that I've actually hurt someone, like when I broke Brian Davison's arm in Tasmania last year, I'll go down and ask him if he's okay. But if I hit them in the leg or the arm and I can see they're just a bit sore, and not really hurt, I just go back to the end of my mark and don't really worry about them. I don't hurt them purposely, but it can make their wicket easier to get.

10.

PLAYBOY: What thoughts race through your head when you're batting and you cop a heavy-duty ball?

McDERMOTT: I dish it out, I expect to get it back. I just have to cop it sweet. A few years ago I think the fast bowlers' motto was, "you pitch 'em up to me, and I'll do the same to you", but I reckon Thommo and Lillee smashed that motto. And I think the lower order batsmen are a lot more accomplished these days and if you bowl them half volleys, you'd be out in the field all day. Anyway, most bowlers know how to defend themselves. And they wear helmets!!

11.

PLAYBOY: Who are the three best batsmen you have ever had to face up to?

McDERMOTT: Viv Richards, Clive Lloyd and David Gower. But I'm thanking my lucky stars I don't have to bowl against A.B. *[Border]*, especially the way he's been hitting the ball in the past 18 months.

12.

PLAYBOY: You're a bowler first, but can you see your batting getting good enough to become Australia's answer to Botham, Hadlee or Kapil Dev?

McDERMOTT: I don't know whether I'll ever reach the capabilities of Botham, but I'd certainly like to become an all-rounder. I've had plenty of talks to Greg Chappell and he believes I have the technique and can handle myself well enough to become an all-rounder at this level.

13.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer test cricket or one-day matches?

McDERMOTT: I enjoy both, although I would prefer to play test cricket. That's the tradition and as a kid I dreamt about playing test cricket. I find it a little more relaxed than the one-dayers, particularly as a bowler. With just 10 overs, sometimes in three separate spells, and the no ball and wide rulings as they are, there's just no room for error. The one-day game certainly favors the batsmen. One-day games are very tense and played fast, and at the end of the day you're really stuffed.

The one-day games certainly favor the batsman. They're very tense and played fast and at the end of the day you're stuffed.

14.

PLAYBOY: What's the best sledging line you've copped?

McDERMOTT: Believe it or not, I've never really been sledged in first-class cricket. There are little words that go back and forth, but to be honest, I don't remember too many of them. Maybe the fact that I'm bigger than most blokes helps a bit, but I can honestly say I don't remember ever being sledged.

15.

PLAYBOY: What ranks as your greatest cricketing disappointment?

McDERMOTT: There's three, actually. Pulling my groin and lower stomach muscles during the Shield final in Perth in '83/'84; missing two weeks of the English tour this year because of a back strain suffered here earlier; and missing the Shield final last season because of ankle ligament strain.

16.

PLAYBOY: As a bit of a media star, there's potential for accompanying ego problems. How do you keep your feet on the ground?

McDERMOTT: Even though I'm the first to admit I've done pretty well over the past 18 months or so, I don't believe I've had any trouble keeping my feet on the ground. There's no room for that, because as soon as you start floating in the air, your performances start to suffer and you end up being dropped. And big-time predictions always have a habit of coming unstuck, so why make them?

17.

PLAYBOY: Who are your best mates in the Australian cricket team?

McDERMOTT: This might seem corny, but the whole team of 16 who went away to England were good mates. We had a really good time there, both on and off the field, and I suppose if I had to say who I'd spent most time with off the field it would be Thommo, Woody *[Graeme Wood]* and Eddie *[Dave Gilbert]*. Even though I'm much younger than most of the other players, I'm treated as an equal. That's pretty indicative of the type of blokes they are, and what a close-knit bunch they were.

18.

PLAYBOY: What would you guys get up to on a typical night out?

McDERMOTT: The England trip was a bit different, because the wives and girlfriends were there for a lot of the time and it was good being able to go out to dinner with them. But with so many three-day games over there, there weren't too many opportunities to go out during a match, because the next day you'd either be batting or bowling. You might go to a concert, or a movie or a nightclub, but I must say that was pretty rare over there, too. Anytime a player went out, he'd almost always have at least one other player with him.

19.

PLAYBOY: What kind of a relationship do you have with other fast bowlers?

McDERMOTT: I get on pretty well with most of the fast bowlers. I suppose we're a bit of a different breed — we like to do things the fast way. But you don't look at cricketers individually as batsmen or bowlers — they're all cricketers. Other fast bowlers have offered me advice, which I appreciate, like Dennis Lillee, and Thommo over in England. In fact Thommo has been a big help.

20.

PLAYBOY: Has the Australian team talked much about the subject of South Africa? Would you ever consider going?

McDERMOTT: It's not a taboo subject. The team has talked about it and everyone seems pretty happy about what's gone on and not too worried about it. As far as going — no, I don't really want to go. I want to play cricket for Australia for as long as I can, and naturally want to tour the world. But I have no desire to play in South Africa.

HARD DAY'S NIGHT

Adelaide's dynamic Jakki Govan is takin' care of business.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

Taking chances with her life is the key to 21-year-old Jakki Govan's professional successes. Already the manager of one of Adelaide's funkiest nightclubs, Pharaohs, she also took the plunge when it came to appearing in Australian PLAYBOY.

"At the first suggestion I thought 'how flattering', but I couldn't make up my mind even to the last moment. Then I thought if I didn't do it I'd always wonder what could have been."

That same positive approach got Jakki into the hotel industry. After getting her first taste of restaurant life while travelling around New Zealand at only 17, she later dropped out of an economics course at college to go to hotel management school for six months. All her friends said she was crazy, but Jakki knew she was on the right track. She then worked with her brother at a bar, and realised she was addicted to the lifestyle of the job: the late nights,

the music, the heady mix of fun and business. It took her as far as the remote South Australian opal town of Coober Pedy, where at 18 she managed a nightclub called Porkies.

"It was pretty much like the movie," Jakki said. "Very down to earth. Lots of crazy miners, guys getting thrown over balconies, the lot. It's where I learned to keep my mouth shut."

Later, and back in downtown Adelaide, she was waitressing nights at Pharaohs when the owner asked if she could manage the place. "Things tend to fall into place for me," she says. "I'm a lucky sort of person."

That kind of luck needs a fair bit of nurturing, and to stay on top of such a demanding job Jakki often racks up 15 and 16-hour days. At work early to clean up all the paper work, she opens the club at 11.30am for a noon to four lunch which features what she calls "the classiest strip show in Australia". The fun goes

My perfect man: A well proportioned body but no bulging muscles, big eyes to look into, well groomed, and spontaneous. I love a bit of romance, but I'd want him to be dominant, too. He'd be popular, successful, and would make other women's heads turn.

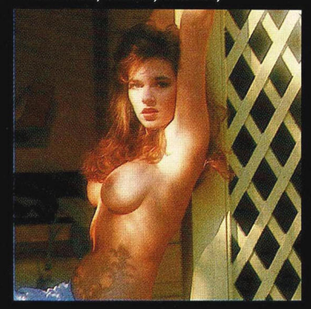
My perfect night out: A total surprise. Picked up in a fabulous sports car. He'd hire out a whole restaurant just for the two of us. Going to see someone like Tina Turner at a great nightclub, then on to his private beach where we'd spend the whole night.

on to late at night when she often troops off to other clubs checking out bands.

"It sounds like work, work and more work, but I love it. It's my social life as well," she says. "There's a lot of public relations too. You've got to have the confidence to be able to talk to all walks of life, and I love talking to smart businessmen. They're full of great ideas and have so much experience. Really I'm a better listener than a talker; I can learn so much from someone else's experience."

Jakki is positive all the hard work will add up to something big. Already she's looking at going overseas to check out clubs and restaurants in America and Europe, hoping one day to put all her ideas into a place of her own.

"There are so many good ideas," she adds. "Maybe a club for businessmen, a place with a restaurant, shows, saunas,



secretaries. . . a total service."

As a girl who knows how to treat her men right, what is it that attracts her? "A man has got to have guts and he's got to have ambition and be hard working. He's also got to accept a woman with her own career. I tend to be attracted to European men. They know how to treat a woman. They're a lot more caring and don't have great emotional walls around them when it comes to knowing the real man. And they're better lovers!"

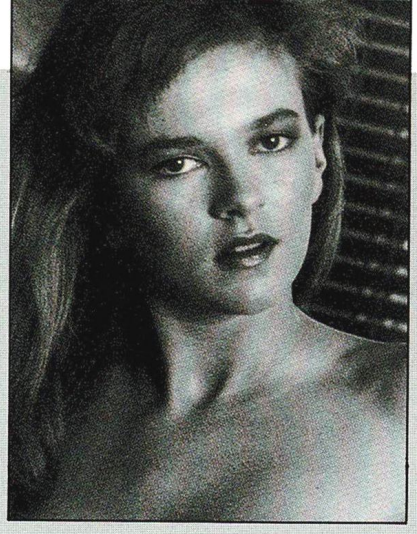
Having dealt with many businessmen in her job, Jakki knows all about fellas who play the power game. When they start winding down is when their true character is revealed.

"That's when the real fun begins," she says. "There's always a boy lurking underneath every man."

If Jakki makes it her business to go looking for those real men, then Adelaide's boom will really be on.

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jakki Govan

BUST: 86cm (34") WAIST: 60cm (24") HIPS: 85cm (34")

HEIGHT: 162 cm WEIGHT: 47 Kg SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: 6th February 1965

AMBITIONS: To achieve my two ultimate goals, Happiness in Love, and success in my career

TURN-ONS: Veuve Clicquot, exotic foods, roses, Sportscars ice cream, silk lingerie and Sydney lights!!

TURN-OFFS: Mind games, deceit and violent people

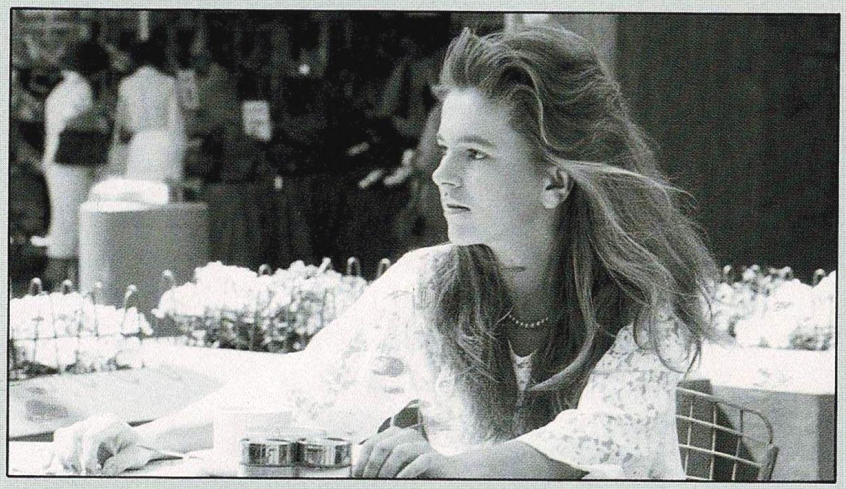
FAVORITE BOOKS: The Godfather; The Exorcist Past Imperfect - Joan Collins; The Vivisector - Patrick White

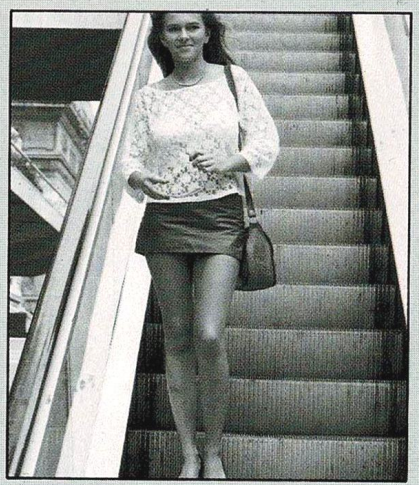
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Joe Walsh, Swanee Bette Midler, Australian Crawl, and Tina Turner

FAVORITE SPORTS: water skiing - any water sports

IDEAL MAN: A man who loves and respects me, enough to understand my needs and goals and supports my efforts to achieve them.

SECRET FANTASY: To hire out Disney Land for an all week party for all my friends and invite the Rolling Stones!





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An employer was interviewing an applicant for a job as a handyman. He asked the fellow if he'd ever worked as a tradesman and the reply was negative.

"Do you know anything about plumbing?" he inquired.

"No," came the reply.

"Well, how about carpentry?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Then perhaps you've had some experience as an electrician?"

"Er, not really."

"Well, for heaven's sake, just what *is* handy about you?"

"I only live around the corner."

Two men were sitting on a park bench enjoying one of Melbourne's glorious summer mornings. One of the pair suddenly felt the overwhelming desire to break wind.

He sneaked a look at his neighbor who was engrossed in the morning paper. At his heels sat a large brown and white dog. The man decided that he couldn't hold back and he hoped the dog's owner might just think that the pet was responsible.

He broke wind and, sure enough, the other man muttered at his dog.

Feeling confident that this deception was working, the man broke wind another couple of times. Then he let fly with a roaring fart that was particularly odorous.

"Rover!" snapped the other man. "Get out from under that bench before this clown shits all over you!"

The young lad was extremely wary of everyone in the hospital where he was waiting to have his tonsils out. Every time someone approached him, he would challenge them with a fierce look and say, "Tell me exactly what you plan to do and why."

The boy's behavior embarrassed his mother so much that she finally shouted at him, "Don't be so suspicious, Jamie. They're not going to take out anything except your tonsils."

"I don't care what they *take*, Mum," he replied. "But there's no way I'm going to let them palm a baby off on me like they did when my sister came in here to have her stomach deflated!"

A pretty young girl strutted into the doctor's surgery and told him she'd like her aviaries examined.

"Ahem," he smiled, "I think you mean ovaries."

"Will you just get on with it and look at my aviaries," she retorted.

The doctor examined her thoroughly and couldn't resist quipping, "It's obvious why you call them aviaries. There's certainly been a cockatoo in there."

Arriving home early from work one afternoon, a Brisbane man found his wife in bed breathing heavily and visibly distressed.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked.

"I. . . I don't know," she stammered. "Maybe I'm having a heart attack."

The man rushed downstairs to call a doctor. He was dialling the number when his daughter hurried in shouting, "Daddy, there's a naked man in the closet!"

The husband rushed upstairs, opened the closet door and found his best friend inside.

"For Chrissake, Pete!" he yelled. "My wife's in the bedroom having a heart attack and you have to choose a time like this to sneak around scaring the kids."

An 80-year-old farmer married a sweet young thing of 20. A month after the wedding, a neighboring farmer came to visit and asked the old man how he was getting along with his new bride.

"I can't keep my hands off her," came the reply.

Another month went by and the neighbor dropped in again.

"How's it going, Tom?" he inquired.

"I can't keep my hands off her," the old farmer replied.

Yet another month passed and the neighbor paid another visit. Again he asked the old farmer how things were going.

"Oh, I sacked all my hands," he answered, "and bought a combine harvester."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"So much for your idea of having a pet!"

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

Article by **RONALD REAGAN JNR**

MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW

Having a wonderful time, Dad. Wish you were here.

"AS WE ARE now flying over Soviet territory, let me remind you that taking photographs from the aeroplane, or at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport, is strictly for-

bidden." Our pilot's voice is nonchalant enough — he's delivered this announcement plenty of times before — but it carries an unmistakable "I'm not kidding" undertone. Most of the 20-odd passengers aboard British Airways flight 710 begin fidgeting in their seats. The captain might just as well have told us a gang of jack-booted thugs, AK-47s in one hand, rubber gloves on the other, were going to storm the plane and conduct a strip-search. Across the aisle, a pallid Englishman begins eyeing his airsick bag and motions for the steward to bring him another scotch on the rocks.

It's ridiculous, of course. The Pentagon has satellites cruising in geosynchronous orbit that can read postage stamps. And the Russians are worried about some tourist with an Instamatic? No, regulations like these are intended solely as intimidation tactics. Reflexively, I pick up my camera, one of those sure-fire gadgets that do everything but buy your film, and fire off a few frames out the window. No matter that I'll get nothing but cloud cover and glare; one symbolic gesture deserves another.

Still, I wasn't taking any chances in a country known for gunning down unarmed military observers and civilian airliners, to say nothing of harboring very little love for a certain writer's presidential father. Next to me was Mischa, my travelling companion, a fellow whose family originally came from Russia. His utter disregard for sportsmanship and his demonstrated propensity for violence — plus fluency in Russian and two previous trips to Moscow — made Mischa a natural for this assignment. This will seem strange, but he is also my literary agent.

With us was my wife, Doria, and Doctor Sally, a petite psychologist and sex therapist. "I don't go anywhere without her," Mischa said when we boarded the plane in London. "Ever since. . . never mind."

AN AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING

"Comin' into Sheremetyevo! Bringin' in a kilo of snow! Don't touch my bags if you pleeease, Mr KGBeee!"

I can't believe it. Three minutes on Russian soil and, till now, everything has gone smoothly. We landed safely. No one confiscated our cameras. Arthur Hartman, the American ambassador, is smiling at the top of the terminal ramp. And Mischa has lost his mind.

"If you act crazy," he whispers between choruses, "they'll leave you alone."

"You fool," I hiss. "We don't need crazy; we've got an ambassador." He stops abruptly. The silence, as they say, is deafening. Strange. This is, after all, the USSR's busiest airport. But as I look around the place — bare, devoid of any decoration — I notice we are the only travellers in sight at the moment.

Ambassador Hartman's limo, a stretch Caddy that draws stares from the locals, whisks us along the Leningradskiy Prospekt toward downtown Moscow. Everything is grey: the weather, slab-like apartment complexes, faces peering from the few cars we pass.

As we draw closer, splashes of red appear, trappings of the upcoming May Day celebration. Strung from lampposts, the lighted stars look incongruously like Christmas decorations. "Welcome to the 27th Party Congress!" proclaim banners hanging limp in the cold, damp air. "May Lenin's Contributions Last Forever!" "The Fight For Peace Is The Fight Of One And All!"

The ambassador's residence, Spaso House, was not originally on our itinerary. The idea was to have me cross the border as "just another journalist" or, failing that, "just another tourist". No way. I might as well try parachuting into the Urals and hitch-hiking to Moscow. My family name on a passport was sure to set off bells. After several conversations with high-placed friends in Washington, it seemed I had two options: (i) pretend I was on a more or less official diplomatic venture and resign myself to a dog and pony show plus guided tours by the Intourist branch of KGB, or (ii) play it straight as a journalist and resign myself to a dog and pony show plus guided tours by Intourist. I chose option three.

I first secured an invitation as a personal guest of Ambassador Hartman, enabling me to enter the country without the usual delay and enjoy sanctuary at Spaso House. Then, I turned down all offers from Intourist on the grounds of allergic reaction to propaganda and tedium. Last, I filled in the excessively prying visa application with scrupulous honesty, confessing I was a writer on a research mission. In Soviet terms, I'm neither diplomat nor journalist but, paradoxically, a little of both. What consternation this caused in official circles, I can only imagine. The upshot is I'm a temporary non-person: intensely scrutinised by the KGB, yet allowed to travel freely. Totally ignored by the Kremlin, but unencumbered by stage-managed interview opportunities with "average" citizens.

"You can go to the orgy if you promise to be home by midnight."

THE WAX GOD

Huge red banners bearing the likenesses of Lenin, Engels, and Marx, as well as the standard socialist realism vignettes — smiling proles with brawny arms humping sheaves of wheat — are being hauled into place over the arcade of a department store in Red Square. Lenin's Tomb is a blaze of scarlet flowers. St Basil's Cathedral, its spires and minarettes glowing despite the overcast, looks spit-shined. On the front of the Historical Museum, a large sign announces "May 1st!".

Everywhere, little *babushkas* (grandmothers) with twig brooms trundle about beneath layers of quilted clothing, sweeping, polishing, occasionally pausing to berate bystanders. These tiny women are unavoidable. Fierce as maggots, they patrol art galleries and museums, stand guard in Metro stations, and cruise the streets, shrieking mercilessly at the unwary. Couples publicly embracing, women of childbearing age sitting on cold, stone steps, and mothers walking their young sons to church (daughters are okay) incur their special wrath. Among other functions, the *babushkas* serve as shock troops for KGB. Let a Soviet citizen boldly invite a foreigner home for a drink, and the *baba* in his apartment lobby will surely make a call to the appropriate authorities. She may get a medal for her trouble. What these decorations are called (Medal of Meanness? Order of Cussedness?) I have no idea, but a frightening number of old women sport them on their lapels.

Lenin's Tomb is *zakryita na remont* (closed for repairs). Among Muscovites, the joke is that at such times all the candles in the city disappear. A long time ago, they say, the official state embalmers dropped a stitch and ended up with something the size of a Barbie doll and the consistency of beef jerky. The Lenin on display, many believe, is actually a wax recreation by Madame Tussaud. A tough break for a guy the Soviets refer to as "the most human of humans".

After perusing the lunch fare at a couple of native eateries, we decide to pass on the watery gruel and lymph node sausage and head for the Intourist Hotel.

You do not just waltz into the Intourist as you would, say, a Hilton. First, you must prove your out-of-towner status. Like all establishments catering to foreigners, the Intourist enforces a strict policy of "No Russians Allowed". God forbid some Muscovite should strike up a conversation with a visiting Parisian. He might be infected with a sudden, bourgeois longing to French-kiss an escargot. A doorman is on duty to prevent just such a catastrophe.

Upstairs, at the "smorgasbord", we find. . . the same insipid borscht and rubbery sausages. It looks like used food.

After lunch, Mischa and I cross the street to a couple of phone booths. Because the phones at Spaso House are tapped, Mischa has waited till now to contact a cousin, Alexi, living in the city.

As Mischa makes his call, I watch pedestrian traffic. Maybe it's the weather, but there's a striking lack of *joie de vivre*. Gravity tugs hard at the corners of eyes and mouths. People walking in pairs or groups rarely talk. There is no laughter, only the sound of heavy shoes clomping on concrete.

So far, I haven't been able to spot our KGB tails. I know they're around, but I'm not sure what to look for. I'm a bit of an expert at life amid the Secret Service, but are their guys the fashionplates that ours are? Does a Soviet tail also wear mirrored sunglasses and three-piece suits? Or white socks and black cop shoes?

A young man in a navy-blue trenchcoat passes by, then returns and falls into line for the phones. Mischa is taking his sweet time with the call, so the other booth gets most of the business. Before long, Mr Trenchcoat is at the front of the line. But when the adjacent booth is again vacated, he signals for the woman behind him to go ahead. Finally, Mischa hangs up. Alexi will have us to dinner tomorrow. As we wander off to find our companions, I notice The Trenchcoat standing off to the side watching us. When we're about half a block away, he abruptly turns and heads off in the opposite direction.

PRINCES AND PRINCESSES

Clemente Pandin, an Italian who heads the staff at Spaso House, is *the* man to know in Moscow. Whether it's caviar, contraband, or just a decent meal you're after, look up Clemente. Tonight, he's invited us to a restaurant on the outskirts of the city. It is not a place most locals frequent, he tells us as we bump along past a cluster of wooden farm-houses tucked away in a stand of white birch. To begin with, the trains and buses don't come this far. You have to drive and not that many people own cars. Then there's the clientele — mostly Party types. Get out of line here, drink a little too much, puke on somebody's shoes, and you're likely to wind up with your tonsils wired to a portable generator.

I haven't been able to spot our KGB tails. Do their guys wear mirrored sunglasses and three-piece suits? Or white socks and black cop shoes?

From the outside the place looks like a folksy hunting lodge. Inside, a rock band drives away at everything from Stevie Wonder to Eurythmics. Current stuff. Not more than a year or three old.

The food is great: sweet butter and caviar on coarse, dark bread; fresh cucumbers and pickled garlic; filleted sturgeon; tart cranberries; red Georgian cabbage; a whole roast piglet no one can bear to look in the eye and, of course, vodka, plenty of vodka.

Halfway through our meal, three big guys in sombre suits stride in and take a table next to ours. They're the kind of lugs who crush walnuts on their foreheads because it feels good. Clemente gives me a wink. KGB. It's like someone threw a mako shark into a tank full of tuna.

Everybody's trying to act cool, but frightened fish eyes are rolling around in their sockets, straining to keep the Black Suits in view. . . just in case.

After numerous vodka toasts, I'm feeling pretty expansive.

"Why don't we send them a bottle of wine?" I suggest loudly.

Clemente blanches. "No, no!" he shakes his head. "They are not here officially. They would take it as an insult."

And somebody would have to die for it, I suppose. To hell with them.

The owner, a jovial, bearded fellow named Slava, invites us to his private bar, a small A-frame separate from the main restaurant. We knock on a sturdy door; a peephole opens and words are exchanged; we are allowed entry. I feel like a bootlegger during prohibition. Above the bar, on a large TV screen, Prince is crotch-thrusting his way through *1999*. What I'm seeing, obviously, are smuggled videocassettes. The crowd is mostly young, mostly chic, in Italian designer clothes, mostly Kremlin kids. This video club, from which Slava reaps a healthy profit, is technically outside the law. But the authorities wink at it, as they do a few other such enterprises, and their children come to drink and have their socialist values corrupted by rock'n'roll.

Champagne and chocolates are brought to the table. The video clicks off and another tape is inserted. It looks oddly familiar, an awful lot like a German talk show I once appeared on. . . yep, there I am. Julian Lennon and I are struggling with earphones while our effusive host prattles on about "life with a famous father". Slava and Clemente (God knows where they got this tape) are beaming, waiting for a nod of admiration from me for their resourcefulness.

"You sons of guns. . ." I try to pretend this is the kind of thing that really makes my night.

The young couple behind us, a Valentino-clad blonde and her date, couldn't care less about "life with famous fathers" and begin hollering for "Michael! Michael!"

WHERE THE WALLS BLEED

Although hammered by eleven hours' jet lag, it is with great reluctance that we avail ourselves of an embassy car the next day. Word has it that all embassy drivers are supplied by KGB and that the cars are fitted with homing devices.

Our driver, Anatoly, in brown polyester trenchcoat and pork-pie hat, is straight out of central casting. Spook city. Within minutes, he's referring to Mischa as "Mischinka", a diminutive so extreme, so cloying, so insulting as to mean "my little twinkie lips".

"I think he's sweet on you," I whisper over the headrest to Mischa.

"Got any spare neutron bombs?" he snarls.

First stop, the Tunisian ambassador's residence. Doctor Sally is paying a courtesy

call on the ambassador's wife, Fazia.

We are ushered into a living room hung with modern Tunisian art. Malproportioned sheiks race across a vividly tinted desert aboard three-legged steeds. Fazia sweeps in wearing a billowy kaftan. Bahklava and sweet, minty Tunisian tea are offered. Everything is "charming", "delightful".

As we prepare to leave, Fazia asks genteely, "Do you know whose house this was?"

We don't.

"It belonged to Beria. You know, Stalin's chief of secret police." With a conspiratorial gleam, she inquires, "Would you like to see his torture chamber?"

In the rear of the house, beneath a stairwell, is a low, heavy, iron door. It opens on to a short, steep flight of steps, then another low doorway. Crouching down through the opening, we find ourselves in a small room with wooden floorboards, a single bulb the only source of illumination. For an untold number of people during the '30s, this was the terrible end of the line.

"I've done nothing to change the room," says Fazia, flicking on the light.

There is an audible intake of breath. The dingy white walls are splattered with blood-colored droplets. Moisture, I tell myself, might have drawn the oil from the chipped paint. I don't know. On one wall, at brow level, a smokestain curlicues toward the ceiling. Beria, I remember reading, enjoyed using fire on his victims to extract confessions from them.

Fazia points out a secret passageway, long since sealed by the Soviets. There was supposedly such a passageway in Beria's basement which led to the Kremlin, the river, or both. We're not certain what we're seeing, but we stand for a moment, not knowing quite what to do. At last, overcome by the grisliness, we make our escape.

Back at Red Square, Anatoly hops out of the car to confer with a militiaman about the reopening of Lenin's Tomb for tourists. He returns, a gold tooth gleaming from an apologetic smile. Mr Lenin is still not receiving callers.

•

"Born down in a dead man's town. . ." Evening. Clemente at the wheel, Springsteen blaring from the stereo, we roar down a light-streaked Kutuzovskiy Prospekt. Having picked up Alexi at a metro station, we're heading back to his apartment for dinner. *"You spend half your life just covering up. . ."* Clemente jerks the wheel and we bend into a high speed, tyre-screeching U-turn designed to throw off any KGB tails, at least for the moment. *"Born in the USA. . ."*

Alexi's wife, Lyanna, her mother, Rosa, and children Dima and Anna, greet us at the door. For a family of professionals, upper middle class by Soviet standards, their apartment is, by Western standards, spartan. The hospitality is abundant, all out of proportion to the family's scant resources. We are fed a delicious meal, chased down by the inevitable vodka.

"Ever think of trying to leave?" I ask Alexi later.

He shrugs. "I am Russian. I feel Russian. I don't think I could live anywhere else."

"As long as you're free in your mind," Lyanna offers, "you're truly free."

Free to do what, I almost ask her. Travel abroad? Start up your own independent newspaper? Stand in Red Square with a big sign saying, "The Soviet Constitution Is A Load Of Hypocritical Crap"?

Instead, I offer a parting toast, thanking Alexi for making Doria and me feel a part of his family.

"Think of who I'm related to now!" he laughs.

"If I did go away with you for the weekend, would I have to floss after every meal?"

DON'T RAIN ON MY DEMONSTRATSIA

May Day dawns rainy, windy, and miserably cold. Mischa and I make the trek to Red Square, leaving our wiser female companions to watch the show on TV.

The day's event is not, technically, a parade. The Soviets reserve that term for military displays. *Demonstratsia* is the operative word when hordes of people march through the streets unarmed.

Carrying every conceivable form of identification, tickets at the ready, we proceed to checkpoint, a line of militiamen stretched across the entrance to the square.

"Be sure the signatures match," growls a muscular officer to the grunt checking my credentials.

The young soldier looks first at my ticket, then my visa, then passport. He glances from the photo to my face and back again. He repeats the process in reverse. That done, he starts all over again from the beginning. This routine is repeated at two more checkpoints before we're allowed to enter our designated area.

The rain continues to pour. Standing with one foot in the diplomatic section, the other in that reserved for press, Mischa and I are shielded by a canopy of umbrellas.

Things could be worse. We could be members of the Politburo. One by one — Gorbachev, Gromyko, Romanov, et al — they ascend to the top of Lenin's Tomb and brace themselves against sheets of rain. No umbrellas. No awning. No wonder they drop like flies. Give them credit though: a typical American politician would buzz in by chopper, spend five minutes in a glass-enclosed booth, then high-tail it for home. These guys stand for the full three hours, braving not only weather but boredom.

Once you've seen five minutes of a May Day *Demonstratsia,* you have, indeed, seen it all. There's no drama, no glamor, no Bullwinkle balloons. Several million people tramp past hauling floats in the shape of tractor parts. Lots of pictures of Lenin: wise old Lenin, fiery young Lenin, the *baby* Lenin, Lenin orating, Lenin meditating, Lenin looking like he's about to launch into a rendition of *Blue Suede Shoes.* Some of the stuff is rather aggressive. Evil US warheads threaten a peaceful Soviet heartland. There are repeated references to "the imperialistic NATO alliance" and "fascist America". All the while, martial music blares and an unctuous voice booms over a loudspeaker, chanting approved slogans: "Nuclear bombs — Nyet! Nyet! Nyet! Peace on earth — Da! Da! Da!"

Down front, Soviet television is conducting man-in-the-street interviews. Nervous bystanders are dragged over to read prepared dogma from cuecards.

As the hours pass, the spirits of even the most loyal cadres begin to flag. One tier below the Politburo chiefs, the Minister of Appropriate Crowd Response swings into action. Waving his arms, gesticulating madly, he exhorts marchers and crowd alike to new heights of soggy enthusiasm.

Over in the diplomatic section we're not buying his act. Chuckling, snorting, a trio of Africans nearby are having a grand time whacking each other with their complimentary red carnation bouquets. Looks like a mescaline high to me.

After an eternity, the procession grinds to a halt. The Minister of ACR is hopping up and down with excitement, anticipating the big finale. He reminds me of one of those neutered high school band directors. Crescendo! Everyone waves paper flowers and pre-programmed huzzahs ring out. Gorbachev throws one last wave at the masses and sprints for the cosy warmth of the Kremlin.

Returning to Spaso House, Mischa and I catch a glimpse of some marchers riding in the back of an open flat-bed truck, gloomy, drenched, heading God knows where.

RED ARROW TO DESPAIR

Mischa is standing in the door to my compartment, a demented look on his face. I've just spent the night in a bunk the size of a duffle bag. The entire previous day, May 2nd, was a nightmare. Ambassador Hartman returned from his regular meeting at the Foreign Ministry to report the Soviets were very curious about "this fellow travelling with Mr Reagan". Mischa turned the color of a dirty ashtray and insisted we leave Moscow *immediately* — he wouldn't say why.

After much frantic scrambling, we secured four rail tickets to Leningrad. Our train, the Red Arrow, left at midnight. On board, I filled Mischa with cognac and out poured a confused tale of an earlier trip to Moscow — something about someone or other's teenage daughter and how it was really a frame-up but in return for the American embassy (previous administration) saving him from being buried up to his ears in permafrost he'd agreed to always travel with a sex therapist.

Leningrad has potential. Serpentine canals wind under gently arching bridges. The architecture is reminiscent of Vienna. Look closer, though, and behind the facades there's filth and decay. Even the tap water poses a threat. The color of strong tea, it harbors viral parasites just waiting for an unguarded orifice. Take a bath and you risk being eaten alive from the inside out.

Proximity to the free world (Finland is less than 160 kays away) has made Leningrad authorities even more wary than their paranoid Moscow brethren about Russians rubbing elbows with foreigners. Penalties can be severe. Not long ago, two Finnish rowdies got drunk and danced naked in a fountain. The sentence: Two and a half years in a labor camp making little ones out of big ones.

The plate glass doors of the Hotel Astoria are locked tight against the natives. Inside, on every floor, stern "key ladies" keep a sharp eye peeled. Walking down to the lobby, we overhear a routine call from one key lady to another: "They're coming down. Four of them. Taking the stairs." Posted prominently, a notice warns, "To avoid misunderstandings, please inform the key lady whenever you expect outside visitors." I assume the rooms are bugged.

We have not adjusted easily to the Soviet Experience. At every turn, the watching, following, eavesdropping, the needless regulations, the plodding grimness of it all is beginning to chafe our psyches. Inexorably, we drift into a rolling mist of rage and despair. Mischa sinks into a deep funk.

Clearly, it's time we got back to Moscow to prepare for our return home. I book four tickets to Moscow on the next morning's Aeroflot shuttle.

Leningrad has potential. The architecture is reminiscent of Vienna. Look closer, though, and behind the facades there's filth and decay.

"Arise! Your selfless toil will build our great nation!"

I'm jolted awake by an insistently shrill female voice that seems to emanate from within my pillow. "Work hard! Strive! Increase productivity!" For a moment, I imagine I'm dangling by my heels in the vortex of an Orwellian nightmare. "Remember the sacrifices of the Great Patriotic War!" All over the city, loudspeakers are rousing the public. On a Saturday? Ah, but today is the *Subbotnik.* Workers are "voluntarily" donating a day of free labor to the state. I flip on the TV and catch a newscaster sitting in front of a map of the US. The only word I can make out is "fascist".

As the only foreigners, we are the last to board the plane. Four seats have been blocked off for us. In our seat pockets, someone has thoughtfully left a bit of reading material, courtesy of Novosti Press, the chief propaganda mill. Leafing through something called *Do The Russian People Stand For War?,* I discover that "The USSR has a highly developed and stable economy steadily moving ahead without crises or recessions." No wonder they can afford to ". . . have no claims either on Afghanistan's territory or on its resources." As for the US government, well, "The most dangerous example of the Reagan administration's irresponsible attitude towards the future of the world was the reckless way the American leadership conducted itself during the incident involving the South Korean airliner in 1983." Probably the result of the pervasive "Hollywood mentality" in Washington.

FAST EXIT

The balmy weather back in Moscow does nothing to lighten our spirits.

"I can feel the net closing around us," confides Mischa nervously.

He just needs a little fresh air, I tell him. Stop worrying. Anyway, we're leaving tomorrow. What could happen now?

The next morning, at the airport, I've got my own worries — such as the two dozen jars of caviar I'm smuggling out of the country. In the Soviet Union, everything of value — aesthetic, monetary, or otherwise — is classified as a "national treasure". To leave with more than the allowed minimum amount is to risk spending the rest of your life being shot out of a cannon in some Siberian circus. I'm way over the limit.

Meanwhile, Doctor Sally, with her smattering of Russian, has struck up a conversation with a Soviet psychiatrist on his way to a conference. Seems they're in the same field. As they speak, I hear the phrase *sukhostoy* used several times, which makes the Soviet doctor smile. I figure the phrase *sukhostoy* may come in handy.

Actually, any friendly thing I could say would probably come in handy, considering the glares I'm getting from a burly guard by the airport gate. The clacking of jars in my carry-on bag is beginning to attract attention and we're ready to board.

"Spasibo" I say, handing the guard my ticket. I smile ingratiatingly at him. "Thank you. And *sukhostoy.*"

I suddenly feel a frantic clawing at my sleeve and turn to find Mischa with a terrified look on his face.

"Holy shit!" he whispers. "You just thanked him for prematurely ejaculating!" Without another word, the four of us break into a high-speed, modified Groucho Marx shuffle and scramble for the plane. Over my shoulder, I'm pretty sure I see the guard grappling with his holster.

"Comin' into London Heathrow! Bringin' in a kilo of roe!" Never has the dirty industrial fringe of London been so endearing. Tripping through British Customs, I belt out another chorus. A group of old ladies, English tourists wearing funny straw hats, give me a quizzical look. A chill attacks my viscera and I flinch involuntarily.

"You Yanks," one smiles warmly. "You'd think you had just returned from the underworld."

OH, BROTHER!

Famous Australian siblings talk about rivalry, resentment and the enduring bonds of brotherhood.

Compiled by **Deborah Ross**

LET'S TALK ABOUT the bloke in the top bunk. The one who always borrowed your bike without permission and who embarrassed the hell out of you the first time you brought a girl home. You know, the kid who always insisted that it was *his* turn to get that last piece of chocolate cake.

Of all the complicated relationships that make up a typical family, there's something special about brothers. At once combative and loving, often equally competitive and supportive, for most of us it's the relationship that defines our friendships with other men for years to come. And yet few brothers fall into any logical pattern. Some end up seeing each other only at family funerals; others are constant companions for life. While most of us drift away from our parents toward independence, there's no formula that seems universal for brothers.

As a way of deciphering this most intense of male friendships, we asked a group of famous siblings to reflect on what it is to have, and to be, a brother. And despite the fact that their answers vary widely — not only from family to family, but often *within* families as well — you'll find that much of what they say will strike a familiar chord in all of us who harbor that secret fear that if we could ever get Mum to spill the beans, she'd admit that we *weren't* the one she liked best.

THE WILLESEES (TELEVISION)

TERRY: "I had left school at 14 and been in the army and worked as a bricky's laborer. Naturally I didn't like any of that and by this stage Mike was already doing *Four Corners* on the ABC.

"I suppose having my father prominent in politics and Mike prominent on television had a subtle influence on me. Initially, having a famous brother was a disadvantage because everyone thought I was hanging on to his shirt tails. I resented it a bit, but because I was so keen and ambitious I didn't let it bother me. Once I was really in the business it was a great advantage to me.

"As kids Mike and I fought a lot but he was also a good protector quite often. I can remember on one occasion when I was beaten up by some kids, Mike got out of his sick bed to go out and bash them up for hurting me. Later that night he was rushed to hospital with an appendicitis attack and the kids he fought with thought they must have really hurt him and kept ringing up to see if he was still alive.

"When Mike ventured into commercial television I really admired him and still do. He's always guided me and was a great help in the early stages of my career. When I was in Perth I was really worried about a half-hour interview I had lined up with Gough Whitlam. When I phoned Mike in Sydney about it, he talked for an hour, giving me hints on how to handle it. I also used to send him tapes of my shows and he always gave me some objective advice on what I was doing wrong.

"Now that I live in Sydney we have more opportunities to see each other. We live fairly close as well, so we often have lunch together on Sunday or play some tennis on the weekend. In fact that's the only thing we ever argue about

ILLUSTRATION BY NED CULIC

Mike (left) says of Terry Willesee: "I can't understand why he got all the hair."

– Mike thinks he's a better player than me.

"When we get together we usually start off talking about general things but the conversation inevitably ends up on work. As far as fame is concerned, I don't really like the word but I think if you're in television you've got to accept the fact that people will recognise you in the street and want to talk to you. It's a hazard of the occupation and if you don't like it you shouldn't be in the job.

"On the subject of sharing Mike's horse racing interests, I wouldn't know one end of the horse from another. The only time I bet on one of his horses it lost, so he owes me.

"It's funny having both of us on television because people often confuse the two shows. We are alike in many ways, but I think our television style of delivery is different.

"When I first arrived in Sydney it was like a rebirth. I had to prove myself all over again because I was Mike's brother. Many thought I was just riding on his name, but it didn't take the program long to get into motion and become a top rating show.

"I'd say the biggest thrill I've had was when I won a Logie Award for my Perth program *Terry Willesee Tonight* and Mike was in the audience. That was terrific and it meant a lot having him there to share it with me.

"Mike and I are so close that he even went to Bali with me on my honeymoon. Actually it was just a coincidence but it worked out really well!"

MIKE: "I can't understand why he got all the hair. He doesn't really have more hair than me. He's just clever at styling it so that it looks that way. Be sure to get your art director to fix up the shots so that my hairline looks the same as his!

"I can remember Terry and me fighting a lot as kids, but since we matured we've become really close. On one occasion he threw an iron bar at me and all my father saw was me punching him for it afterwards. That time I got the belting, but a few days later I got back at him when he thought he was being really smart with his face jeering through the fly screen door. Needless to say I got back at him by punching his face against the screen so that he wore the imprint for days.

"When we grew up I got into television out of desperation because I'd failed to matriculate and had worked in the Public Service and couldn't stand it. Television was my escape.

"Terry, on the other hand, never liked being bossed around so he often just left work if he didn't like what his boss told him to do. When he matured he decided he wanted to be in radio and really put his mind to it. I can remember, when Terry initially told me he wanted to be a newsreader, I nearly fell off my chair. His English was worse than his Australian. When I realised how determined he was I told him how to go about improving his speech and grammar.

"Our sister, Geraldine, rang me up and asked me what I'd done to Terry: 'He's turned into a real jerk who reads the newspaper out loud into a microphone and then listens to himself when he comes home from work each night,' she complained.

"You can't expect to improve your voice unless you listen to it carefully and hear your faults and he really worked at it and made it happen for himself. I think we've both succeeded in television because we've always stuck together as a family. It might have something to do with our Irish Catholic upbringing where you naturally tend to stick together as battlers.

"What I like about Terry is that he's easy to talk to and we have a lot of trust — we are as brothers are meant to be. If we hadn't seen each other for a year it didn't matter.

"I've got friends who are like brothers to me, which is great, but there's something very special about a brother who is also a great friend."

THE McELROYS (FILM)

JIM: "We grew up in Melbourne and naturally we were very close as twins. We got our sense of showbusiness from our parents. Dad was a violinist with the Victorian Symphony Orchestra and had a radio show and both Mum and Dad were very well read.

"I think the biggest influence was when we appeared in the Boy Scouts' *Gang Show* at Melbourne's Palais Theatre. It was a vaudeville variety show and even though we were standing somewhere in row 34 on the back of the stage the smell of the grease-paint and the roar of the crowd really got to us.

"As twins we've always been close, although our personalities and the one playing the dominant role can reverse from year to year. Being brothers *and* twins has been a great advantage to us in the film industry because it can be a very lonely job. It has a lot to do with ego and you need a lot of guts and work with a gambler's instinct. I'm sure the reason we've survived is because there's two of us. In the United States they've proved that healthy partnerships are often the ones that succeed.

"When I was 18 I started touring the country as a theatre stage-manager, while Hal went to Sydney and worked with feature films, which separated us for a few years. We support each other and share the trials and tribulations. Also because there's the two of us we can look upon things with a certain objectivity that someone working alone may not have.

"The only thing we don't share is friends. When Hal married nine years ago and had three children he naturally developed a different circle of friends. Until three years ago, I was living the life of a bachelor."

HAL: "We always say 'we' and finish each other's sentences. It's been easy for us to share our successes with everyone we've worked with because we've been so used to sharing things together. Even at school we were never competitive and had a desire to be equal and always helped each other by sharing information.

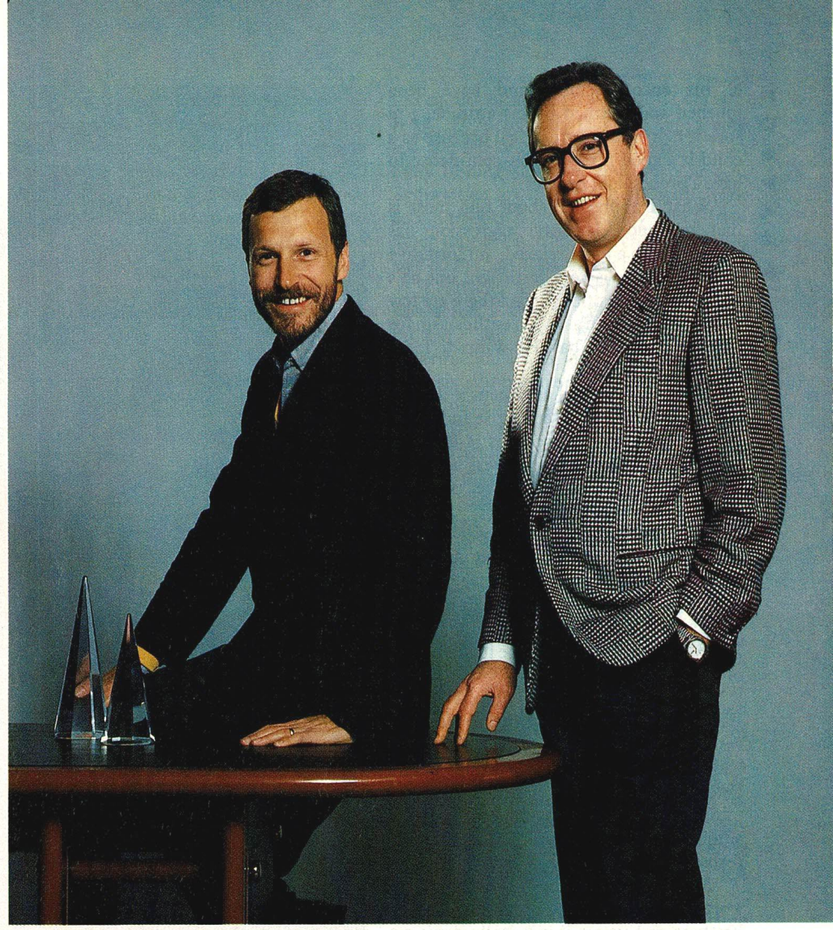
"Working together for eight or 10 hours a day we see enough of each other, although we are a close family and generally go to dinner once a week and keep in close touch with our parents and two sisters.

"Being in this industry it's easy to become obsessed with it, but our families keep us sane. It must have been hard for our wives at first because we are so close. We always know what the other one is going to say and I'm sure we have ESP because when one of us is overseas we always call each other at the same time. In business that can be a valuable asset because the biggest cause of business failures is a lack of communication between the partners and that's something we'll never have.

"We started McElroy and McElroy back in 1972 when we were negotiating for services with the famous Sam Cohn in New York and we weren't having much luck getting through to him. No one ever answers calls over there so we became very persistent calling once a week and then every day and then on the hour.

"To get on to him I flew to New York while Jim kept calling from Sydney, and then as soon as I arrived he called Sam who immediately took the call because he wanted to know how McElroy got to New York from Sydney in less than one hour."

Any dreams for the future? "We're doing it now — we've got a great life but the ultimate would be to be chosen by an American network to do a pic. We don't really want to climb any more; we're really happy as we are."



Hal and Jim McElroy: "We always say 'we' and finish each other's sentences."

THE WHERRETTS (JOURNALISM AND THEATRE)

PETER: "Richard and I weren't very close as children because there was nearly five years between us, but we were never unfriendly. As we became older and both went into the arts our relationship grew.

"He has always been creative and into the art forms, whereas my ambitions were waylaid because of my involvement with motor journalism, but now I've gone back to where I started. Journalism comes first for me, which most people don't realise because they usually identify me with my knowledge of the car industry. In fact I've just finished working on a script for a feature film.

"I think Richard and I have a very good relationship because we are interested in each other's work. We usually see each other for dinner two or three times a month and speak on the phone at least once a week. When I write anything I like Richard to read it and naturally he always consults me whenever be buys a car.

"After our parents died I think we became closer because we realised there was just the two of us left.

"Nobody has ever compared us because we are quite different. I'm a genuine enthusiast — in fact I go over the top over things whereas Richard is more introverted. He's more artistically intense.

"I really enjoy his company and always go to the openings of all his plays. But I wouldn't expect him to watch me reviewing a car on TV. I'm more interested in his field — the theatre and writing — and I'd really like to write a play that Richard could direct. We have a few long-term projects in mind."

RICHARD: "We share a very good relationship. We're very close and dependent on each other and probably competitive in a healthy way. We have a lot in common although our personalities are totally different. The more Peter got into show-business, the more our personalities overlapped.

"Peter has always been very proud of my achievements and I've got a great thrill out

of his encouragement and have been touched and warmed by his attitude. I'm sure it helped me a great deal because as a child it's good for your self-confidence to have a proud older brother.

"What I appreciate about him most is that his once dogmatic aggression has subsided into a more relaxed, authoritative sureness. Peter is very forthright but he's become much gentler. In fact there are few people I know with as much enthusiasm for the world as Peter has. He wants to learn about everything.

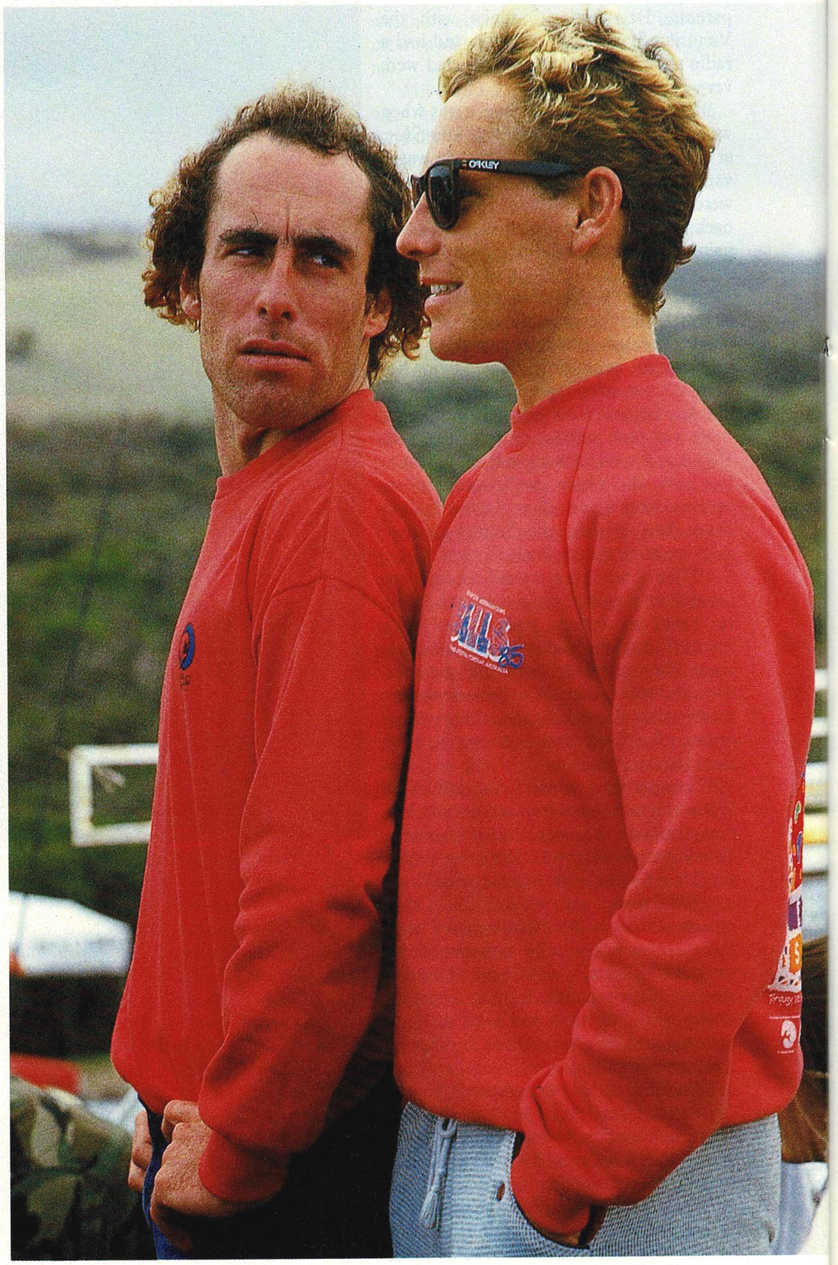
"If we ever have an argument it doesn't last long and we always apologise and forget it. The difference between us is that I'm reflective and considered whereas he's fiery and enthusiastic. I think we probably complement each other.

"Recently we've become closer because our circumstances have changed. After our parents died a few years ago we realised there was only the two of us left. It made us more aware of kinship because at the funeral I said to Peter, 'The next time it will be you or I.'

"Also Peter has moved into Sydney's Eastern Suburbs which is closer to me so it's easier for us to see more of each other. If I had a problem I suppose I would phone Peter for advice. I think his impatience and intolerance can be appalling but I really admire his enthusiasm and I don't think he realises how well I think of him.

"As far as kinship goes I don't think it's worth bothering with your parents or brothers and sisters if you really don't get along. But if you do, I think it's worth working on the relationship. I'm fortunate that I do happen to like my brother.

"We've always had a mutual liking but since our thirties our worlds have overlapped a lot more so we've got a lot more in common. I hope we get to do a play together one day; it would be nice. In fact we've never been on a holiday together, but we will one day."



Nick and Tom Carroll: "We've always been into the fun aspect of surfing."

THE CARROLLS (SURFING)

NICK: "I think the major difference between us is that Tom was always driven by the goal to be world surfing champion, which I've never had, although I love surfing and competing.

"We grew up in Newport in Sydney where we still live. Our father, Vic, was a keen swimmer, so we always accompanied him on his morning swim on our coolite foam boards when we were still in primary school. Tom was a lot keener than me and still went surfing all through winter wearing a wetsuit. He'd always come first and I'd always come last in the competitions. Even when we were very young I can remember being proud of him.

"Even though we have often competed against each other, we've always been into the fun aspect of surfing. We love going off with some friends, away from the crowds to just have some fun.

"I have a healthy envy for his success and I'm sure he envies the fact I'm in journalism and know more about literature than he does. I don't look on him as a star. He's just my brother and we're good friends.

"It's funny going to the beach with him or even walking to the post office as it can take almost half an hour because all the locals want to stop for a chat.

"Tom has a great sense of humor and loves playing practical jokes. One time we went surfing on Sunset Beach in Hawaii: he dropped in and out on me so quickly that I didn't realise he'd moved away. If he hadn't he could have killed me and he thought it was a great joke. He's also a reckless driver.

"Having a famous brother often can be a disadvantage because people are always asking me what he's doing which can drive me crazy. Although we get on really well, we can't live together because we always expect each other to clean up the other one's mess."

TOM: "Nick and I have a very warm and friendly relationship. Even as kids we never really fought and had surfing as our common interest and we've always helped each other in a brotherly sort of way.

"We started surfing together when I was about 11 and it was a great feeling being in the water together before and after school; it was a central part of our growing up.

"We were always quite competitive as youngsters and tackling 10ft waves together at times was great. I suppose the difference between us is my mental attitude to surfing. I was always more determined to be the best whereas Nick had other interests. As well as being very good at surfing he was also a terrific swimmer which I could never be because my body isn't streamlined enough.

"I really enjoy his writing and it's an inspiration to me. It's a great feeling to have someone who is writing and creating in the family. I've always respected Nick's higher intelligence. He's been an avid reader since he was five whereas I didn't begin until I left school and started doing a lot of travelling.

"If I'm away we talk on the phone quite regularly about what's happening in the competition and when I'm at home we always go surfing together. Nick is a terrific surfer; not many people can drop back into the pro circuit after a year away and easily win events the way he can.

"There's also a good feeling in the industry about our relationship because when he writes about me it's very honest. There's no hype that isn't real; it's very down-to-earth stuff.

"When we are socialising he occasionally takes the micky out of me but I love dropping in on him and stealing his wave when we are surfing together. When I decided I would no longer compete in South Africa Nick wanted to know all about my motives and really respected my views, which was great."

THE THOMPSONS (FILM)

JACK: "Peter and I were friends before we were brothers because his family adopted me when my family broke up. We're still very good friends, although we don't have as much time to see each other as we'd like.

"Even though we don't really look alike I can remember once going into a grocer's shop with our father and the shopkeeper looked at the two of us with our blond hair and asked if we were twins.

"As kids we were always playing fantasy games like making model aeroplanes and imagining there were people inside. We also both loved cats and at one stage had about 11 when we lived in the Sydney suburb of Collaroy. Even now I have some on my farm and Peter still has a few.

"I don't know that either of us ever played the dominant role. I just know we always had fun together and we were always interested in acting. Every second or third Saturday we used to go to the theatre or movies and for some time Peter was really sick with asthma so I still went and then came home and acted out the plot for him. If I didn't like the story I would adapt it to suit myself.

"When we were about nine we went to boarding school in the Blue Mountains and when it was time to go back after the holidays we decided we didn't want to go. We devised a plan that if one of us was sick we'd have to stay home,so we tossed a coin to see who would have a dose of castor oil. I lost, felt really sick, but the plan failed because our parents knew what we were up to. All the way up we argued over whose stupid idea it was anyway.

"In our first year at Sydney Boys' High, Peter won the oratory competition and I won the declamation prize. He's always been highly intelligent and always been able to get right to the heart of things; he does that brilliantly with his film reviews on the *Sunday* program.

"We probably did influence each other's interest in the theatre and film industry. I'm sure the fact that our parents were both writers also played a part. In fact our mother is writing a novel at the moment.

"By the time we were 14 I headed for the bush and Peter stayed on at school and went on to do arts at uni.

Tom Carroll: "When I decided I would no longer compete in South Africa Nick wanted to know all about it and really respected my views."

"Over the years I've collected a lot of his sayings. One I'll never forget he said when we were with a group of friends listening to a Nina Simone record and someone said, 'Jesus, isn't that terrific?' Peter calmly said, 'It's very easy really. All it takes is years and years of practice.' I've never forgotten that.

"I didn't take up acting seriously until I was about 28. In fact I always thought Peter would be a great actor — he's very good, you know.

"Even though some aspects of our personalities differ we always share a mutual respect for film and theatre. What I'd love to do with Peter is make the film we wrote together called *Welcome Stranger*. We spent about two years on it and it was the most time we'd spent together since I left school, a really intense time together.

"We fell short by $180,000 at the time, and then *Breaker Morant* came up for me and Peter went overseas to make a film, but the one thing I would really love to do is act in a film made by Peter. I'm sure we will do it one day.

"In fact when I make a film, the only reviewer I really sweat on getting a good review from is Peter because I know he will be completely honest even though I'm his brother, and if he says the film is good I can feel confident it will go well."

PETER: "Unfortunately Jack and I are seeing less and less of each other these days. He's away filming so much and when he's in Sydney we are both so busy with work commitments that we usually don't have much time to catch up. I haven't had time to stay on his north coast farm for years.

"I consider myself very lucky because I was actually able to choose Jack as my brother. We were both attending an experimental school at Narabeen when we were six and became best friends. I was an only child and loved having him stay with me on the weekends. When his family got into difficulties, one thing led to another and he gradually moved in with us and became one of the family. A few years later my parents formally adopted him. It was terrific to have a brother who was also my best friend.

"There is only two months between us so we were always in the same class at school. I'm sure we became such good friends because we shared the same fantasies and imaginary worlds. As youngsters we always put on plays together and even then Jack loved acting and being the centre of attention.

"Even now people are surprised that we are brothers but after a while they often say they can see the similarity. I actually studied acting and theatre technique before Jack at the Ensemble Theatre when I left school.

"We were going to Sydney Boys' High together and Jack wasn't interested in studying, he was always daydreaming, so dad said he should cut his losses and go bush. He worked as a jackaroo and station manager, then as a lab technician, then joined the army.

"By 1969 Jack was sick of the army so he decided to pursue acting seriously. In the meantime he had been involved in a lot of amateur productions.

"I think Jack is a great actor; he has great screen presence. He's also wonderful company when he wants to be. He's a very affectionate man who really cares about other people.

"It's funny when we get together now, we always talk about films and tend to use our own special language, using references that no one else can understand. I suppose it's something that develops from being on the same wavelength as someone else for so many years. A few years ago we did a film script together of a love story set in the bush, and had about 80 percent of the money to back it when the remaining 20 percent fell through.

"*Breaker Morant* came up for Jack and I had other commitments, so we've been too busy to do any more about making the film. But it's something that I'd really love to do. It would be great to work together and I'm sure we will do it one day."

A SALUTE TO GREASY TUCKER

You know trendy cuisine has gone too far when precious chefs start messing with your chips and onion rings.

Humor by DAN JENKINS

FOOD HAS ALWAYS rated very high on the list of things people like to eat. You would think, therefore, that in this plentiful country of ours, food would be in evidence on almost every dinner table. Sadly, this is no longer true. The fact is, there is now only one day out of the year, Christmas, when we can be assured of seeing food on a dinner table — and that's because our grandmothers have stubbornly held the line and manage to serve food on this holy day in bitter opposition to Barrie, Trent, Trevor, Randall and Australia's other precious chefs who plan to stamp out food by the year 1990.

This being the case, I look forward more than ever to Christmas dinner because I know I can count on something to eat: a nice roasted turkey without kiwi fruit, dressing without radicchio, giblet gravy without prawns, mashed potatoes without grapes, and roast vegies cooked in grease and salt instead of Giorgio's perfume. Real food, in other words. Food without the limp wrists.

Yeah, I get angry about food today. That's because I grew up on food. I never ate a pink peppercorn and alfalfa sandwich, okay? I never said, "Mum, can I have some more of that snowpea and violet salad you do so well?" And if a large, wrinkled, purple leaf — a salad savoy, they call it — had ever made its way into my grandmother's kitchen, it would have had its arse kicked by a good old Aussie lettuce.

It's clearly time for food eaters to take a tough stand on the issue of food. If we don't, a hearty meal in another couple of years will consist of a quail's egg sprinkled with fresh basil sitting on a little bed of tomato ice. Which brings to mind an important question: who the hell ever ate a tomato ice cream?

When I say we should take a tough stand on food, what I have in mind is murder. If each food eater in this country would go out and kill one precious chef, it would be a start toward correcting the problem. Precious chefs are multiplying quicker than exotic relatives of the mustard family.

There would still be thousands of precious chefs around, but they might get the idea that food eaters are serious about retaliation and go back to their old, familiar pleasures: mounting campaigns against smokers in restaurants, designing clothes that don't fit anyone who weighs more than 50 kilos, selling new curtains and Victorian chairs to people who don't need them and keeping the stage musical in a state of tuneless, pretentious incoherence.

These pursuits used to be enough to keep the precious people occupied. Of course, this was before they came out of the closet, which is where they were the happiest — and so were we. Out of the closet, however, they've grown restless. They've obviously decided to devote their energies to making all food look like Monet's lilies.

It's not entirely coincidental that the Gay Rights movement started about the same time as the public's unwitting acceptance of green pasta, basil pesto, anchovy paste, and tamarillos. It was during those lurid days that I happened to have gagged on a piece of zucchini that some precious chef had cleverly disguised as a chip.

"What the hell was *that?*" I said, spitting on the floor of a chatty inner-city eating place.

"Zucchini," somebody smiled, reaching for a zucchini.

"It looks like a chip."

"It's summer squash."

"You're having me on."

The nearest disinfectant was my glass of scotch. I poured it down my neck. Moments later, I sampled the platter of onion rings.

"Jesus Christ!" I blurted out, trying to swallow. "What happened to the onion rings?"

"This is calamari," I was informed by the adventuress who had ordered it.

"Who. . .?"

"Squid."

I stared at the woman incredulously. Two friends at the table noticed the look on my face and began digging foxholes.

"Squid. . . ?"

ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA HENDLER

"Try some, it's good."

"Squid?" I said again, glaring. "Like in octopus squid? Like that thing it took John Wayne and Ray Milland an hour to kill in *Reap The Wild Wind?*"

"It's not the same thing."

"The fuckers eat submarines!"

I looked around the table. Two of my companions were motioning for the bill. The others were sinking deeper into their chairs.

"That's it for pooftahs," I said. "I mean, fuck it. They've got half the city. They've got books, museums, fashion, films. They've got furniture. What is it, antiques don't keep 'em busy? Now they want chips and onion rings? They're gonna take *squash* and *squid* and make it look like *my* chips and onion rings? I'm gonna go chip all their bloody antique vases."

In the next breath, I'm afraid I camped it up and unleashed a make-believe dialogue.

"What are your plans, Trent — after we come out of the closet, I mean?"

"I'm not sure, Randall. I've been giving some thought to food."

"In what sense?"

"Oh, just various ways to fuck it up, generally."

"Sounds like fun. With mousse alone, the possibilities are limitless."

"Actually, I've been thinking a lot about colors. Yellow, orange, green, mauve, a few mottled tones, perhaps."

"With food, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Now that you mention it, food *never* kept pace with the four-color process of magazine printing."

"Well, one of the problems, of course, is that it comes in so many odd shapes. If food could be confined to stringy little things or small ovals, let's say, preferably those with a soft, creamy texture, there wouldn't be any real need to change it. Veggies, for instance, they should all have a green skin and a yellowy flesh."

"Heaven, Trent. Absolute heaven! Do you *know,* can you *imagine* how many people we can piss off if we really get heavy into food?"

I suppose my eyes were ablaze as I then said in my own voice, "Yeah, I know *one,* you tender-crisp, goat cheese, zucchini-squid, no-smoking arseholes!"

A woman idly said, "I thought nobody at the table had any snort?"

"I don't do that shit!" I snapped. "I hate that stuff! This is *me* talking — a food guy! A guy who doesn't drink skim milk and wouldn't be caught dead in one of those bloody pastel T-shirts with reptiles on the pockets and who gags on custard apple sorbets between courses. Let me tell you about food. Food is brown and white and not crinkly. Okay, it's orange sometimes —if it's cheese. Maybe maroon — if it's beetroot. I'll give you two kinds of green. Lettuce green and none of that mignonette shit and dark green for green beans, which you cook with lots of salt and water. Don't get the white mixed up with cheese. You want Swiss cheese on a cheeseburger, go and order one at a trendy deli! The only time cheese can be white is when it's on a goddamn pizza!

"Food don't make noise, either. Like when you bite into some kind of vegetable that's been steamed and you hear a crack, that's bullshit! Only four kinds of food can make noise. A Chiko roll makes noise. A potato crisp makes noise. Corn on the cob makes noise. And the lower half of an ice cream cone makes noise.

"The key to good food is grease. Grease got us through two world wars; grease is coming back. You know the first thing grease is gonna do? Go round up aspic and kick the shit out of it. That'll be some damned bloodbath, mate, and I don't want to miss it. Who needs a drink?"

Nobody. I'd cleared the room.

The key to good food is grease. Grease is coming back. You know the first thing grease is gonna do? Go round up aspic and kick the shit out of it.

I'm sorry my friends didn't get to hear about the prison offences. Precious chefs can do time for the following crimes:

1. Putting mushrooms in meat pies.
2. Putting macadamia nuts in salads.
3. Putting anchovies on anything.
4. Putting black olives on anything.
5. Cooking fried chicken in tempura batter like it's some kind of fucking fish.
6. Using seed buns for hamburgers.
7. Not using enough salt and pepper on everything but ice cream.
8. Saying bad things about grease.
9. Not frying bacon crispy-chewy.
10. Not cooking eggs runny-hard.
11. Not cooking meat well-done-pink.
12. Getting the spaghetti sauce too red.
13. Not trimming the fat totally.
14. Turning up their noses at Vegemite.
15. Pushing mousse.
16. Serving tomatoes that have cancer in the centre.
17. Not having devon and tomato sauce sandwiches on hand at all times.
18. Trying to liven up canned tuna.
19. Sneering at instant mashed potato.
20. Putting fruit sauce on any kind of meat.
21. Fat omelettes.
22. Putting sour cream on an enchilada.
23. Barbecuing anything except snags and T-bones.
24. Fucking around with aspic.
25. Making any kind of dessert that's not trifle or apple crumble.

I would be remiss if I didn't comment on some foods of the world.

CHINESE FOOD

That pork stuff you roll up in a leaf of straight lettuce is okay, but the rest of it is shoe laces and sweet-and-sour coat buttons.

JAPANESE FOOD

Some guy throws knives in the air and a raw thing crawls through your bean sprouts.

INDIAN FOOD

Curry will make your armpits glow, but you can deal with the minced lamb on a stick and the white beans you spread on the big biscuit.

FRENCH FOOD

Omelettes, soup, French fries, bread. Otherwise, you're looking at a fat duck or pureed rabbit.

ITALIAN FOOD

If you haven't been to Italy, you haven't eaten it. All we know how to do in this country is bury noodles under a pile of red shit.

CUISINE NOUVELLE

"I'll just have a morsel of rare venison with blackcurrant coulis and some watercress on the side, and perhaps a Perrier on the rocks. And get me out of here early, you bastard, so I can go and eat something."

There's only one more thing you need to know about food. That's how to fix a good cheeseburger.

First, don't charcoal the meat, not unless you want it to taste like charcoal and be reminded of your neighbor's backyard in the late '50s. You cook the meat in a frying pan filled with grease. This is after you've chopped up onions and mashed them into the meat and showered the meat with enough salt and pepper. While the meat's sizzling in the delicious grease, you prepare the lower half of the seedless bun. You put tomato sauce *and* mayonnaise on it, then beetroot, some straight lettuce, and a slice of tomato that doesn't have a malignancy.

Finally, just before you take out the meat, you put double cheese (sliced cheddar, remove the plastic wrap) on it and sit the top of the bun on the cheese. You wait a couple of minutes for the cheese to melt slightly, mashing grease into the top of the bun with the spatula. If you've done it right, all kinds of juice will run down your wrist.

All in all, I guess you get the idea that I don't go for that myth about how you can't be too rich or too thin. Precious people fall for that shit, not me. The line that suits me better is that one in the song about the perfect Englishman. The food I don't eat, I wear.

And that's your basic deal on food.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

BARBI, YOU'RE A DOLL!

Country girl Barbi Benton bares a few gifts for the Greeks.

Living on a grand scale demands as much panache as it does cash. Without a sense of personal style, cruising the Aegean in a 50 metre yacht is just, well, showing off. And no one could ever accuse Barbi Benton of a lack of personal style. In fact, she's one of those rare people who can live well and make it seem almost folksy.

If Barbi's irresistible smile and shapely form seem familiar, it's because she has regularly appeared in such TV series as *Fantasy Island* and *The Love Boat*. "Love Boat is my second name," she laughs. "I've done so many of those shows over the years that I've become identified with them. It's been great. Aaron Spelling, more than any other producer, believed in me and gave me a lot of chances."

Barbi was understandably excited about a yacht cruise through the ancient Greek isles, and the whitewashed sparkle of the island village streets certainly complemented the sensuous form of this long-legged beauty. She loved posing for photographer Fegley and the leisurely, sun-soaked experience allowed plenty of time for her to muse on her current career. Acting classes occupy a lot of her time and she's about to release an album of what she terms "new-age music". "It's going to be unique," says Barbi. "I'm not going to be a carbon copy of anybody." As an original doll, Barbi, you have our vote.

SADDLES *(continued from page 48)*

If you don't wear a cowboy hat to the endurance ride you're obviously a city wimp.

move the start to the local racecourse on the edge of town.

Instead of a shotgun start there is now a loudspeaker countdown and a guest of honor drops a flag.

In the hours before darkness the spectacle around the racecourse presents an odd juxtaposition of images, like an historic tableau in which the images of the bush are overlaid with those from an 18th century painting of a cavalry regiment the night before battle. The mood is similar, too, with riders fighting off restlessness before the action begins. Camp-fires are everywhere, tough-looking men and just-as-tough-looking women rub down horses, walk them to and fro or exercise them in the open paddocks. There's the creak and clink of saddles and stirrups, the stamping and snorting of the horses, the scent of woodsmoke mingling with fresh horse shit, men with faces as red and shiny as house bricks lounging around fires, mugs of tea clenched in scarred fists, talking horse talk.

And cowboy hats everywhere. If you don't wear a cowboy hat to the endurance ride you're obviously a city wimp. But if your cowboy hat doesn't look as if it's been lived in by a wombat for eight years you're still obviously a city wimp anyway so cowboy hats are probably optional for outsiders. I wore a cowboy hat that might as well have had "BRAND NEW!" painted on the crown.

Strolling around the racecourse trying to look nonchalant in my new cowboy hat I was struck by the age range of the riders. Rosemary Champion wasn't kidding when she said there were 11-year-old children competing in the race's junior division. They might have been in the junior division, but they still had to ride the same distance as the grown-ups all through the night in temperatures that would fall to –4 degrees Celsius.

I spoke to 11-year-old Dominic Makim from Julia Creek, whose father Richard, and grandfather, Jack, 71 years old, would be competing. Dominic was riding with his left arm in a cast. When I asked how he got it he shrugged with juvenile self-consciousness and, no doubt, the superimposed understatement of the bush.

"Ahh," he said, blushing slightly, "I was on me horse an' I got charged by a bull. He knocked me off an' I broke me arm. That's all."

That's all! And when did this happen?

"Ahh. . . last week," he shrugged again.

I spoke to Bob Bode, 16, and David Cameron, 17, two members of a five-strong contingent from Emerald Pastoral College. Both had ridden horses since they were four years old. Like most bushies confronted by a reporter from the city their answers were punctuated by long silences and awkward looks. David absently toyed with a knife, sticking it in the ground between his feet or picking at a nearby horse float. While listening to Bob describe the esoteric joys of riding a horse for 24 hours for the hell of it all, I noticed David's reaction as he spotted a callous on the palm of his hand. With the ease of a man who does it every day he gripped the knife in his other hand, sliced them, they just trot over and jump right in. His kids jump pretty much the same way when he speaks."

I decided it might be interesting to have a word with Boy Forster, perhaps even get a photograph.

He was camped alone in the middle of the racetrack with his vehicles, his family and horse floats. Even after scratching his daughter, Fiona, he had two other children, Danny, 15, and Desleigh, 11, competing in the junior division.

Boy Forster was trying on a pair of riding gloves when I walked over, jabbing his hands inside as though testing the strength of the seams. He was with another man and when I walked up he eyed me suspiciously. I explained who I was and asked if he minded if I took a photograph. He snorted and flashed me a smile that was utterly without humor or warmth.

Jenny Oliver: ". . . so far ahead she'd have won even if the horse had died. . ."

the callous cleanly off his skin and expressionlessly flicked it into the dirt, then went back to picking at the horse float. Even in their mid-teens, I noticed, the hands of these youths were already leathery from years of hard work.

It was while sitting in at the check-in desk that I first saw 1984's winner, Boy Forster, the contract fencer and musterer from northern Queensland. As skinny and as prickly as a strand of barbed wire Boy Forster fronted up at the desk to announce he was scratching his horse, Ding, with which he'd won the previous year. Instead he would take his 16-year-old daughter Fiona's horse, Beefwood. Fiona didn't look too happy about the arrangement but she stayed mute while her dad ordered the change. When they had left, an official confided: "He's as hard as he looks, that one. You don't get them much more authentic than Boy Forster. He was literally born by the light of a camp-fire. Never went to school, grew up in the ways of the bush. He breaks horses too. He breaks 'em so well you don't even have to put a ramp up to the back of the truck when you come to collect

"Them camera blokes was all over the place last year an' all," he said, looking away from me and making a fist inside the glove on his right hand. "They took pictures of everybody else's horse except mine. Videos an' everything. They didn't give me an outside chance. Nobody wanted to know me until after the race. Well, all I got to say to camera blokes this year is fuck 'em. That's all. Fuck 'em. You an' all."

It seemed as if he knew his mind on the subject so I decided against trying to talk him around.

Back behind the stables I ran into a woman from Tumut in the Snowy Mountains of New South Wales, Jenny Oliver, a 34-year-old champion horsewoman who has taken out a string of titles in other endurance rides. Like all the male competitors Jenny was self-effacing about her intentions, stressing that support and taking part were the main things. But after a little bit of pressing she did flash a knowing kind of a grin and said: "I've come to win. Nobody can say what will happen in a ride like this, it's so unpredictable, so much depends on the horse as well as the rider

but. . . I've come to try and win. . . that's my hope, anyway."

The party started with a barbecue around seven that night and by nine the beer and rum were flowing like stallion piss. A man played country and western songs from a synthesiser aboard the back of a truck and judging by the OP grins of the drinkers, most of the camp followers were filling up on anti-freeze for the long, cold night ahead.

The VIP contingent included Gary and Barb Zimmerman from the Bayer company. Gary and Barb are from Kansas City, although Bayer is West German. Bayer makes chemical drenches and feed supplements for livestock and is principal sponsor of the ride. At the press reception company reps handed out hangover cures to the hacks. Gary is the Australian manager for Bayer and was required to make several speeches. Afterwards he confided that the smartest thing Bayer ever did was hitch its wagon to the endurance ride. "This thing is going to get so big. . ." he kept saying. "So big. . ." A couple of Bayer minders were on hand to ensure the locals didn't alarm them too much, but Gary and Barb didn't appear to be suffering from culture shock at all.

"Just like Texas," pronounced Gary, gazing around at the bobbing and weaving cowboy hats, the fire engine-red faces and glassy eyes. "Just like goddamn Texas."

The guest of honor at the 1985 race was David McNicoll, portly, silver-haired columnist for *The Bulletin*. They like *The Bulletin* in Outback Queensland. They like McNicoll even more. More than one local ventured the opinion that McNicoll was "the best, the most famous journalist in Australia". One ride official went so far as to suggest that *The Bulletin* might improve its circulation if it changed its name to McNicoll's Weekly. McNicoll accepted it all graciously.

As midnight approached, riders appeared with appropriate numbers attached to their bodies, walking their horses around, warming them up against the Outback's notorious night-time chill. Many of the cowboy hats had vanished to be replaced by equestrian hard hats. A few minutes before midnight, the riders were milling around on the track in front of the grandstand, several hundred drunks with cameras jostled against the rails and the atmosphere was electric. Then the countdown expired, the flag dropped and 44 milling horses and riders milled off into the dark. Last was R.M. Williams who lost his hat in the confusion and was to go through the freezing night hatless and wearing only riding pants, boots and a short-sleeved shirt for protection.

The bar closed, a convoy of cars and horse floats streamed out of the racecourse and on to the road leading to the first checkpoint at Natural Bore. When they had gone, the racecourse was drenched in silence, only the glowing embers of a dozen camp-fires left here and there as remnants of the departed army. I piled more wood on one of them, took a belt of OP rum, rolled out the swag on the ground along with a few other wise men and went to sleep. But first I beat the shit out of my cowboy hat to make it look a bit more lived in.

The next morning I caught up with riders, officials and other assorted camp followers at Alice Tank, checkpoint 2, about 95 kilometres and five or six hours riding time from the starting line. Gary and Barb were there, Di Morrisey from Sydney's Channel 10 was there, David McNicoll was there, all a bit bleary-eyed but nevertheless game to follow the ride through every checkpoint. I ran into Rosemary Champion.

"Have a nice sleep?" she twinkled.

"Oh, yes," I twinkled back.

Checkpoint 3 was at Evesham, checkpoint 4, the quaintly named Bloomfield's Knob, and checkpoint 5, Maneroo Shed. Seen one checkpoint you've seen 'em all. Once I had established that Jenny Oliver was so far in front she would win even if the horse died and she had to drag it the rest of the way, I pressed on to Maneroo. Feeling a little tired after setting up camp near the mammoth Maneroo shed I turned in for a little nap.

"The time you get off your horse at the end of the ride, that's the time you should climb on a woman. You can't stop shakin'."

Friday night was rest night and another barbecue and piss-up scheduled. It used to be open to the public but had to be reserved for officials, invited guests and media only, after carloads of hoons from Longreach would drive up to drink and fight all night and disturb the riders' rest.

The VIPs got to stay at the Maneroo homestead, guests of the station owners, John and Anthea Kelly. Australian PLAYBOY was not invited to stay at the homestead. In Outback Queensland, PLAYBOY is treated with a kind of smirking disdain.

The big party turned out to be a fizzer, mostly because riders, spectators and officials were dying on their feet. A pity because with a couple of days' growth of beard, a newly battered cowboy hat and borrowed horse shit clinging to my boots, I reckoned I had the cowboy pose down pretty well. I stayed long enough to watch R.M. Williams come in around nine o'clock. He looked close to death. When he got off his horse and walked away Evel Knievel could have done wheelies through his legs. Leaving to turn in I bumped into Rosemary Champion again.

"Bit tired?" she inquired.

"Not really," I said. "Had a nice little nap earlier on. Care to dance?"

The first riders began crossing the finishing line at the site of the Hall Of Fame in Longreach shortly after noon Saturday. Jenny Oliver won and women took second and third places. Chauvinists can take nothing away from them because they competed in the open category and carried lead in their saddle bags to make their weight match that of the men.

Boy Forster had to withdraw at the first checkpoint. He wasn't pestered by camera blokes.

After the madness of the build-up, the finale to the endurance ride is something of an anti-climax. Exhaustion among the riders and hangovers among the spectators probably play a big part in that. Gary and Barb were at the finish line, looking fresh and rested after a night in soft beds at Maneroo homestead, the highlight of which had apparently been a wrestling match on the carpet among some of the men. Americans still need a while to get used to Outback customs.

I was standing with a mob of camera blokes clustered around the finish line when one of Gary and Barb's minders from Bayer walked across with the Bayer Rug in his hands, which goes to the winner. The rug was available, he said, for photographs. Somehow everybody managed to look away at once. He walked away again.

Strolling around the paddock beside the finish line some hours later I bumped into R.M. Williams and asked him how it felt to be one of the 19 riders to finish.

It felt pretty good, he said.

But had he enjoyed it?

Oh yes, he said, he had enjoyed it.

He hadn't looked as if he had been enjoying it when he got off his horse at Maneroo Shed the night before, I said. He looked at me and smiled.

"I was absolutely buggered," he said.

The man sitting next to him who had also completed the ride chuckled. "I reckon the time you get off your horse at the end of that ride, that's the time you should climb on a woman. You can't stop shakin' and that's the best you're ever goin' to be."

At the party which followed the awards ceremony at the Hall Of Fame cottage later that Saturday night I ran into Rosemary Champion again. She hadn't slept in more than 60 hours and she was still as puckish and as peppy as ever.

"Hey. . . Playboy," she called. "Ready for that dance?"

I shook my head. It's hard to be macho in the bush when the women are as tough as that.

Just ask all the blokes who lost to Jenny Oliver.

GOODBYE, MARY JANE

This year's marijuana crop would be the biggest and the best. But something told him it would also be the last.

"THE LATERALS," says Ossenberg, as he steps on the southbound train. "Give the laterals your very best."

"You can count on me," I say.

Ossenberg gives me his teeth'n'tan grin and hefts the suitcase. Alarm bells clang throughout my nervous system, but I muffle them with nonchalance. Packed tightly in that suitcase, neatly wrapped in lunch baggies, are 26 half-kilo packages of the Sunshine State's finest marijuana.

Zap. I see rows of maturing plants wafting in the breeze, all healthy, wealthy and wise. Higher than a man they stand, with lateral branches drooping from the weight of clustered flower heads.

Ah, sweet mercy, don't let anything go wrong now.

My heart changes pace, and I feel my mind betray me. Undercover cops make their move, guns drawn swiftly from their clever little ankle-holsters. End of dream. *Bullshit*, I tell myself. We haven't put a foot wrong. We have *never* put a foot wrong. There can be no cops.

Ossenberg stares at me from the carriage doorway. Steady, steady, I read in his eyes. He smiles fiendishly, and cradles the suitcase as if it was a baby. I could strangle him for his frivolity. Mister Cool! I check the crowd scene once again. Visions of courtroom drama haunt me, familiar phantoms lurking in the wings of my imagination. The chief magistrate looks down at me, his lip curling, about to pass sentence. Trafficking in drugs in the state of

Fiction by
ROBERT REID

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

Queensland? Worse — trafficking in drugs in *north* Queensland? Twenty-six *pounds?* The magistrate leans toward me. He has a Mandrake hair style, and a huge bulbous nose. ". . . propose to make an example of you, as a warning to others. . ." I switch off this hideous scenario, struggling to control my sweat glands. Fingers of fear tickle along my spine.

"Find your seat," I hiss at Ossenberg.

"Yeah, yeah," he replies calmly, in his lazy Californian drawl. He offers me a hand and we shake. He looks at me steadily. "We're home free, mate," he says. "Take it easy."

He's dead right, I tell myself. It's all systems go, as they used to say on the launching pad. No looking back.

Ossenberg looks and acts his part well. He's neatly dressed in a lightweight suit, soft white shirt, tie. He's a handsome middle-aged businessman taking the train home. Overhead, on the luggage rack, his expensive leather case will harbor its illicit cargo. Snugly sealed in alternate layers of Nescafe and soap shavings, another crop of cannabis begins the first stage of its journey into the stress-stricken consciousness of a desperate society. Fare thee well, brothers and sisters.

As the train pulls out, Ossenberg salutes me from an open window. Seated opposite him, an old lady regards his face with benign expectancy. Perfect cover. She'll be putty in his hands. He'll extract every half-remembered detail from the record of her wretched life. She will embark on a monologue of mind-stunning boredom, leaving Ossenberg free to slip into a practised state of detachment. With the old lady's prattle droning somewhere in the background, he will reflect on the wonders of supply and demand, the free enterprise ethic, and the escalating nature of his bank balance.

•

"Mary Jane is on her way," I tell my wife as I walk in the door. I should have known better.

"I don't want to hear about it. I don't want to *hear* about it. Neither Mary Jane *nor* your drug associates. Do you understand me?"

"Righto," I say, heading for the fridge. I rip the top off a Cooper's ale. It's been a long, hot day. I sink into the deepness of an old cane chair on the western verandah. The sun glows copper-red through a screen of rainforest. I close my eyes gratefully. It's gone. The dope has gone. Now it's up to Ossenberg.

"Another thing," says Sally firmly, "I don't think you should do this anymore. I definitely *feel* that, Michael."

"I know what you think and feel," I say, as gently as I can. "The fact is, we've been over this a zillion times."

"The children are growing up, and starting to notice things. Pretty soon they'll *know* what you're up to. Children are very aware, and. . ."

I get up and walk down the steps. I don't need a lecture on children's awareness. I walk around the house, admiring its style. It's a big house, cool and comfortable. The house that Mary Jane built.

Back inside, I put my arms around Sally. "Don't worry, Sal. It'll be all right. Just one more crop, and then we'll see."

She pulls away. "One more crop. One more crop. God, you've been saying that for years."

"Come on," I say. "You make it sound like a lifetime."

Sally whirls on me, fast. "Well, it sure *feels* like a lifetime. More like an eternity. An eternity of worry and lies."

"And money," I add. "That handy stuff which buys food and clothes and makes people happy."

"Money!" Sally curls her lip. "Money!"

"Yeah, money," I say. "I like it. *You* like it. It's great when the money comes in. D'you know anybody who likes to be poor? To have to scratch around for a few bucks to take the kids to a movie? To worry about a 30-year bank loan, and the car payments, and all the rest of that depressing, life-sucking crap?"

It's happening again. Sally's on her downhill run, and I'm getting angry.

"Listen, Sal," I say, softening my voice. "You know how it is. One crop at a time. When the time is right to quit, I'll do it."

"You could get a job," she whispers. I can see she's about to cry.

"A job. A fucking job." I can't believe it. I look at her closely. "You know the time for jobs is over, Sal. How many years did I plod along in *jobs*? Fifteen? Where did it get me, Sal? C'mon, answer me." I'm starting to shake. I can see a desk, a swivel chair, people crowding around, a big clock on the wall. My scalp crawls. "What d'you think I should do — another stint in insurance? Hey, how about *advertising*? You'd love that. I could come home every night, *late* at night, and tell you great tales of lies and deceit and the rapid decay of human morals. What d'you say, Sal?" I head for the fridge and pull out another beer. I look at it closely, then put it back.

Sally is crying on the bed. I walk over. "Sally, I'm sorry. But you know I can't do that kind of stuff again." She hugs me tightly, pressing her body into mine, urging me to love her. I lose myself in a truce of love.

Later, cradling her head in my arm, I listen absently to her hopes and dreams. Inside my mind, I stand in the midst of a bumper crop of marijuana. A gentle movement of air shimmers the plants against my skin, sending tiny electric currents to my brain. The sky is perfect-blue. On a nearby hillslope, I see my children playing happily. Ossenberg strolls along the rows, inspecting leaf and flower. He is grinning widely. I look for Sally, but I can't position her in the scene. She moves like a spirit somewhere beyond the periphery of my vision. Ossenberg walks toward me, filling the frame of my mind. The scene fades. Sally strokes my chest and murmurs something. I sneak a quick look at my watch. With luck, I'll just have time to check my seedlings before dark.

•

The clearing is well-hidden from human eyes. It's a natural space within the forest, a grassy opening of sunshine and blue sky which somehow survived the relentless crawl of vegetation. An ancient red cedar forms a mushroom-cover of dappled shadow over half the sky-space, creating a gallery of shifting, dancing patterns on the forest floor.

The sun-hungry seedlings look beautiful. Unwanted male plants have been removed. Those that remain are all female. Lush, dark-green, potent, sweet-smelling females. Mary Jane. I count them again and again. I dream of numbers. My head fills with estimates of crop yield per plant, current street prices and net profit margins.

Prospects look good for a happy growing season, even allowing for the inevitable loss through insect pests, and the occasional, vicious act of God — such as an unseasonal, plant-flattening deluge — feared by all farmers in the tropics. The prospects must look good, to justify the high-risk factor. One single slip-up in Queensland, and it's a fast trip to the slammer. The courts know how to deal with drug farmers. Yes, indeed.

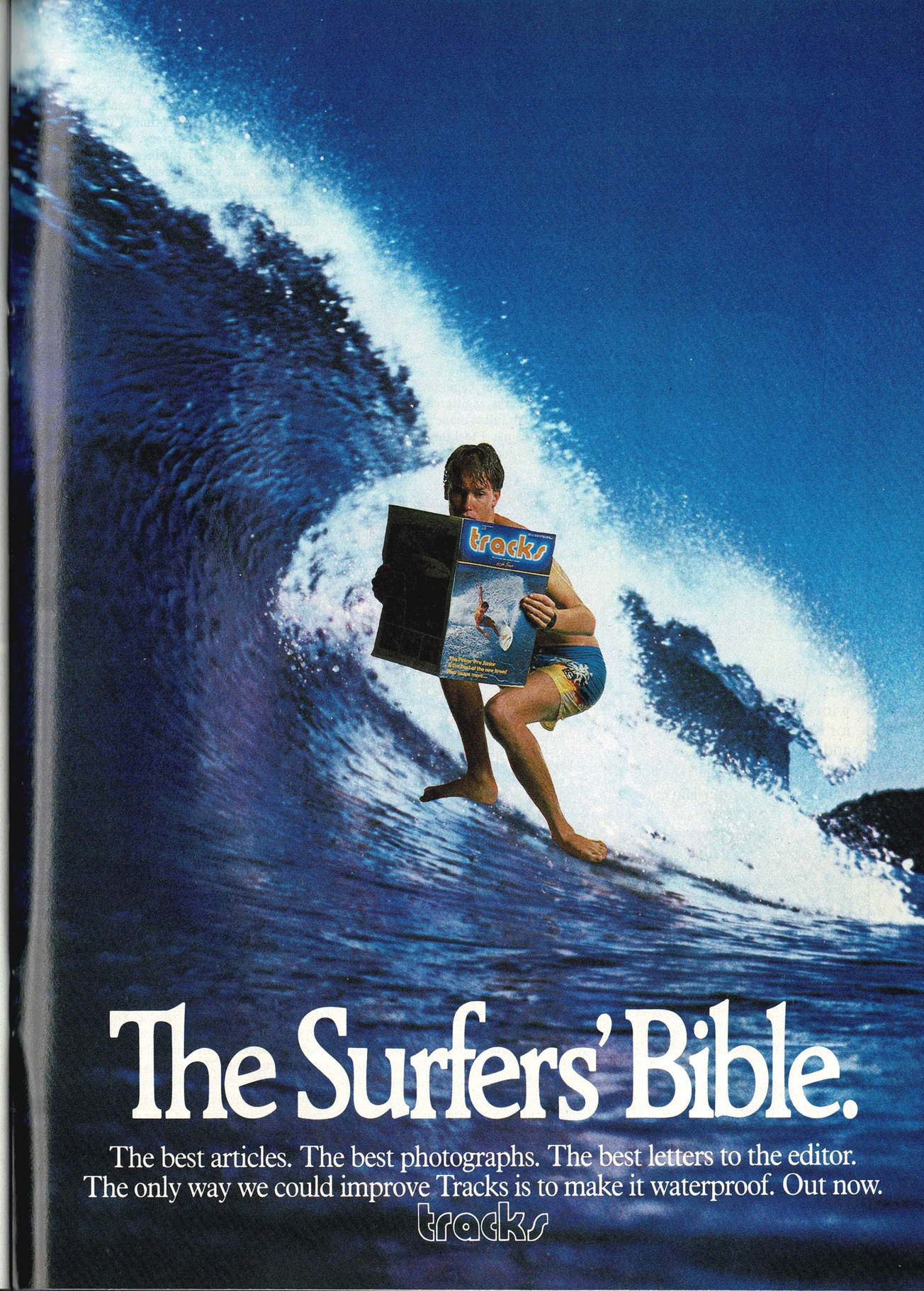
I check the cunningly executed irrigation system for the umpteenth time. Water is the key to this enterprise, and plenty of it. Relying on natural rainfall is like shooting for a full house in a game of poker. You might be lucky, but more often you won't be.

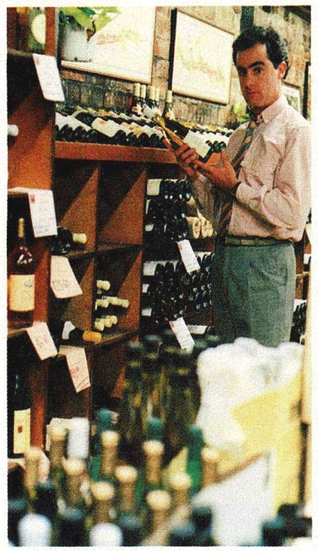
On the top side of the clearing, beyond the cedar, a tiny spring gravity-feeds water into a bank of 44 gallon drums. From the drums, a system of hoses and drip-taps attends each plant-site. It's simple and efficient, born from the mother of invention herself — necessity.

Carting water by hand is heavy, slow, and foolish. The results will be weekly visits to a chiropractor, and plants which look like they were grown on a mountain ledge in the Ukraine. Great, if you've got nothing better to do, and you only want to smoke a bit of ratty leaf. You get back what you give, and Mary Jane expects to be pampered until maturity.

I carefully inspect each tap. Water seeps steadily into the root-system of each fledgling plant. I step back for a wide-angle view of the entire crop. Ah, a sight to behold. I walk around the fenced perimeter. The fence is painted green, back up against the forest wall, almost invisible from a few metres.

I squat down in a patch of shade and smoke a cigarette. It tastes lousy. I think the BUGA UP people are getting to me. I bury the cigarette, and take a deep breath. It's





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quiet in the stillness of the morning.

I survey the crop, and give thanks to Mary Jane. I praise her for her richness of life, and spiritual virtues. I express my gratitude and respect, and beg her continued support for the demanding times ahead. I explain my need for money — that it is not greed-inspired, but necessary to escape the confines of a soul-destroying society. Mary Jane, give me your blessing, just one more time.

The clearing seems to flow with a life of its own. There is no sound above the breathing of the forest. For a long time I gaze at the plants, each one in turn, projecting positive thoughts. I scan the area for wrong signals. Everything is stable. I make my way home.

•

Just when I'm beginning to worry, a Jiffy-bag arrives, registered mail. I open it carefully. It's full of money. As always, the sight shocks me. I feel the blood leave my face as I consider what could happen to this stuff in transit. One row of staples between making it through, or being ripped off by some ageing dope freak sitting out hard times in a mail-sorting room. Jesus Christ! My body shakes as I think of the dangers. I scream at Ossenberg over the miles. I threaten him with slow death, for doing this to me again. But my rage is wasted energy. Ossenberg, if he was here, would neutralise my anger with a single, casual gesture, as he always does. "Nobody knows what's in that bag," he'd say. "Registered mail is as safe as a bank."

I count the money, and put it away. *Now* it's safe. My blood runs cold when I imagine those staples coming loose in the mail exchange. Never again, I vow silently. Next time I'll fly down and carry the stuff home.

When I tell Sal, she doesn't bat an eye. "That's good," she says, and goes on reading.

"Good?" I say. "Good? Is that all you've got to say?"

Sally shakes her book slightly. Silence. When she speaks again, it's like a stone dropping into a still pond. "It's bad-news money, Michael."

"Bad-news money," I repeat slowly. "Bad-news money."

Sally puts the book down. "Michael," she says, giving me a hard look, "I can remember a time when you would do anything for me. Would you agree?"

"Sure," I say, smelling a trap.

"You wouldn't now, though. You'd only do something for me on *condition* — am I right?"

"I don't know what you mean," I counter.

"Yes you do. You'll do something for me, but only if it suits *you*. Once upon a time, it would be for me alone. Me. A gift from Michael to Sally. Unconditional. What happened, Michael?"

This is a one-way street, familiar territory for both of us. I know what's coming, but I can't escape. I have to read my lines.

"You want me to give up the dope. I know that, Sally. But listen, I can't drop out, just like that. It takes time. I've got a big crop in, going like crazy. People are depending on it. This is business. I'm a link in a chain, and I can't break it suddenly, without warning."

"You can, but you won't," says Sally bitterly. "I was about to ask you to give it up for me. Just for me."

I look at her closely, wondering who she is. I can see nothing in her face. I try to bring back the love, the magic which brought us together. It isn't there. I've forgotten my lines.

"It's after three," I say. "Time to pick up the kids from school."

•

Thinking about it, up in the clearing, I can sometimes see things in a different light. Sally is right, in a way. I can't stay in the dope business forever, and the time will come when I'll have to toss it in. But first things first, and this year's crop is a beauty.

Time moves fast in the marijuana-growing business, and is relevant only to the state of the crop. The growing schedule is the calendar, and nothing else can intrude. At a certain week in a certain month, the plants must be so big, or flower heads must appear, and so on. Mary Jane must be coaxed to maturity right on cue. It means a lot of time, and a lot of effort. Nothing grows successfully without love, and loving care must be in every touch, in every breath.

Week by week, the plants grow thicker and broader. I prune each bush in turn, nipping the tiny central bud off each branch, encouraging outward growth. I spend long days with the patch, spreading and digging in fertiliser, spraying foliage nutrients, whispering encouragement. The plants respond with vigorous health, and I prune again to slow them down. They need more time in the soil to produce the highest quality, and too soon can be as ill-timed as too late.

I sit under the cedar tree, lost in time. The clearing is my spiritual home, my haven of peace and achievement. Hours are like minutes, as I drift in harmony with Mary Jane. She whispers secrets of her past, and stirs within me a knowledge of other worlds.

Yet not all is peace and calm. There are other days when the mood is wrong, when there is a feeling of imbalance. On these days, I feel the presence of other forces, and paranoia squats in my mind like a huge, fat spider. Paranoia. The marijuana grower's nemesis. When it comes down, it comes down hard. Attempts to laugh it off, rationalise, and dismiss it, just don't work. On a bad day it won't go away. Like a troublesome migraine, or an upside-down acid trip, there's nothing to do but ride it out.

Like today. I'm sitting in the middle of

(continued on page 98)

AN AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY PROMOTION

SUPER SPORTS

Two of our most talented surf athletes and a windsurfing fanatic show us what's cool for the beach this summer.

- *Craig Riddington, NSW ironman champion, wears pink cotton pants ($28) and T-shirt ($18.99) by Lightning Bolt.*
- *Doug Kitchener, windsurfing fanatic, wears Super Sessions John and Jacket ($189) from Rip Curl.*
- *Tom Carroll, twice world professional surfing champion, wears crayon striped plaero pants ($30.50) and hooded cotton parka ($45) from Quiksilver.*

- *Craig Riddington wears patchwork cord boardshorts ($26) and mint colored T-shirt ($18.99) by Lightning Bolt.*
- *Doug Kitchener is wrapped in Rip Curl Jacquard beach towel ($29.95).*
- *Tom Carroll wears "warpaint" cotton boardshorts ($25.95) from Quiksilver.*

- *The Subaru 4WD Sport features on-demand, dual range four-wheel drive you can drive just about anywhere. And with a vast load area, drop-down tailgate and 400kg payload, it's an ideal "get away from it all" vehicle.*
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- *The fully imported Subaru Sport is one of the most inexpensive four-wheel drives you can buy. So stop off at your Subaru dealer and start having fun!*

AN AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY PROMOTION

- *Tom Carroll wears Rip Curl Freelite surf vest ($48) and nylon "warpaint" boardshorts in fluorescent colors ($28.95) by Quiksilver.*
- *Doug Kitchener wears Wind John and Jacket set ($219.50) by Rip Curl.*
- *Craig Riddington wears striped boardshorts ($26) and singlet top ($14.99) from Lightning Bolt.*
- *All our ladies' swimwear by Speedo. Stockists on following page.*

MARY JANE

(continued from page 94)

I'm numb with dread but I fake a grin. There's no way I can get out of this one.

my patch, worrying about possums. They've been using the fence as a vantage point to select the biggest and juiciest plants for their nightly hit. It's a common hazard. All God's creatures are dope freaks at heart.

I'm considering the problem, without haste. The morning sun soothes my skin. Apart from possums, it's a great day, and I'm not looking for trouble. But without warning, and for no reason, a sudden wave of panic rolls over me. Disaster is imminent. Without question, a raiding party of heavily armed police is closing in on me. I can feel their presence somewhere out there in the forest. I think about the full weight of the law coming down on my head — the violence, the threats, the retributive scorn of social justice.

Frantically, I consider my options. None of them are good. I can attempt to destroy or hide the entire crop. Impossible. I can run! I'll bundle Sally into the car, grab Pancho, the kids from school, and take off! No time, no time. My heart pounds.

I look toward the house. No movement. Of course — they wouldn't be foolish enough to tip me off. They've come in from another direction. They've planned this for months — the big raid! A million-dollar crop, the newspapers will call it. There'll be a picture of cops pointing to a pile of heaped-up plants ready for burning. I feel cold as ice.

Ossenberg's words of long ago come back to me. Speaking in an exaggerated Australian accent, and grinning like a dog guarding its bone, he delivers his mock-serious words of advice on the subject of arrest and detention: "The best thing is to cop it sweet, and don't act big time. Tell them what they already know, or will find out anyway, and nothing else. Be friendly, helpful, and praise the police action. Don't be a smart-alec, but stick to your story, whatever it is. If you're copped red-handed, forget about barristers — they'll milk you of everything you own, and you'll still get a sentence."

Here Ossenberg widens his grin. His teeth look like they've been grafted from a white pointer. "Of course, if such a thing happens, you're on your own."

Of course. Golden rule number one. I look around, afraid of what I might see. I could already be surrounded. They could be in there, close to the fence, watching me sweat. Softening me up before they leap out, bristling with guns. They might even *shoot* me, just for practice. Who would care? Another druggie down the drain, good riddance. My hands are clammy, and my mind has turned to sludge. I sink lower, lower, until I'm hunched down beneath a leafy canopy of marijuana. Mary Jane massages my fears away, freeing me from poisonous doubt. There is nobody there, she croons, nobody there. Relieved, I stretch out flat on my back, peering at the sky through gently rustling leaves.

•

Close to harvest time Sally is nervous. She never visits the clearing but she knows when harvest is near. She avoids me, and talks very little. I try not to notice.

I'm nervous too, but it's an accepted part of a dope farmer's dues. Harvest is tough, tense work, and there is no way out of it.

The plants are big and bushy, and looking good. Another few days and I'll have to cut and dry the stuff, separate leaf from heads, package and weigh up. During that time, my fingers will be stained like a four-pack-a-day smoker, and the smell of marijuana will be everywhere. It's a time to hope nobody drops in for a surprise visit.

Sally tells me I need a break. She wants me to take the car and go off somewhere to relax, but I can't bring myself to do it. Time is too precious. Ossenberg has arranged a tight removal schedule, and I've got to be ready. Sally shuts down on me, moving around the house as if I don't exist. She's making me jumpy. I'm sitting up late at night on the verandah, peering out at the darkness, straining my eyes for the first signs of movement. The hill is a deeper darkness, looming monstrous and foreboding. I feel as brittle as glass. Whenever Pancho barks, I freeze. I imagine organised gangs of rip-off merchants creeping around, looking for my crop. If the dog *doesn't* bark, he might be dead, clubbed to death before he can raise the alarm. The night is full of phantoms. I'm not sleeping, and beginning to come apart at the seams.

All at once, I see the wisdom of Sally's suggestion. It's the sensible thing to do, while there's still time. If I hang around, slowly going to pieces, I could blow the whole deal. I can't figure it out: the best crop I've ever seen, and the worst case of the jitters to go with it. It's never got to me like this before, like I've lost control, and that events are predetermined, and will happen with or without me. I'll have to watch my step. There's no place for prima donnas in this business.

Sally brightens up when I tell her. She even smiles at me, but the smile looks strange, blurred, like an out-of-focus photograph.

"You'll benefit from this, Michael," she tells me. "You'll see."

I drive along the coast, make a few calls, and drink some beer, but I can't shake the knowledge that it's a bad time to be away. Harvest almost due, and here I am out cruisin' around like Diamond Jim's back in town.

I hold out for two days, before I turn the car for home. Mary Jane is waiting. Neglect her, and everything falls apart. In my mind, hundred-dollar bills rain from the sky. Suddenly they sprout wings and disappear into the wide blue yonder. I put my foot down hard.

•

Women, rats and marijuana growers rate equal first place for hair-trigger intuition. All three live a life on the edge, where out-of-place vibrations rattle early warnings to the nervous system. As I drive along our dusty dirt track, cursing my stupidity for leaving home, something icy tickles my spine. Instinctively, my foot hesitates on the accelerator, and I want to turn and run, but even before I see the pale-blue Falcons, I know it's too late.

I manage to park the car, my body turning to jelly. Pancho rushes up, barking furiously. I grit my teeth, and lurch out of the car. It's bad form to be paralysed by fear in front of the police.

The first person I see is Sally, standing at the top of the steps. Right behind her is a plain-clothes cop. Up there on the verandah, he looks as big as a tank.

I brace myself for those steps. I mentally staple my body together, and pray that I walk normally, and that there's some color left in my face, despite feeling empty and drained of blood.

They both watch me, Sally and the cop, as I make it up the steps. Sally is crying silently. The children, Amie and Jack, stand stiffly to one side, wide-eyed. I stare at them, stupidly. Amie smiles timidly, her chin trembling.

The cop is dead-pan expressionless. Inside the house I can see more cops. They all stop talking, and give me the eye.

The first word is up to me. I have to start talking, to try and bluff my way through. My mind is jammed with panic. All I can think of is a line from one of Ossenberg's rambling discourses on criminology: "When you don't know what's going on, keep your mouth shut." It seemed like good advice at the time, but it doesn't fit this situation. I've just come home and my house is crawling with police officers. They're waiting for my reaction, and it better be good. Amie saves me. She rushes up and grabs my leg. I hoist her in the air and kiss her.

"Hey, little mate, why are all these people all dressed up as policemen?" My voice sounds odd, like it belongs to somebody else. I swing Amie around, and put her down. I'm numb with dread, but I fake a grin. There's no way I can get out of this one.

Sally hugs me, whispering words I can't hear. Over her shoulder, the big cop looks at me, cold-eyed. Sally won't let me go.

"G'day." The cop lifts his chin, but his body doesn't move a fraction. "Detective-Sergeant Rossiter."

The other cops walk out on to the verandah. Two uniforms, and one plain-clothes. There's got to be more somewhere, and there is only one place they could be. I force my eyes away from the hill. One of the uniformed cops is speaking, but all I can hear is the sound of clanging prison doors. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. They'll throw the key away for this. Stewart's Creek or Boggo Road. Goodbye to family and friends. I clutch at straws. My only chance is complete co-operation, right down the line. Tell all, and hope for the best. My mind forces a hold-pattern, and hastily rehearses its last-stand story. Don't give up yet! Every marijuana grower, pusher and user has a final, desperate tale worked out for sudden-death emergencies, when their luck turns sour, and there is nowhere else to go. I try not to think of the failure rate of such stories.

I look at Rossiter and his mates. Futility blues. There isn't a story invented which will work for me. They've got me cold. It's the bitter end. Rossiter's gimlet eyes burrow into me. He's an old hand at this game, and old hands know the score.

"What's going on?" I look from Sally to Rossiter, and back to Sally. My instinct for survival fights on, hoping for the thousand-to-one lucky break. I'm hanging together by a thread. I can feel sweat bubbling up, about to burst free and give the game away. I force myself to turn back to Rossiter, and hold his gaze. His eyes are small, reptilian and flat as buttons, and he's trying to fix me, like a snake fixes a mouse for dinner. The other cops are like cardboard cut-outs, watching Rossiter zero in on his victim.

Suddenly, I resolve to get it over with, to confess in a clean stream of sound. The last barriers of resistance start to crumble. I'm up against the wall with no way out. If I play it their way, the easy way, I'll get a lighter sentence. Hey, I might only get a *fine*! Fantasy, fantasy, screams my mind, but I ignore the warning. Yeah, it will be better if I'm a good boy. The magistrate will see me as repentant, and the police will bring me cigarettes and cups of coffee. Rossiter will go easy on me, and move on to his next case. The decision made, I'm almost happy. No need to mention names, I'll just say this is a one-off experiment, and I hoped to sell the stuff on spec. Take pot luck. They'll all laugh at that one.

I set myself for the first word, and the point of no return. Rossiter watches me, ready to pounce. His head is cocked to one side, and his eyes simmer with fury.

Sally is whispering, whispering. Her fingers dig into the back of my neck, trying to pull my head down. I listen closely. "Don't . . . speak. Don't tell . . ."

I can't swallow. My desire to speak floods my entire being. My throat is tight, holding back the words of truth. Sweat bursts through the pores of my skin.

Sally backs away from me, almost stumbling into Rossiter. Her face is bloodless white. She points toward the hill. "Marijuana . . . over there. I found it . . . looking for wild orchids." Her voice is scratchy, like an old record.

Rossiter sneers and moves around her, as if to cover my escape. He stations himself close to me. Tiny whisky-veins criss-cross beneath his skin. Rage threatens to boil from his eyes.

Sally stares at me with the look of a hurt child. I try to make sense of her words. Amie and Jack watch me intently. Jack offers me a game smile. I feel sick, hollow, suffocated. Sally? Sally, how can I love you now?

I'm in the clear, but Rossiter's voice is thick with menace. "A nasty shock, Mike. There's quite a patch up there. Lucky for your wife that nobody was around, otherwise she mightn't be here to tell us about it." He turns to Sally. "It might be a good idea to take your children away for a few days, until we sort all this out." Rossiter takes hold of my arm, and steers me to the other end of the verandah. "Yes, Mike, a nice patch for sure. Looks like we'll have to do something about it." He grins into my face. "The plan is, Mike, that we leave the dope in the ground for now. You never know what might turn up." His grip is like a coiled snake. He watches me closely, his eyes roaming my face as if searching for an ugly disease. I look back at him numbly. "What I suggest, Mike, is that we leave you to look after the crop for a while, until the culprits show up, then bingo! we nab them. A big bust, something nice for the newspapers. You might even get a mention. Assisting police in their investigations — how does that sound?" He shakes me gently, slowly, back and forth, emphasising each word. "On the other hand, the druggies might smell a rat, and not come back. It'd be too bad if we had to burn that stuff, Mike. A crying shame."

Rossiter locks me with a cold stare. He's so close I can feel the staleness of his breath. "You and me, Mike, we're going to be old pals. We're going to have lots of what they call dialogue. *Meaningful* dialogue."

He pinches my arm, hard, and releases it. Then he pats my shoulder, and leads me to the verandah rail. Together we watch a group of men cross the creek. They're dressed in green overalls, and move very slowly. Rossiter winks at me and walks down to meet them. Pancho growls at his heels, but keeps a safe distance.

I can feel Sally's presence behind me, but I don't turn around.

Rossiter reaches the group at the creek. He waves an arm in the direction of the house. I hear Pancho bark, and a moment later, laughter.

Mary Jane seems a million miles away.

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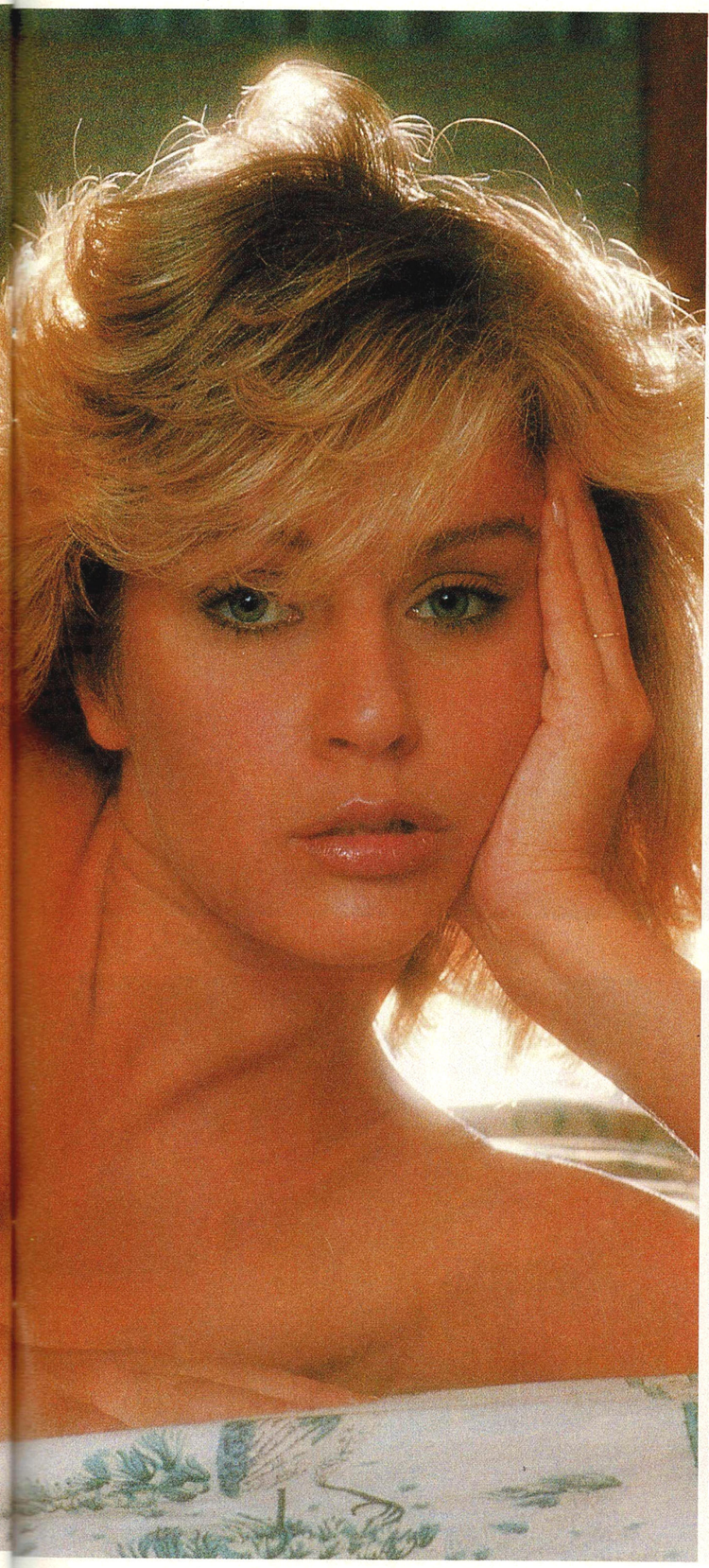
LONE STAR

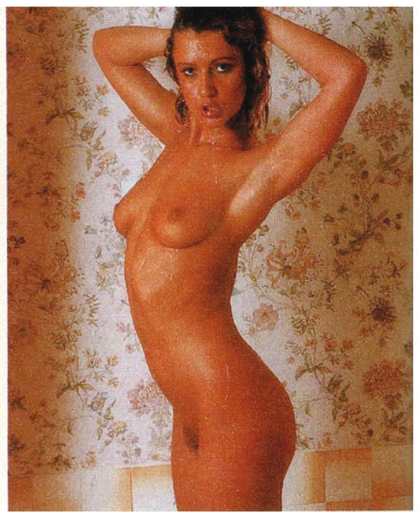
Gail is a gorgeous blonde with a novel approach to life.

Gail Lewis is a lady who likes to be alone. "I'm very much a loner," she explains. "As a free-lance writer I do most of my work from home and I only go into the city when it's absolutely necessary. I really hate to be swept up in crowds of people. That probably makes me sound very anti-social... I do like people but I prefer to be with just a few close friends. You may not believe this but it's been three years since I went to a party!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL LEGGE

Gail has written a couple of romantic novels and is now working on a blockbuster that she hopes will be a best-seller. "It has all the ingredients," she says. "There's lots of lust and passion, a bit of adultery, plenty of intrigue and a murder or two." Shades of *Dynasty* or *Return To Eden?* "No!" Gail laughs. "More like *The Thorn Birds* actually. There's a strong Australian theme and... well, I'm not giving any more away! I'm counting on this one to make me a star."



"Because I spend so much time by myself, I have plenty of time to explore my emotions and feelings. Unlike a lot of other people, I feel I really know myself. I have very few inhibitions or hang-ups. That goes for sex, too. I know exactly what I want and I'm never afraid to tell my partner how he should be treating my body. Some guys are shocked by my honesty... but, in the long run, they all appreciate my open attitude."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB LUCK

DOIN' IT IN THE DIRT

When it comes to speed and technology, rally drivers rule the roads.

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

TUESDAY MORNING 8am: Daniel Lambert, citizen and motorist in Rotorua, New Zealand, is handed a police citation for revving his Ford Cortina to an "anti-social" 68km/h in a 60km/h zone. Just 400 metres away, over a ridge and a hill, and at precisely the same time, Ari Vatanen, Finnish rally driver, flicks the tail of his 350bhp rallybomb out and hurls the car into a big gravel sweeper at as near as dammit to 200km/h. An exuberant cop, uniformed, cap tucked under arm, is among a group of enthusiastic roadside observers. As Vatanen showers him with dust and rocks, the copper waves his hands vigorously and cheers. His cap falls and lands upside down in the dust. As he shrugs and retrieves it, he mutters to the group: "That Vatanen

is a hero. But he's a madman."

You can get busted for riding your motocrosser, revving your grasscutter or blasting your stereo at excessive decibels, but rallycars vroom through day and night emitting sound levels far beyond those acceptable for human consumption.

Modern rallying is an automotive anachronism: a high-risk gladiatorial speed sport that swims strongly upstream against the flood of social pressures. It is a sport that thumbs its nose at the suggestion of restricting car speeds, shakes a defiant fist at noise-abatement authorities, and gives a cheeky raised digit to the environmental movement.

Rallying excites hundreds of thousands of roadside spectators and millions of TV viewers in an annual global gambol that welds money, sport, sex and politics into a billion-dollar enterprise. Rallying has only a fraction of the visibility of Formula One Grand Prix racing yet is vastly more significant in commercial terms.

Motor sport has always been the outdoor laboratory for motor vehicle development: almost every useful mechanical tool from the rear vision mirror to the disc brake has been bred out of racing. And rallying is closely coupled with consumer motor vehicle development. The swing to front-wheel-drive which marked the past decade of automotive progress will be matched in the coming decade with a universal move to all-wheel-drive.

The modern rallycar is a lethal speed machine. Take the current world championship model: a tiny sedan produced by Peugeot for the European market, doing well in Europe, but as yet invisible in Oz.

The 205 Turbo 16 is less than four metres long, 1.7m wide and about 1.1m high. Visually, it mimics the general shape of the 205 sedan, which is used by chic French motorists to cruise down Parisian boulevards at moderate velocity. But actually, there is little similarity.

Only the bulkhead and windscreen frame are from the original car. The fabricated cabin — nude of trim and finished with the finesse of a 44 gallon drum — is held together with a massive alloy roll-cage which has 28 bolting-in points. This is the driver and navigator's last defence system against death and injury.

The front section is specially fabricated to accommodate racing suspension, steering and brakes. The rear end accommodates rear suspension and the mid-engine.

This monster, pumping around 500bhp, sits in the middle of the cabin, right behind the pilot and co-pilot. It has almost 10 times the power of the standard road car, in about two-thirds of the body weight. There is less than two kilograms for each horsepower to drive.

The engine drives front and rear wheels simultaneously through three differentials. The four-cylinder, 16-valve turbocharged motor is capable of powering this diminutive gadget to 200km/h from rest in five seconds and 400 metres; perhaps 10 times the acceleration rate of the average family sedan.

Rallying: giving a cheekily raised digit to the environmental movement.

With four wheels as outboard as possible at the four corners and massive Formula One-style carbon fibre disc brakes all round, this machine can corner and brake with unbelievable dynamic force; so violently in fact that an unrestrained occupant can be ripped from the seat and hurled around the cockpit like a gravity-free astronaut.

The technology doesn't come cheap: one of these cars costs around $350,000 to build. Peugeot puts together around 15 a year for its "works" team and for "nationals" (high-ranked teams from other countries).

Peugeot's works team is as big as a lot of large firms. When it flies Down Under for the AWA-Clarion Rally of New Zealand world championship round, a Jumbo is needed to accommodate three cars, spares, 500 tyres/wheels, sundry equipment and 34 personnel including chef and medic. The bill for each such event can tick up to $500,000 and includes full-time air-to-ground helicopter support. (Choppers shadow the works cars along every inch of every special stage or competitive section.)

The pilots are super-athletes, regarded by the inner sanctum as almost superhuman. Peugeot bought a team of Finns to win the world championship, simply because they are the best in the world. The Finns are more modest. Says Timo Salonen, the new world champion and a wheelcraft genius: "We simply have the best cars and we travel with God in our hip-pocket."

Such flippant disclaimers disguise the real dangers and, in more serious moments, drivers agonise over the escalating risk rates and the new problems raised by rallycar super-development. Says Ari Vatanen: "At 200km/h aviation is presenting a real problem." He does not jest: high speed airborne leaps are part of the stock-in-trade of the rally course, and stability in flight is raising concern. Concern enough to send Peugeot engineers into the wind tunnel for a multi-million dollar aerodynamics development program on this year's cars.

Vatanen stared death in the face twice in 1985. In a high speed excursion early last year he turned his racer into something resembling the end product from a scrap metal crusher. He and navigator Terry Harriman miraculously walked away with scratches. Later on they were not so lucky; both men were hospitalised for months with multiple body injuries. They were cut out of wreckage that you wouldn't expect a cockroach to crawl out of alive.

To the rally drivers, who are modestly paid compared with GP drivers (a good salary is around $250,000 per annum), the reactions are casual rather than cavalier. "It is a question of fate," comments Vatanen. "Still, we are careful not to go off the road in the wrong place."

Despite the speeds, the dangers, the risks and the accidents (spectators are frequently involved), international rallying enjoys a fine reputation, and somehow manages to harmonise with the community.

In New Zealand, high on a green knob south of scenic Rotorua, a 12-year-old teenager, Kylie St George, stood in her gummies on her father's farm, gazed at the nest of Bell Jetrangers lurking on the nearby hill and enthused: "They drive right through our farm and we wouldn't miss it for anything. All the schools in the area get the day off when the rally comes through. And we have a house full of guests. We love it."

That's international rallying — seemingly loved by all and far from the old image of gravel wankers and dirt-road hooligans. Motoring's most public and colorful sport has produced a generation of sideways superstars who are the front line for the most important sport-related enterprise in global motor industry marketing.

For the manufacturers, it's "win on Sunday, sell on Monday." For the competitors, it's the ultimate way to do it in the dirt.

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LAST CLOSET

(continued from page 38)

So-called straight people wear bondage gear every day. What else is your girlfriend's bra?

sordid affair with a sex-fiend brutalising an equally weird victim, the exact opposite is, in fact, the case. The S&M relationship is the most democratic that exists.

Says Madam Lash: "It's a dialogue between two people where one has ultimate power, another ultimate helplessness. It's an act of total generosity with absolute consent and trust. Through all that an amazing mental state is created. A fair amount of intelligence is needed to do it right, and an all-powerful mistress, for instance, employs a great deal of psychology. It's such a mental thing that it taps into an emotional as well a sexual hotline."

Leaving the head to cope with its emotional baggage and letting the body do the talking is not as easy as it sounds in this business. The adrenalin rush that comes with the thrill of being blindfolded and at the total mercy of a dominatrix is much the same as in any sport. Total body contact. Yet the D&S buzz comes from play-acting, maybe a suggestion of titillation, maybe a dash of humiliation, which is something everyone at some time has felt, even in a non-sexual situation. We squirm when we recall it; even in the memory there's a small adrenalin hit, so in real life it should go through the roof. And it does, along with the body's pain threshold. So everything that should be felt as pain and fear and helplessness returns to the brain a feeling of unmitigated pleasure.

It's no accident then that all this complex arrangement of physical and mental atoms attracts some of the world's most powerful people. Dominant men at work and home with secretaries and wives who say yes, yes, in environments where everything from the company accounts to the morning coffee break is totally predictable. What they need, of course, to put their emotional balance sheets in the black is utter chaos, the unknown, someone to say no, no, and no one more time.

They find, in sexual submission, a kind of unpaid holiday. This controlled schizophrenia can give them a break from job tension, yet ironically, even on the rack, they're still delegating, administrators of their own punishment. Most dominatrices agree submissive men can be downright bossy. That's the cliche: "You vill do it this vay!"

•

One more cliche to throw out with the garbage: most dominant women are 100 kilo sacks of limp skin sculpture so ugly their bitch power seemingly derives from an inability to get a man any other way. Forget it.

A visit to one of Sydney's newest and most comprehensive fantasy houses, Salon Kitty, in Victoria Street, Potts Point, will make you forget it. A fantasy in every playroom, a dungeon in the attic, 10 mistresses on call to attend to any adult fairy-tale or if you want, yes, a bit of serious pain. You want to be humiliated by a stepmother figurehead, you got it. You want to be hit for an hour and walk out with welts and bruises, you got it. But not from some muscled moron AWOL from the wrestling. The women are young, fit, mostly very pretty, and all smart. They know the games they play, and they understand the psyche that needs to play.

Says Mistress Lane: "A person who walks into a house of dominance requires a lot of courage to say 'I know you're going to think I'm crazy, but...'

"What's actually happening is that person needs some avenue of self-expression. And he's vulnerable enough to trust someone with his need. It's a self-exploration thing. He knows his desires and is able to express them."

Talking through a client's needs is how every session starts in Salon Kitty: how far the fantasy will go, and maybe how tough. A man might not even know what his own little trip is, so he needs direction. He might just be curious or he could simply be bored with straight sex and wants to try out some different body sensations that happen to start out softly and then develop into something else again.

Before the session begins the relationship between mistress and client is forged: she's sized him up psychologically and he knows what he's getting into. Sexual power play is the dynamic, though the bottom line is trust. And orgasm is not an automatic end to every scene.

In that room over there he's tied up on an operating table and his mistress is a nurse, threatening the ultimate incision. Down the corridor a man asked for a submissive and has a cute French maid at his beck and call. Upstairs a chap is wrestling with and will be pinned by two women. Then there's the houseboy-valet. And the vampire scene. In the attic a man is strapped to a hung, leather hammock while she lurks above him, all done up in black bodice and boots, writhing and ready to pounce. The strangeness range is indeed extraordinary. Most, however, are normal guys desperately seeking relief from their own normal worlds.

"We have a cleansing effect on the guys," says Mistress Lane. "They release a lot of tension and leave here incredibly refreshed."

•

It's like trying to explain the cathartic nature of the actor's trade. He improvises a scene, the unknown is breeched, a drama unfolds and, in the end, the world of make-believe is a better place for all.

The instructive word here is scene. Scene covers each and every D&S combination. They are all acted out: more than any other kind of sexual opera, D&S assumes theatrical form. Stories are told, there is confrontation, dialogue, physical as well as intellectual climax.

As with any drama, costume and props provide lots of the illusion. Face it, most people look better in bondage. Restraint articulates the body. Indeed, so-called straight people wear bondage gear every day. What else is your girlfriend or wife's bra but a restraint gadget to accentuate the bustline? Or paint-tight jeans? The most common, and commonly painful, bondage implement is a high heel, yet women know that heels improve leg silhouette by cording calf and thigh. Watch any woman walk, heeled; you see there the hobbling, insecure stride of someone in ankle irons.

But mistresses and not just their slave clientele wear flattering bondage. Put on that push-up bra. Lace that boot. Leather and latex simulate flesh: moulded flesh that feels smooth, perspirationless, streamlined, non-human. Even in partner-partner privacy or mirrored self-restraint, the hung, muscle-bound human physique is an alluring showpiece. Leather straps, chains, locks, stocks and barrels all stretch it to vulnerable limits.

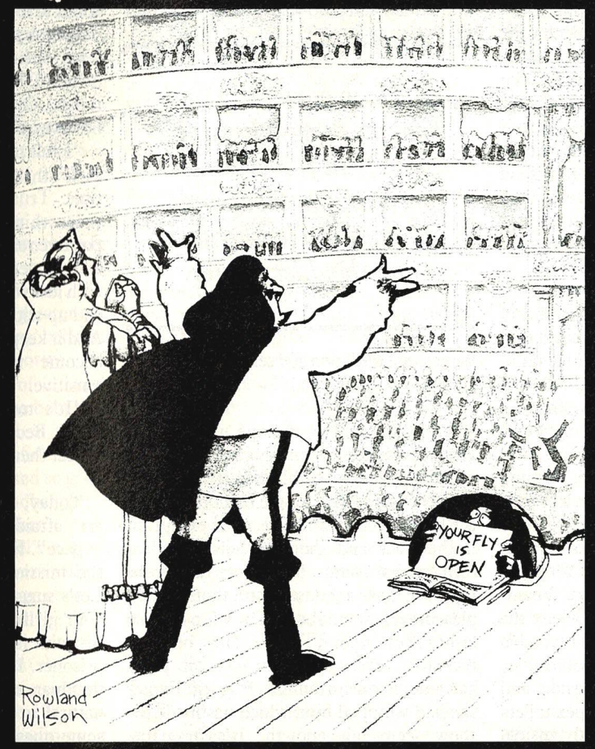
But as the ad man sayeth, where the hell do you get this kind of stuff? Most shops in this market-place are in parts of town where you'd never bend over to pick up a fat wallet off the pavement. Otherwise most houses of discipline have their own wardrobes. But for your own private collection?

Well, I guess you'd expect to pack up your courage and troop down some seedy, unlit lane in St Kilda, or furtively slip behind a door in Kings Cross with signs barring minors, dogs and sundry legal nightmares. Inside would be rows of leather-bound mistresses at sewing machines, and hulking mastiff-like giants doing crash tests on whipping benches. They would grunt like Cro-Magnons.

Wrong. One man who deals clothing and hardware to D&S devotees has placed his business in such an incongruous setting that even a black tracker with the Right-To-Lifers would be hard-pressed to get a nose on the joint. Plum in the middle of the tomato and strawberry farming belt on the western outskirts of Sydney, Albert Kayser's Novelty Company is at the hub of Australia's S&M world. His showroom features racks of leather corsets and chastity belts, straps and collars. Down there under that table is a box of paddles that should go to a charity ping-pong tournament. Just inside the door is another rack of latex gear: rubber bikinis, body stockings with two

$4.95*

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
Book of Laughs



THE BEST OF PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES AND CARTOONS

OUT NOW

moulded cups for caged-in breasts, elasticised shorts that would turn a head or two down the gym. Then there's vinyl fantasy clothes: full-length evening gowns, baby-doll pyjamas, raincoats, yeah, you bet, good ol' vinyl mackintoshes, even your regulation French maid outfit in non-regulation vinyl.

Albert's proud of his collection and rightly so. Last year he pulled second prize at an international eccentric fashion show in Switzerland. It was for a vinyl fantasy outfit in the costume competition; the trophy sits on top of a chest of drawers that he opened for us only once. Inside was evidence of an unknown world: piles of photos of practising mistresses and their slaves in all kinds of scenes. A Roman chariot ridden by a character like an extra from *Ben Hur* controlling the reins to two leather-trussed gals. A clear plastic sheet hoisted into the air with an excited madam bound arms and legs to each corner while under it a man watches with glee. Two unfortunate prisoners bound and strapped to a pole in a pine forest while two mistresses in studded chastity belts with connected collars and brandishing whips seemingly kick the lads in the solar plexus. These pictures might all look deadly serious but Albert laughs when he displays them. No way are these anything more than a bunch of people having a hoot of a good time; and they're not doing it in some dark dungeon a mile underground where squadrons of farmers with pitchforks can't weed them out.

Jesus, what about the neighbors? Albert gets serious: he was open with some of them, blurted the whole story so they didn't wake up one morning and find a legion of characters in tight white vinyl and red latex running around like escapees from a Zap/Pow comic strip. Other neighbors? Forget it. This is Earth, not Mars, nor Roman England. This is an acre farming fantasies, not fruit trees. Some folk just wouldn't understand.

Even he admits to amazement at some of his weirder stock: specialty items for those with special kinks in their armory. Foam-padded headboxes, for example, where the slave's head is locked up inside a wooden block (not good for claustrophobics); or bondage barrels, upholstered inside and totally inescapable; or clear perspex toilets that secure the slave's head inside, removable top, easy cleaning, fitted with white lid and cover. Go ahead, use your imagination.

Sometimes there's just no explanation for individual desires, but if they're fulfilled, everyone walks away smiling and, like the actor, the world is a happier place.

Pride of place in Albert's showroom is a coffin — yes, another fantasy revealed — he made himself. Leather interior, perspex peepholes just where a trapped slave's face would be inside, so once the coffin lid is closed his mistress can sit, okay, on his face but without the more obvious consequences. More insights into death and desires? More weird scenes inside the goldmine.

He's been in business now for more than two years; it was a case of seeing an untapped market, saying to himself, "I can't get what I want, so I'll make the damned stuff myself," and voila, all over Australia, New Zealand, even Papua New Guinea, the word gets out. Now he has more than 200 private clients as well as many local houses of dominance. And you guessed it, business is skyrocketing.

But more importantly, Albert is a devotee too. He understands the act of compassion and generosity S&M must be. He thinks dominant mistresses who can also be submissive are the best. And because of it he knows that deep inside everyone is a dominant and submissive character. Devotees have simply been open enough to let it come to the surface.

As for S&M's sexual connotations, he's very clear: "When you get older, sex doesn't come as easy as when you're a young blood. The fantasy and play-acting of S&M adds to the sense of titillation and sex is undoubtedly better for all concerned."

In black garter belt and hose she hangs like supple breadfruit from the hoist mechanism. He is nude except for a leather jock and shoulder holster.

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Take that couple, the one up on stage. He's just fastened a hungry steel nipple clip to her left breast. In black garter belt and hose she hangs like supple breadfruit from the hoist mechanism. He is nude except for leather jock and shoulder holster full of torment hardware. They kiss: the strobe light will make a thousand still shots of their pleasure. He stands back. The whip-tongue lashes her, again, again. Her body is receptive, even confident. Yet it jerks, galvanic, like a current in a frog leg. Earlier she had whipped him, which has made the show seem fair enough. It's dramatic, ritualised, and totally captivating for the three dozen or so largely male audience enjoying a regular Wednesday night's entertainment in Sydney's southern suburbs.

Jay and Diane Hartwell could be parents of the year. During a 31-year marriage which must have been through more whips than Smoky Dawson, they are without a scar. And Jay and Diane are still quite in love. Hartwell, though, isn't their real name. He has an upper bracket spanking-clean executive job. If anyone at his firm associated Jay with grope suits and flagellation, he'd get the sack and it wouldn't be made of leather.

"I feel guilty about not coming out. I would if it were possible to earn a living," he says.

Gently, Diane answers: "You have a responsibility to the family. You know you can't."

The Hartwell golden rule is clear. "Have him or her do unto you only what you enjoy having done." And nothing, nothing else.

"All my life I wanted to tie ladies up, and be tied up," says Jay. "From, oh, age five. And I spent my life trying to find out what was wrong with me. From my background I will tell you that people into S&M will not change. The need is going to stay there."

Diane, whom he had known from high school, was straight. After their marriage, though, she began to have wild surmises about Jay. And one day she said, "Why don't you try tying me up?"

As Jay puts it: "The dam broke. I was like a drowning man who got a rope. I wasn't about to let go."

It took a long time for Diane and Jay to learn their golden rule and in between drinks Diane did much she didn't really relish. Out of love, out of duty, not, however, for sexual pleasure.

"I tell people they must be honest with each other," she says. "The process takes time. Trust grows. If you're truly doing those things you both enjoy, it's called positive reinforcement. And people expand and sex gets better. Now, you don't end up with just your fantasies — believe me — you end up with a synthesis of them and reality. And it keeps getting better and better. You become more caring, responsible and sensitive.

"It's totally against the stereotype of S&M. Because you can't abuse people and expect them to come back for more."

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Today, in truth, both male and female are afraid of impinging on another's "space". Forget D&S here. Disregard even the missionary position and its politics. Let's suggest that when you just embrace your girlfriend or wife, draw her to you, restraint is exercised. You hold her fondly prisoner. It is emblematic of possession, of dominance. It may even arouse, but it is natural to human love. Take her hand in some questionable neighborhood and you assert both protection and superior physical strength. What is caring, after all, but kind dominance and stewardship? The shame that people caught by D&S feel — shame which we reinforce by our bitter, nervous contempt of them — is in all of us. Egalitarians embarrassed to presume on each other, even with love.

A marriage service may mention "binding" two people together. There is rope all around us. Rope of mystery and rope of love. It is dangerous always to ask who will be the binder and who the bound.

BERTRAND

(continued from page 34)

The truth was we were sailing that boat flat out to make it look as good as possible.

something that was different plus we had the impertinence to conceal it. When we earned a great performance record by beating the foreign boats out of sight, the keel issue became bigger than ever. Nobody could understand how the Aussies had improved so much. It had to be something tangible, like the keel, they thought. It couldn't be anything to do with greater professionalism, supreme dedication and efficiency, strong morale and compatibility. Or so everybody thought.

It's all about this thing that yachtsmen call boat speed — the great BS. It also stands for bullshit. Boat speed is an integral part of the great psych of yacht racing. If you don't have it, you don't have a chance. If you have no confidence in your boat speed then your confidence collapses altogether. The Yanks are really tuned in to this, so, whenever we had a loss against a foreign boat, I would never admit there was anything wrong with the keel or the boat design.

I'd say I made a mistake or we were experimenting with the sails — anything to preserve the mystique of the keel that nobody had been permitted to see. We thought the longer this went, the greater our chance of damaging the Americans' belief in their own technological superiority.

It gets back to the problem of internal haemorrhaging, but this time the boot was on the other foot. We put them under pressure by appearing to be confident and professional at all times. We looked so good that they accused us of "sandbagging" against the foreign boats. That's how convinced they were of the keel's superiority! The truth was that we were sailing that boat flat out to make it look as good as possible.

PLAYBOY: Was the decision to cover the keel an orchestrated part of the psych?

BERTRAND: Not at first. We sort of stumbled on the idea. Originally, the keel was so outrageously different that if it had proved really fast, we would have had to keep it a secret to prevent the Yanks copying it. I thought it would be either faster or slower. I never dreamed it would actually give us almost identical speed to that of both *Challenge* and *Liberty*.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that, in pure sailing terms, the keel did not give you any significant advantage?

BERTRAND: Yes. We had a better manoeuvring boat because of the keel but . . . let me put it this way — I think we could have won the cup with *Challenge 12*.

PLAYBOY: From 3-1 down?

BERTRAND: No, *not* from 3-1 down because the superior manoeuvrability of *Australia II* proved crucial over the final races. The technology was important but the other half of the battle was the psychology.

Dennis Conner and I met six months after the cup and we discussed the respective campaigns. Our conclusion was that if you raced *Liberty* and *Australia II* a hundred times, *Australia II* would win 55 and *Liberty* 45. That's about the level of difference. And with that I mean alternating crews for each race. If you consider that you can see the notion that the Americans would have thrashed us if they had had the winged keel is just so much rubbish. Over a seven-race series you might be talking about one mistake. That's how closely matched those boats really were. After all, the series was won by 41 seconds in the final race.

PLAYBOY: How accurately did the world press record the differences?

BERTRAND: Nobody really knew what was going on. They were all looking through fences and it was easy for them to write about this mysterious keel. For the reporters who knew little about yachting, the mysterious keel offered a simple solution that bypassed all the other complex reasons that make one sophisticated yacht sail faster than another. Every book on the subject was written by outside journalists trying to figure what the hell was going on. Those people never knew that in the last race *Liberty* was faster than *Australia II* going into the wind. They took 900 pounds out of the keel for the last race and we had to sail our arses off to stay with them. Then we made a series of important decisions which happened to be the right ones while they made a series of errors. That's where yacht races are usually won or lost. I suspect they mentally collapsed under the pressure, but nobody wrote that. The vital differences came down to the human factors: tactics, sail selection, instinct, training, morale and all the other intangibles. And that's where we were better.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example?

BERTRAND: Before the final race we were working against *Challenge 12* and noticed she was sailing faster under the conditions in which we were just about to sail against *Liberty*. *Challenge* had been helping us since her elimination and we had even seconded from her crew when one of our mob was injured. Anyway, here we were about to sail for our lives and we notice we're not even faster than *Challenge* in the *conditions*. We noted they were using a different Genoa than us so we had it brought over to *Australia II* in a twinkling. It worked a treat and was undoubtedly a crucial factor in that final race. Now that was a matter of knowledge and making the right decision at the right time.

Ironically, we had the Yanks so worried about the keel that they probably neglected the importance of sail selection. Meanwhile, we had the best sail inventory of any challenger in the history of the cup. We had a sail design genius in Tom Schnackenberg, we used computers and photography to help us arrive at optimum shapes and settings and we spent almost every night working, recutting and improving.

PLAYBOY: When did you realise you were winning the psychological war against the Americans?

BERTRAND: Halfway through the series one of the leading lights of the *Liberty* crew came to me and said, "I can't think of a better guy to lose the America's Cup than Dennis Conner." I was ecstatic because I knew we had them on the run. We'd shaken their self-belief to the very core. Here were the Yanks actually contemplating defeat!

PLAYBOY: Did you feel you knew more about the Americans than they knew about you?

BERTRAND: Yes. It helped us understand just where they were vulnerable. The keel helped us exploit that and it gave us an insight as to how professional and tight we had to be as a fighting unit.

PLAYBOY: Despite that, the members of the Aussie contingent must have been under tremendous personal pressure throughout the series.

BERTRAND: We were fighting for our lives. Somehow we kept surviving. It took me three months after the series to stop waking each day with pre-race nerves. As we moved into the campaign and the pressure mounted, we closed ranks and became an even tighter fighting unit. We didn't mix with the media or the large group of Aussie supporters in Newport. Instead, we stuck close by each other, our wives, girlfriends and families.

PLAYBOY: As a media spectacle, the racing was something that happened out on the horizon. The only time the world saw you at close quarters was at the post-race press conferences. Somebody remarked that the strain on your faces made you look like men just returned from a war zone.

BERTRAND: I didn't go to Vietnam but I knew blokes who did. I sense it would be like being dropped behind enemy lines for months with an elite combat unit and being told to fight for your lives — every day. Then they'd come and haul you out and tell you it was over, you could go home. People said to me, "Gee, you must have had a few giant piss-ups after winning." Sure, we did. But what we really needed was what the soldiers would require: three months in a rehabilitation clinic. It took me a long time to stop having nightmares about that big red boat sliding past us and me not being able to do anything about it.

PLAYBOY: How do you relate to those guys

who shared that experience?

BERTRAND: I'm certain we will be lifelong friends because of what we shared in Newport '83. That's the test of our compatibility. We worked so hard to achieve perfection. We had a super boat, super crew, super sails and a super support organisation. The overall standard was something above and beyond anything any challenger had taken to Newport. Bondy said the cup was only as strong as its weakest link, and he was right. Those links are technology, administration and the people on the boat.

PLAYBOY: Was boredom a problem?

BERTRAND: It's not as if we were sitting around with nothing to do. There is so much tuning and experimentation required before you start to know the boat as well as you might want. A 12 metre is like a Formula One motor car; you race it around the course right on the limit until, when you cross the line, the machine falls to pieces and you are just about dead from exhaustion.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any contact with the Yanks while you were involved in your arduous preparation?

BERTRAND: Not a lot. Both camps were very busy. It was crucial we remained unafraid of them. We were out on a training run one morning when one of our crew led us right through the front gate of the *Liberty* quarters. Their crew was doing push-ups on the front lawn and we just jogged by without a word. Next thing, they come jogging through our place and it finished on a riotous note when one of our boys tackled his opposite number in their crew. Everybody except Dennis and a few others saw the funny side. I realised that, for the first time, we had an Aussie crew which was afraid of nothing.

PLAYBOY: As a match-racing event, 12 metre sailing is a confrontationist sport. Is that how you prefer it?

BERTRAND: During 1975 I was living in the US when I went into a Canada's Cup crew as replacement tactician aboard an American boat which was coming last in the series. What an experience! We ended up winning and it involved more than 50 match races against some of the best men in the world. It convinced me that I could not only match it with the Yanks but beat them at their own game.

PLAYBOY: Did the cultural experience help you at all?

BERTRAND: Definitely. By nature Americans are much more confident than us. I observed how they used that edge to make themselves more competitive. They know the psychology of presence. Take Dennis Conner: he's a very imposing man. In 1980 I'd seen Jim Hardy intimidated by that powerful presence.

It's akin to the sort of intimidation McEnroe uses in tennis. You can spend millions taking care of all the tangibles, but then it finally comes down to two men eyeballing each other over a stretch of water.

PLAYBOY: How did you deal with it?

BERTRAND: I spent time thinking about image. I didn't want to go to the States, walk into the first press conference and appear inferior to the man I had to beat for the cup. It comes down to little things like shaking hands; if your hand is in the upper position it's a subtle indication that you see yourself as superior to that person. So, there's me and Dennis on the stage at that first press conference, shaking hands and trying to assert the knuckles-up position while we eyeballed each other for about 30 seconds. What a joke! But very important because we're in the business of split-second decision-making and if you doubt your ability you'll invariably have a less than 50-50 chance of being successful in your decision-making.

PLAYBOY: Were you aware all along that it would finally come down to this life-and-death struggle between you and Conner?

BERTRAND: Yes. Right from the beginning I'd make a point of walking through the doorway first rather than subserviently standing aside to let the great man pass. I'd studied Dennis at close quarters and knew what made him tick, so there was no mystique there as far as I was concerned.

Most Australians know exactly what they were doing and who they were with at the time we crossed the line in that seventh race.

PLAYBOY: You had tremendous Aussie support in Newport. And there was a tremendous promotion of the Aussie image. How important was that rallying of the green and gold?

BERTRAND: The boxing kangaroo was a great inspiration. In 1980 we had something that looked like a flying rat and did nothing for our self image. This was supposed to be our battle flag! We bought the biggest loudspeakers and put them on our tender boat, *Black Swan*, and we had the perfect battle anthem in Men At Work's *Down Under*. The album and single were huge in the States at the time, and we arrived in Newport with it blasting out as our battle song. Every time *Black Swan* left that dock with *Australia II* in tow, we'd run the boxing kangaroo standard up the mast and switch up *Down Under* so loud that everybody in Newport could hear it. Hell, we were going to war! That's an indication of just how pumped up we were. So symbolism was very strong.

PLAYBOY: While you were involved in the series, were you aware of the impact you were having on the people back home?

BERTRAND: No, not at all. We knew it was important to Australia but didn't understand how important until we arrived home. Just about everybody old enough can tell you what they were doing when they heard the news of JFK's death and Neil Armstrong's landing on the moon. Most Aussies know exactly what they were doing and who they were with at the time we crossed the line in that seventh race. None of us realised how gripped the nation was by this melodrama. It couldn't have been scripted better.

PLAYBOY: What about the Aussie supporters?

BERTRAND: We didn't get too involved. We were aware that they were there supporting us, but our job was too important for us to socialise. We had the smallest team of the foreign syndicates. We had 27 and it blew out to 35 after the eliminations. Next smallest was 60, which was the *Challenge 12* group. They lacked experience and didn't know how to trim it to the essentials.

PLAYBOY: And how is Australia's '87 defence developing?

BERTRAND: Bondy is continuing the process he started many years ago. He has got most of the old hands involved, at least 70 percent of the '83 team. Bondy can mould a team, keep them involved when things get tough. Plus he's a brilliant salesman. Take Benny's role — it reminds me of the artist at the de Medici court. There you have this brilliant designer sinking his wells, making a few mistakes, but all the time compiling this vast experience designing 12 metres. That's invaluable.

PLAYBOY: It appears they've got all the right people from '83 except the skipper and helmsman.

BERTRAND: If you are not willing to sweat blood, then you shouldn't go near it. How many times did Sir Edmund Hillary have to go up Everest before they acknowledged that he'd climbed it?

PLAYBOY: You must have compressed a lot of living into that '83 campaign. What does John Bertrand do now?

BERTRAND: I love challenges. I'm very proud of what we achieved in '83 and I never want to lose touch with that beautiful memory. That's why I'm a director of the '87 defence syndicate and a roving ambassador for Western Australia's Department of Tourism.

PLAYBOY: What are our chances of a successful defence?

BERTRAND: Fifty-fifty, and that's pretty strong. We won't have the benefit of local knowledge because the Yanks have been in Fremantle for a long time. But all those other things like homesickness, being away from your family, culture and the familiar ties will be working against them rather than us. And our beautiful Aussie girls will be a great distraction for the foreign crews!

SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

My problem is that I find it very hard to achieve an orgasm without a vibrator.

Admittedly I've been using it for many years now, but when my boyfriend and I are in bed, it causes a lot of friction.

I can make him have an orgasm in the normal way but it's frustrating for him that I don't climax too.

I get very excited playing with him almost to the point of climax but when he touches me, it's nice but just that. Has the vibrator deadened my senses to anything natural?

— F.L., NSW.

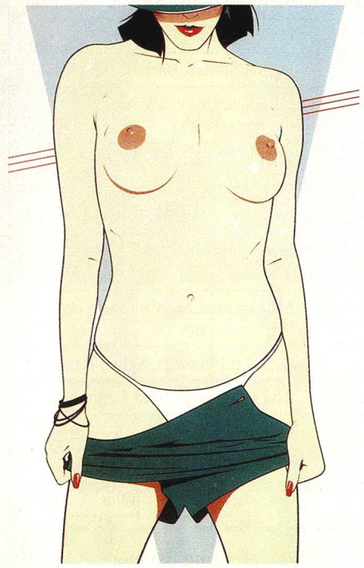
The trouble with vibrators is that although they can't do any physical harm and won't damage the senses, they are the easy route to orgasm and once you get used to the intense level of stimulation they provide, it is often hard to tune into the slower and more gentle build-up that occurs during normal arousal. The problem is psychological and shows how much arousal is in the mind rather than the body. You *can* learn to respond to the stimulation you receive when your boyfriend is touching you but what you have to do is learn to focus on very different, more subtle sensations. This may take time, you have to be patient with yourself and try not to lie there expecting everything to happen instantly (as it does with a vibrator).It sounds as if you are rather tense with each other and while that tension exists it will be difficult for you to relax and enjoy this different response. During this period it may also be a good idea to put away the vibrator for a while. With the vibrator in the bedside drawer, it is too easy to succumb to temptation and give up on what may be a rather frustrating but important stage in your sexual development.

I am 18 years of age and would like to know what is involved in getting my foreskin removed and how long I would have to spend in hospital? I know I should ask a doctor but I am a very shy person and writing to you is easier. I am thinking of this because it hurts so much when it is pulled back and just recently has started to crack. Is this a very serious problem or a common one? I also masturbate a lot and it gets sores on it. I think it is from vigorous rubbing. Is this true or is there something else wrong with me? I think this is called thrush and wonder how to cure it.

— T.F., Qld.

You appear to be suffering from what is called phimosis, a tight foreskin. When the foreskin is too tight, it commonly tears when it is retracted, scar tissue then develops which can easily lead to further tearing and perhaps infection. The sores you mention could be related to thrush but it is also possible they are due to a range of other diseases including the various sexually transmitted diseases. It is important you do seek help for this problem. Don't be shy, go to your doctor and ask him to examine you. Your situation is far from uncommon and your doctor will be quite used to dealing with this type of problem. It may be necessary for you to have a circumcision operation, which would probably require up to a week in hospital. It's not a particularly pleasant prospect but it sounds as if it could be necessary. So take your courage into your hands and have a check-up. It's better than sitting at home worrying about your poor battered penis.

After reading the Sex column in Australian PLAYBOY, March 1985, I gave much thought to your comment on the donating of sperm. I considered your thoughts valid and being willing to risk my ego I decided to donate sperm to a local clinic.



I had arranged for the obligatory interview and went along at the arranged time. My sperm was refused (I did not produce any sample at all) because of a weight problem I have. I am in my early twenties, and apart from being slightly overweight, I am perfectly normal and healthy, having been bed-ridden only once in my life due to illness.

I see the role of an IVF programme as giving normal, everyday couples the chance to have normal, everyday children. I do not believe the programme should attempt to produce a perfect Utopian society. Because obesity (although I am not clinically obese) is not a proven genetic disease (if indeed it can be seen as a disease), how can the programme flatly refuse the sperm of a physically normal, healthy, intelligent but overweight donor?

Does being overweight affect sperm production and mobility (that is, ability to fertilise)? I would appreciate your comments on this situation, both in my particular case and on the whole programme in general, including the controls (or lack thereof) on the IVF and AID programmes.

— B.F., ACT.

The specialists we spoke to were surprised to hear your sperm had been refused because you were overweight. They could think of no reason why this should have affected the sperm. Perhaps there was some other reason why your sperm was refused and the clinic personnel used the weight as an excuse. (We can't imagine what the reason would be and would be interested in having the name of the clinic and we will see if we can check up for you.) Meanwhile we hope this won't put off other males, fat or thin, from donating sperm. The clinics are now in even greater need of donations because of the recent requirement for sperm donors to also give a blood sample which can be tested for AIDS. The blood sample has to be given three months after the original sperm donation and this is creating immense problems for the clinics who have sperm donated in 1984 which cannot be used until the donors return to give a blood sample. So spare a thought for the plight of the clinic workers and the infertile couples requiring help and consider a sperm donation (and if you donated sperm in recent times without giving a blood sample, how about giving the clinic a call — they are probably trying to track you down).

DATE RAPE

By far the most common type of rape, and the least often reported, is date rape — rape which occurs in the context of an established dating relationship. Sociologist Eugene Kanin from Purdue University in Indiana talked to 71 self-confessed "date rapists" from among the university students about why they had raped their girlfriends, and compared them to a group of "normal" students.

It turned out that the basis of the date rape was the male's unwillingness to accept "no" for an answer. The men perceived the girls as sexually aroused and therefore felt the girls were playing games when they wouldn't go all the way. Almost two-thirds of the males said the reason they raped was they had had too much to drink.

It is the eternal dilemma — the difficulty males have in understanding that although the woman's body may be showing a green

BACK ISSUES
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light, she can and must still be able to decide to call a halt to the proceedings. In these circumstances the male must accept the red light, or realise he is, in fact, a rapist if he proceeds. But part of the problem is also the fact that women aren't always good at giving clear green/red signals — they hedge their bets, leave the light on amber and suffer the consequences.

MEASURING UP

The difference between psychogenic and organic impotence has been clinically based upon whether or not a man can achieve erections while sleeping. Diagnostic methods have included placing a ring of postage stamps around the flaccid organ; in the morning, popped perforations prove potency. But even though a penis can break a band of stamps, it can be too limp for penetration.

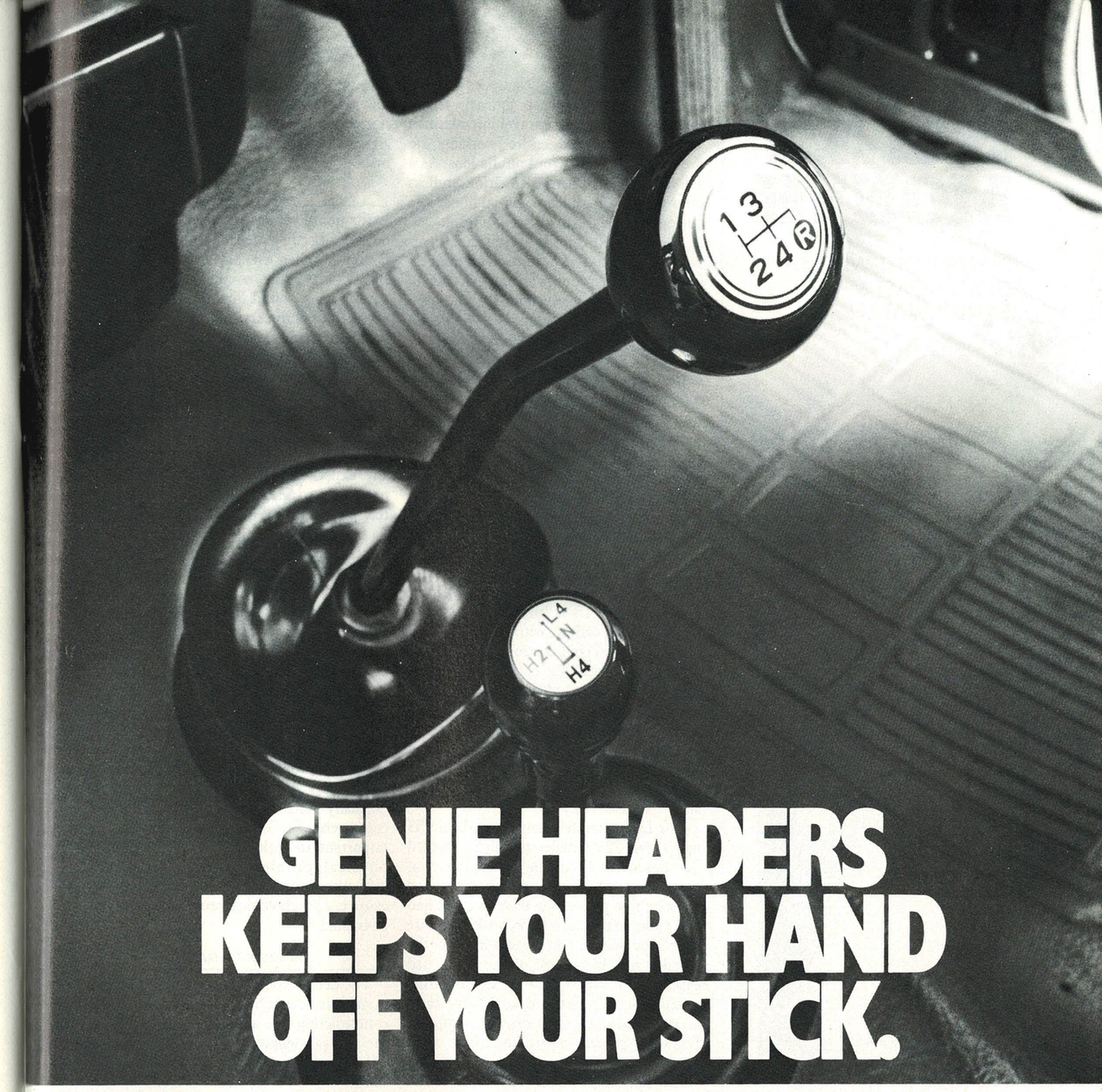
The Centre For Impotence Research in Paris recently conducted a new method of measurement. A small metallic sensor was attached to the subject's penile shaft to measure pressure within the penis during its journey from flaccid to erect and found that each millimetre of sensor movement along the swelling member was equal to the given amount of force on the penile tissue —hence, a measure of rigidity. The unit of measurement has been named the pen (as in penile) rig (as in rigidity). Scores of 100 or more indicate an erection to be proud of. Anything below that means a diminished state of sexual readiness.

THE BASHFUL BLADDER

Ever heard of it? Well, probably not by name, but you may well be aware of the problem some men experience when lined up at the urinal — unzipped, ready to go and nothing happens. That's the bashful bladder and it's probably a far more common problem than most of us suspect. It's not exactly the sort of thing one talks about and most men with the problem go to great lengths to hide it, hopping into cubicles, or checking furtively to make sure no one else is around when they try to go.

It is actually a problem which is very similar to a much more common male complaint — erectile failure. Urination is similar to gaining an erection in that it involves a natural body mechanism which works perfectly well provided you have the right stimulus (a full bladder or a sexy woman) and a relaxed attitude. The trouble is this natural mechanism is easily inhibited by anxiety, and once you get a bee in your bonnet about not being able to do it, the more you try, the less likely you are to succeed.

Watchers of that marvellous television series, *Hill Street Blues,* may have seen a recent episode in which the troops in the squad room were all forced to line up and give urine samples for testing for drugs. Poor Joe Coffee had a problem producing what was required, and suffered consider-



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NEXT MONTH

STEPPIN' OUT WITH THE GOLD COAST'S **SANDY WALKER.**

SUCCESS BY DEGREES: IS UNIVERSITY THE ROUTE TO MONEY AND POWER?

GIRLS' TALK: WE TAP INTO CANDID CONVERSATIONS ABOUT MEN.

SWANNING AROUND: A DAY IN THE LIFE OF **DR GEOFFREY EDELSTEN.**

WITNESS: LIVING WITH THE NIGHTMARE OF A GIRLFRIEND'S RAPE.

able teasing from his colleagues as a result. And a recent medical journal article mentioned the case of a travelling salesman who structured his entire working life around his need to avoid public loos. As a salesman he was forced to drink endless cups of coffee with his potential housewife customers, and did he suffer as a result!

But the good news is he was cured and can now line up and perform with the best of them. He learnt to overcome his anxiety with the help of a psychologist who used various relaxation techniques to help him learn to switch his mind off and let his body take over. Most behavior therapists have helped men with similar problems, using a range of approaches very successfully. Some therapists even accompany the nervous clients to urinals to help them get used to performing next to a sympathetic observer! The first step is admitting to the problem and having the courage to seek help — but it's always nice to know there are others in the same boat.

DANGEROUS AFFAIRS

What places the marital relationship most at risk? A love affair involving no sex? A purely sexual affair with no emotional involvement? A combination of the two?

If you guessed the combination to be most risky, you are not alone. A study from Perth, by psychologist Peter Thompson, found most people are wary of affairs which involve entanglements of both heart and body. Purely sexual affairs were seen as a lesser threat, with pure-love, hands-off affairs the least risky.

For his research Thompson asked 155 males and 223 females to fill in detailed questionnaires discussing the intricacies of extra-marital relationships — and a considerable proportion of both sexes had had some experience upon which to base their conclusions. Forty-two percent of the females and 46 percent of the males had experienced some form of extra-marital relationship (or "extra-dyadal", the term used to cover the non-married couples). Eighteen percent of these affairs were described as emotional only, 22 percent sexual only and 19 percent emotional and sexual.

Are you wondering if it is possible to have a purely sexual affair? As you might expect it was males rather than females who claimed it was possible to be driven by lust alone — the males were twice as likely as the females to report having had a purely sexual relationship, the females were more likely to report purely emotional love affairs.

Generally the women were more disapproving of extra-marital relationships, and were far more likely to see purely sexual affairs as likely to damage the marital or primary relationship than men were.

This research ties in with studies from overseas which show it is far less common for women to seek extra-marital relationships purely for sexual adventure or sexual variety. The fact that for women it is rare that an affair doesn't involve some heart flutter means that the female's extra-marital affairs are far more dangerous than the male's.

ELUSIVE ORGASM

It's not always so easy. British research on male orgasm patterns has shown that it's not only women who have trouble with the Big O. The study, conducted by London psychiatrists, found that 38 percent of the 98 male volunteers reported having a problem with premature ejaculation, 17 percent had experienced difficulty reaching orgasm during masturbation and 16 percent during intercourse. (In all the volunteers had experienced a mean total of 17 orgasms each, five through masturbation.)

So, like women, many men do occasionally experience difficulty climaxing and, provided it doesn't happen all the time, it really shouldn't be a problem. Many males do find that as they grow older there isn't the same need to always end every session with a big bang. They can enjoy being aroused without feeling frustrated if they don't climax, provided they don't talk themselves into a problem by worrying about their lack of orgasm. Males need to be aware that this is a common state of affairs and doesn't mean they are over the hill or have lost interest in their partners or any of the other possible panic reactions.

There are, of course, males who have a persistent problem with reaching orgasm, particularly during intercourse (which is normally referred to as "ejaculatory incompetence"). In this situation it is important to seek help. There are some physical problems which can cause difficulty in climaxing but more often the cause is a psychological problem which can be treated.

THE SIZE OF THE MATTER

The debate continues on penis size with numerous research reports over the years contradicting one another on just what is the average length. You see it's partly a question of how you go about lining it up for size — do you approach it from top or bottom, stretched or unstretched. The latest American research, involving a total of 65 male volunteers, chose to take measurements on the underside of the erect penis with the "member stretched as far as possible without hurting". Of this batch of penises, the largest turned out to be 8 inches, shortest 4.5, average 6.6. There was no difference between average black versus average white, or average gay versus average straight.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't always reply to each reader.

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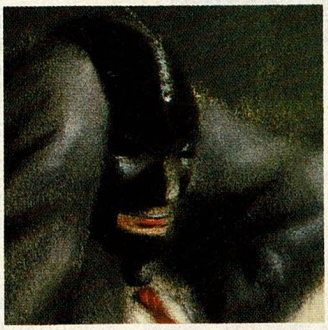

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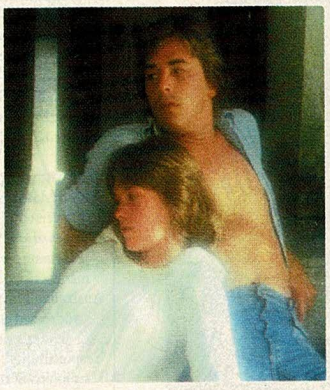

Miami Vice star Don Johnson and his one-time wife, Melanie Griffith, before he got rich and famous.

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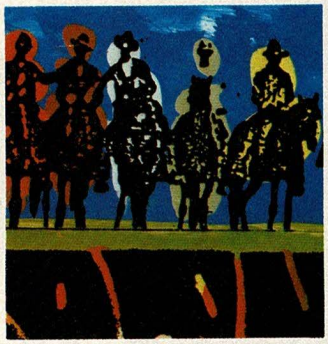

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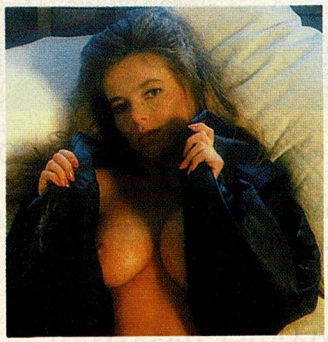

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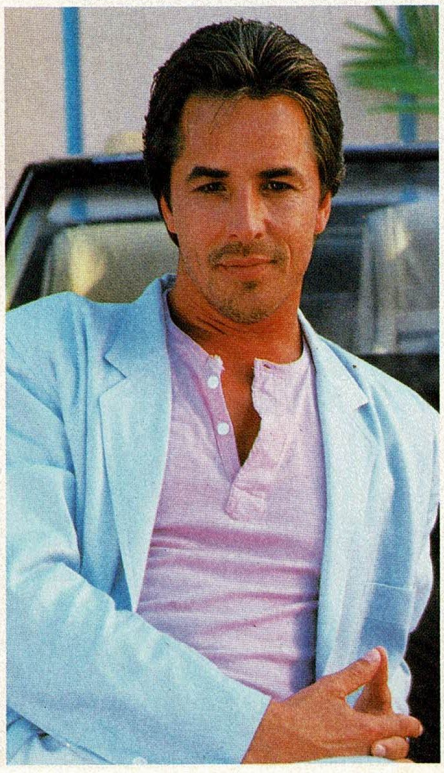


DOUBLE TAKE

Miami Vice star Don Johnson and his one-time wife, Melanie Griffith, before he got rich and famous.

Don Johnson is hot. He's the star of that show. Yeah, Miami Vice, of course. The most popular TV series to come out of the States since who knows when. So, what's he doing in Australian PLAYBOY*? And who's that woman? She's Melanie Griffith, daughter of actress Tippi Hedren and one-time wife of Don. The couple posed for this pictorial a while back, we never got round to running the photos and, in the meantime, Don and Melanie broke up. He became a megastar and she went on to make such movies as The Drowning Pool with Paul Newman, Night Moves and Body Double.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

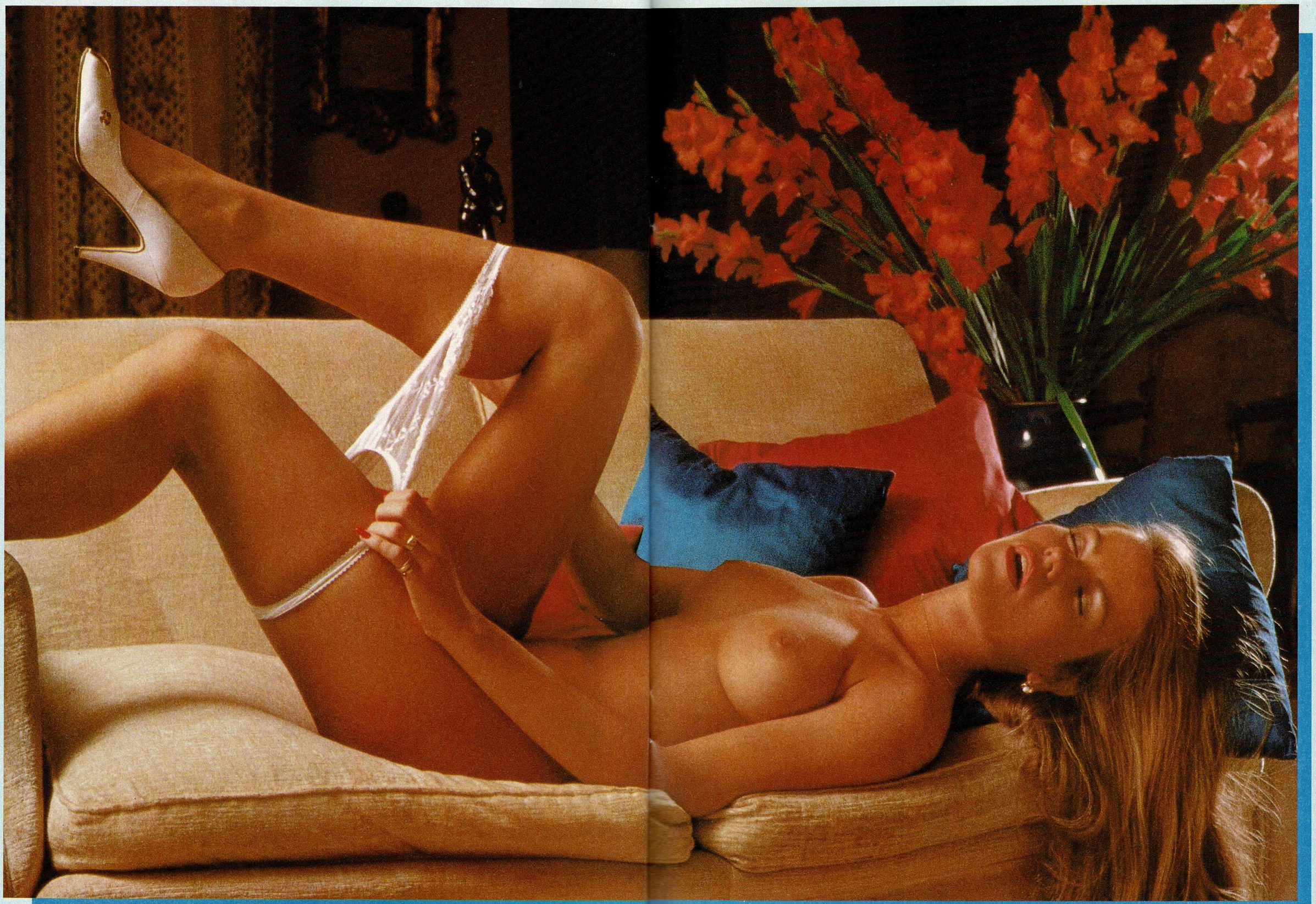
Melanie was only 19 when these shots were taken. They had started going out together when she was 14 and Don was 22. At that time he was best known as Melanie's husband: a nice guy who serenaded her with songs on an acoustic guitar. PLAYBOY *flew Don and Melanie to a remote village for the filming of this pictorial. Photographer Fegley recalls: "It was isolated, overgrown. We had to watch where we walked. Fortunately, Don and Melanie were willing to try anything for the camera; that water was freezing! They were at a good time in their lives. In love, romantic." There is a touch of the devilish rogue, the clown, in Don Johnson's face. He looks at home in the water. This is probably the only existing picture of the Miami Vice star near water that doesn't have a high-powered speed motorboat in the background. Since then, Melanie has acquired a new husband, actor Steven (Thief Of Hearts) Bauer, and is pursuing a busy acting career. And Don, of course, has really hit the big time since he headed south from Hollywood to pursue a career in crime prevention at that most famous beach of all.*

PHOTOS: BERLINGER SCHMIDTNER

LADY EVELYN

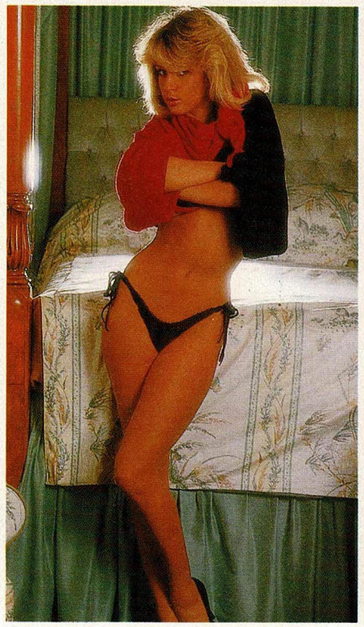
Our blonde beauty's flowing tresses can't hide her other great assets.

Lady Godiva, eat your heart out! Stunning Evelyn Rille's long mane of golden hair is enough to tempt any red-blooded man. She has been growing those wonderful tresses for the past eight years. "Everyone always asks me how long my hair is," says Evelyn. "So, for the record, it was 95cm last time someone measured it for me. People also want to know why I keep it so long. I think it's very feminine and sexy and even though it takes a lot of looking after, I think it's worth the extra effort." We agree, Evelyn, we agree!



Twenty-three-year-old Evelyn works as a beautician but spends most of her time in sporting pursuits. "I like jazz ballet and motocross best of all," she says. "I also like skiing during winter." Evelyn admits there's no special man in her life at the moment but she's attracted to sporty, muscular types who share her love of the outdoors. "And he must have good skin," she adds. "As a beautician I'm very concerned with complexions and it makes me angry that so many men don't bother to look after their skins." Any takers for a facial, fellas?

Gail has written a couple of romantic novels and is now working on a blockbuster that she hopes will be a best-seller. "It has all the ingredients," she says. "There's lots of lust and passion, a bit of adultery, plenty of intrigue and a murder or two." Shades of *Dynasty* or *Return To Eden?* "No!" Gail laughs. "More like *The Thorn Birds* actually. There's a strong Australian theme and... well, I'm not giving any more away! I'm counting on this one to make me a star."



"Because I spend so much time by myself, I have plenty of time to explore my emotions and feelings. Unlike a lot of other people, I feel I really know myself. I have very few inhibitions or hang-ups. That goes for sex, too. I know exactly what I want and I'm never afraid to tell my partner how he should be treating my body. Some guys are shocked by my honesty... but, in the long run, they all appreciate my open attitude."

SEX

Bettina Arndt, Australia's leading sexologist, brings you the latest sex news and views.

I am 18 years of age and would like to know what is involved in getting my foreskin removed and how long I would have to spend in hospital? I know I should ask a doctor but I am a very shy person and writing to you is easier. I am thinking of this because it hurts so much when it is pulled back and just recently has started to crack. Is this a very serious problem or a common one? I also masturbate a lot and it gets sores on it. I think it is from vigorous rubbing. Is this true or is there something else wrong with me? I think this is called thrush and wonder how to cure it.

— T.F., Qld.

You appear to be suffering from what is called phimosis, a tight foreskin. When the foreskin is too tight, it commonly tears when it is retracted, scar tissue then develops which can easily lead to further tearing and perhaps infection. The sores you mention could be related to thrush but it is also possible they are due to a range of other diseases including the various sexually transmitted diseases. It is important you do seek help for this problem. Don't be shy, go to your doctor and ask him to examine you. Your situation is far from uncommon and your doctor will be quite used to dealing with this type of problem. It may be necessary for you to have a circumcision operation, which would probably require up to a week in hospital. It's not a particularly pleasant prospect but it sounds as if it could be necessary. So take your courage into your hands and have a check-up. It's better than sitting at home worrying about your poor battered penis.

After reading the Sex column in Australian PLAYBOY, March 1985, I gave much thought to your comment on the donating of sperm. I considered your thoughts valid and being willing to risk my ego I decided to donate sperm to a local clinic.

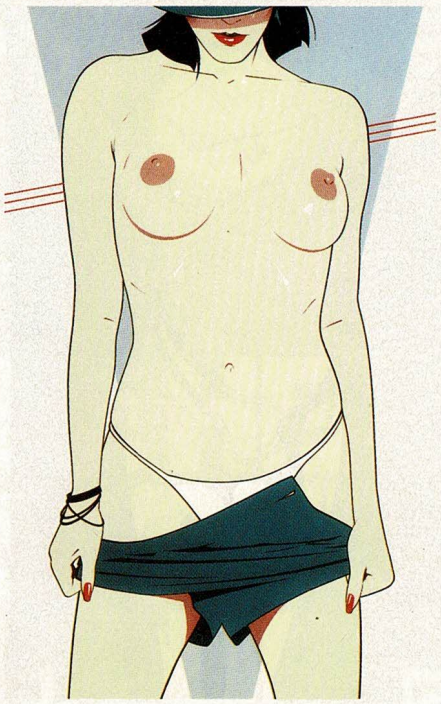
I had arranged for the obligatory interview and went along at the arranged time. My sperm was refused (I did not produce any sample at all) because of a weight problem I have. I am in my early twenties, and apart from being slightly overweight, I am perfectly normal and healthy, having been bed-ridden only once in my life due to illness.

I see the role of an IVF programme as giving normal, everyday couples the chance to have normal, everyday children. I do not believe the programme should attempt to produce a perfect Utopian society. Because obesity (although I am not clinically obese) is not a proven genetic disease (if indeed it can be seen as a disease), how can the programme flatly refuse the sperm of a physically normal, healthy, intelligent but overweight donor?

Does being overweight affect sperm production and mobility (that is, ability to fertilise)? I would appreciate your comments on this situation, both in my particular case and on the whole programme in general, including the controls (or lack thereof) on the IVF and AID programmes.

— B.F., ACT.

The specialists we spoke to were surprised to hear your sperm had been refused because you were overweight. They could think of no reason why this should have affected the sperm. Perhaps there was some other reason why your sperm was refused and the clinic personnel used the



weight as an excuse. (We can't imagine what the reason would be and would be interested in having the name of the clinic and we will see if we can check up for you.) Meanwhile we hope this won't put off other males, fat or thin, from donating sperm. The clinics are now in even greater need of donations because of the recent requirement for sperm donors to also give a blood sample which can be tested for AIDS. The blood sample has to be given three months after the original sperm donation and this is creating immense problems for the clinics who have sperm donated in 1984 which cannot be used until the donors return to give a blood sample. So spare a thought for the plight of the clinic workers and the infertile couples requiring help and consider a sperm donation (and if you donated sperm in recent times without giving a blood sample, how about giving the clinic a call — they are probably trying to find you).

My problem is that I find it very hard to achieve an orgasm without a vibrator.

Admittedly I've been using it for many years now, but when my boyfriend and I are in bed, it causes a lot of friction.

I can make him have an orgasm in the normal way but it's frustrating for him that I don't climax too.

I get very excited playing with him almost to the point of climax but when he touches me, it's nice but just that. Has the vibrator deadened my senses to anything natural?

— F.L., NSW.

The trouble with vibrators is that although they can't do any physical harm and won't damage the senses, they are the easy route to orgasm and once you get used to the intense level of stimulation they provide, it is often hard to tune in to the slower and more gentle build-up that occurs during normal arousal. The problem is psychological and shows how much arousal is in the mind rather than the body. You *can* learn to respond to the stimulation you receive when your boyfriend is touching you or when you are touching yourself but what you have to do is learn to focus on very different, more subtle sensations. This may take time, you have to be patient with yourself and try not to lie there expecting everything to happen instantly (as it does with a vibrator). It is probably best if you can learn to masturbate to orgasm by hand as a first step instead of trying to learn with your partner. It sounds as if you are rather tense with each other and while that tension exists it will be difficult for you to relax and enjoy this different response. During this period it may also be a good idea to put away the vibrator for a while.

Recently my girlfriend chipped her teeth at a public swimming pool. During oral sex I experience pain which sometimes leads to cuts. I have not yet found a way to overcome this problem. What do you suggest I do?

C.D., SA.

Why not have her teeth fixed, and improve her smile as well as your own? But all teeth need to be kept well and truly tucked away behind the lips during oral sex — even the smooth ones can do damage to that delicate penile skin. Except, of course, if you enjoy a *very* delicate scraping with the teeth up and down the shaft — used *very* carefully, the teeth can be an erotic instrument, particularly when applied to the nipples. While on the subject of teeth,

the ultimate, of course, is the toothless woman. I remember talking to a very enthusiastic older man who spoke in glowing terms of the pleasure his wife gave him when she removed her dentures. See, there is something to look forward to in our toothless old age!

My wife of six years was a widow when we married with two fine sons who are now in their early twenties. We are very happy and our sex life is great but we are both a little sad in that she is unable to experience orgasm with normal penis/vagina stimulation. We've tried all sorts of positions, extra clitoral stimulation etc, all to no avail. However, using my finger I have little trouble in bringing her to a climax and as she comes to the peak I can feel her muscles tightening and gripping my finger. This loving squeezing should be around my penis by rights, but how to achieve this?

We are both very healthy, my wife runs and does exercises to help tighten vaginal muscles, but she still feels that organ of hers is too slippery and sloppy since childbirth 20-odd years ago. My penis is of reasonable size and in our lovemaking my wife uses all the muscles she can muster up to grip, but despite all the effort, there are times when I just cannot climax even after going on for 15 or 20 minutes. It's frustrating because if we use masturbation my wife's deft fingers bring me to orgasm in a couple of minutes or so. Obviously there is a lack of friction and pressure in the vagina, which has caused us at times to wonder if there is an operation that can be performed to tighten up that organ. The role of the vagina in assisting a woman to climax does not seem all that clear, but would a tighter vagina (not necessarily muscle tightness) assist and boost stimulation received from the clitoris and other sensitive spots?

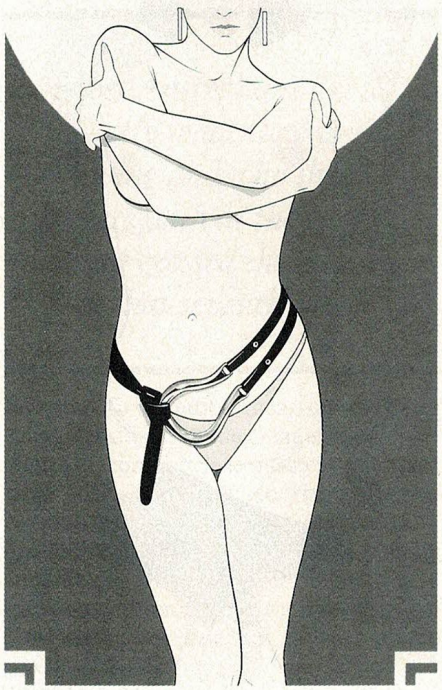
If an operation would assist, whom does one approach — a gynaecologist, a surgeon or a cosmetic surgeon? There may be other alternatives which you could suggest, perhaps a book or related publication.

— S.C., WA.

The one thing you do not say is whether your wife climaxed in intercourse before she had her children. Since this was in a different relationship it is quite possible that her response at that time was quite different — and how she reacted may have had little to do with the state of her vaginal muscles. Fortunately, you do not seem overly concerned by the situation. As you obviously realise, it isn't necessary to climax in intercourse to enjoy a fulfilling sexual relationship. However, as you say, it would be nice if your penis had the chance to share in that "loving squeezing" of her vagina.

A visit to a physiotherapist who is experienced in assessing vaginal muscle tone may help. There are physiotherapists specialising in gynaecological services who have biofeedback machines which can be used to measure the strength of the pelvic muscles. These specialists will be able to assess whether your wife could be helped with specific exercises designed to tighten her vaginal muscles or whether she does need a vaginal repair operation. An operation to tighten the vagina is quite a common procedure and certainly can be useful in situations like this. However it certainly is best to see if it is possible to restore muscle tone through exercise first. Vaginal repairs are carried out *far* more often than is strictly necessary, often because the gynaecologist concerned is unaware of alternative procedures available. Where possible, women should avoid operations in the genital area because unless the surgeon is skilled, scarring can result, leading to painful intercourse. This delicate area of our bodies often isn't treated with the respect it is due, so choose your doctor with care and make sure he/she is concerned about the sexual consequences of any medical procedure.

However, in your situation an operation could be very helpful. Vaginal slackness *can* result in loss of stimulation for both partners. Sometimes the problem can be



rectified by using positions for intercourse which maximise vaginal stimulation, ie the missionary (man on top) position where she has her legs stretched straight out between yours. In your case you appear to have tried varying positions and would benefit from following the advice given above. With a snugger fit, you will probably both receive more pleasure but it may well be that your wife will still not climax through intercourse alone and in this case she must try not to be disappointed. For many women vaginal stimulation is simply insufficient to bring them to orgasm.

THE BASHFUL BLADDER

Ever heard of it? Well, probably not by name, but you may well be aware of the problem some men experience when lined up at the urinal — unzipped, ready to go and nothing happens. That's the bashful bladder and it's probably a far more common problem than most of us suspect. (Although as a female, I would bet if you lined us women up and expected us to perform in front of each other, plenty of us would have trouble.) It's not exactly the sort of thing one talks about and most men with the problem go to great lengths to hide it, hopping into cubicles, or checking furtively to make sure no one else is around when they try to go in public.

It is actually a problem which is very similar to a much more common male complaint — erectile failure. Urination is similar to gaining an erection in that it involves a natural body mechanism which works perfectly well provided you have the right stimulus (a full bladder or a sexy woman) and a relaxed attitude. The trouble is this natural mechanism is easily inhibited by anxiety, and once you get a bee in your bonnet about not being able to do it, the more you try, the less likely you are to succeed.

Watchers of that marvellous television series, *Hill Street Blues,* may have seen a recent episode in which the troops in the squad room were all forced to line up and give urine samples for testing for drugs. Poor Joe Coffee had a problem producing what was required, and suffered considerable teasing from his colleagues as a result. And a recent medical journal article mentioned the case of a travelling salesman who structured his entire working life around his need to avoid public loos. As a salesman he was forced to drink endless cups of coffee with his potential housewife customers, and did he suffer as a result!

But the good news is he was cured and can now line up and perform with the best of them. He learnt to overcome his anxiety with the help of a psychologist who used various relaxation techniques to help him learn to switch his mind off and let his body take over. Most behavior therapists have helped men with similar problems, using a range of approaches very successfully. Some therapists even accompany the nervous clients to urinals to help them get used to performing next to a sympathetic observer! The first step is admitting to the problem and having the courage to seek help — but it's always nice to know there are others in the same boat.

DANGEROUS AFFAIRS

What places the marital relationship most at risk? A love affair involving no sex? A purely sexual affair with no emotional involvement? A combination of the two?

If you guessed the combination to be most risky, you are not alone. A study from Perth, by psychologist Peter Thompson, found most people are wary of affairs which involve entanglements of both heart and body. Purely sexual affairs were seen as a lesser threat, with pure-love, hands-off affairs the least risky.

NEXT MONTH

STEPPIN' OUT WITH THE GOLD COAST'S **SANDY WALKER.**

SUCCESS BY DEGREES: IS UNIVERSITY THE ROUTE TO MONEY AND POWER?

GIRLS' TALK: WE TAP INTO CANDID CONVERSATIONS ABOUT MEN.

SWANNING AROUND: A DAY IN THE LIFE OF **DR GEOFFREY EDELSTEN.**

WITNESS: LIVING WITH THE NIGHTMARE OF A GIRLFRIEND'S RAPE.

For his research Thompson asked 155 males and 223 females to fill in detailed questionnaires discussing the intricacies of extra-marital relationships — and a considerable proportion of both sexes had had some experience upon which to base their conclusions. Forty-two percent of the females and 46 percent of the males had experienced some form of extra-marital relationship (or "extra-dyadal", the term used to cover the non-married couples). Eighteen percent of these affairs were described as emotional only, 22 percent sexual only and 19 percent emotional and sexual.

Are you wondering if it is possible to have a purely sexual affair? As you might expect it was males rather than females who claimed it was possible to be driven by lust alone — the males were twice as likely as the females to report having had a purely sexual relationship, the females were more likely to report purely emotional love affairs.

Generally the women were more disapproving of extra-marital relationships, and were far more likely to see purely sexual affairs as likely to damage the marital or primary relationship than men were.

This research ties in with studies from overseas which show it is far less common for women to seek extra-marital relationships purely for sexual adventure or sexual variety. The fact that for women it is rare that an affair doesn't involve some heart flutter means that the female's extra-marital affairs are far more dangerous than the male's.

THE SIZE OF THE MATTER

The debate continues on penis size with numerous research reports over the years contradicting one another on just what is the average length. You see it's partly a question of how you go about lining it up for size — do you approach it from top or bottom, stretched or unstretched. The latest American research, involving a total of 65 male volunteers, chose to take measurements on the underside of the erect penis with the "member stretched as far as possible without hurting". Of this batch of penises, the largest turned out to be 8 inches, shortest 4.5, average 6.6. There was no difference between average black versus average white, or average gay versus average straight.

ELUSIVE ORGASM

It's not always so easy. British research on male orgasm patterns has shown that it's not only women who have trouble with the Big O. The study, conducted by London psychiatrists, found that 38 percent of the 98 male volunteers reported having a problem with premature ejaculation, 17 percent had experienced difficulty reaching orgasm during masturbation and 16 percent during intercourse. (In all the volunteers had experienced a mean total of 17 orgasms each, five through masturbation.)

So, like women, many men do occasionally experience difficulty climaxing and, provided it doesn't happen all the time, it really shouldn't be a problem. Many males do find that as they grow older there isn't the same need to always end every session with a big bang. They can enjoy being aroused without feeling frustrated if they don't climax, provided they don't talk themselves into a problem by worrying about their lack of orgasm. Males need to be aware that this is a common state of affairs and doesn't mean they are over the hill or have lost interest in their partners or any of the other possible panic reactions.

There are, of course, males who have a persistent problem with reaching orgasm, particularly during intercourse (which is normally referred to as "ejaculatory incompetence"). In this situation it is important to seek help. There are some physical problems which can cause difficulty in climaxing but more often the cause is a psychological problem which can be treated.

DATE RAPE

By far the most common type of rape, and the least often reported, is date rape — rape which occurs in the context of an established dating relationship. Sociologist Eugene Kanin from Purdue University in Indiana talked to 71 self-confessed "date rapists" from among the university students about why they had raped their girlfriends, and compared them to a group of "normal" students. The date rapists tended to be guys who were very caught up with the competitive sexual conquest scene. It was very important to their self-esteem for them to score and they tended to see their sexual lives as unsatisfactory.

It turned out that the basis of the date rape was the male's unwillingness to accept "no" for an answer. The men perceived the girls as sexually aroused and therefore felt the girls were playing games when they wouldn't go all the way. Almost two-thirds of the males said the reason they raped was they had had too much to drink.

It is the eternal dilemma — the difficulty males have in understanding that although the woman's body may be showing a green light, she can and must still be able to decide to call a halt to the proceedings. In these circumstances the male must accept the red light, or realise he is, in fact, a rapist if he proceeds. But part of the problem is also the fact that women aren't always good at giving clear green/red signals — they hedge their bets, leave the light on amber and suffer the consequences.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.